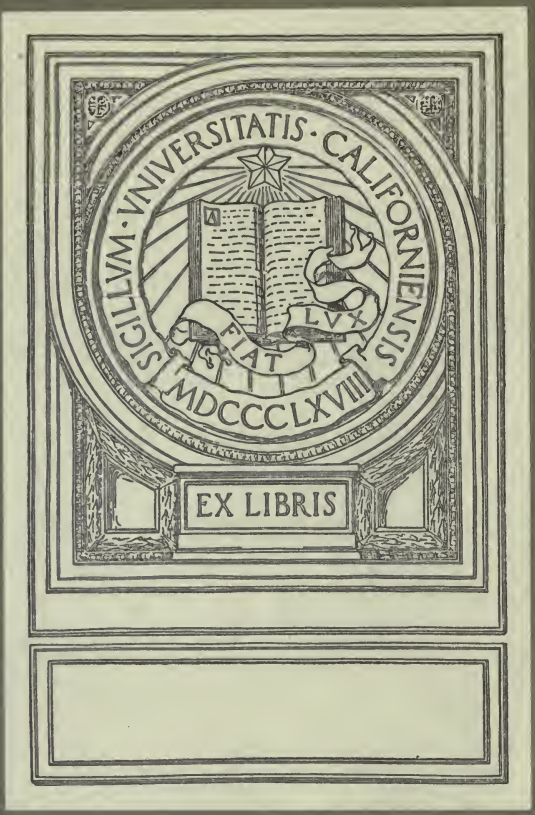
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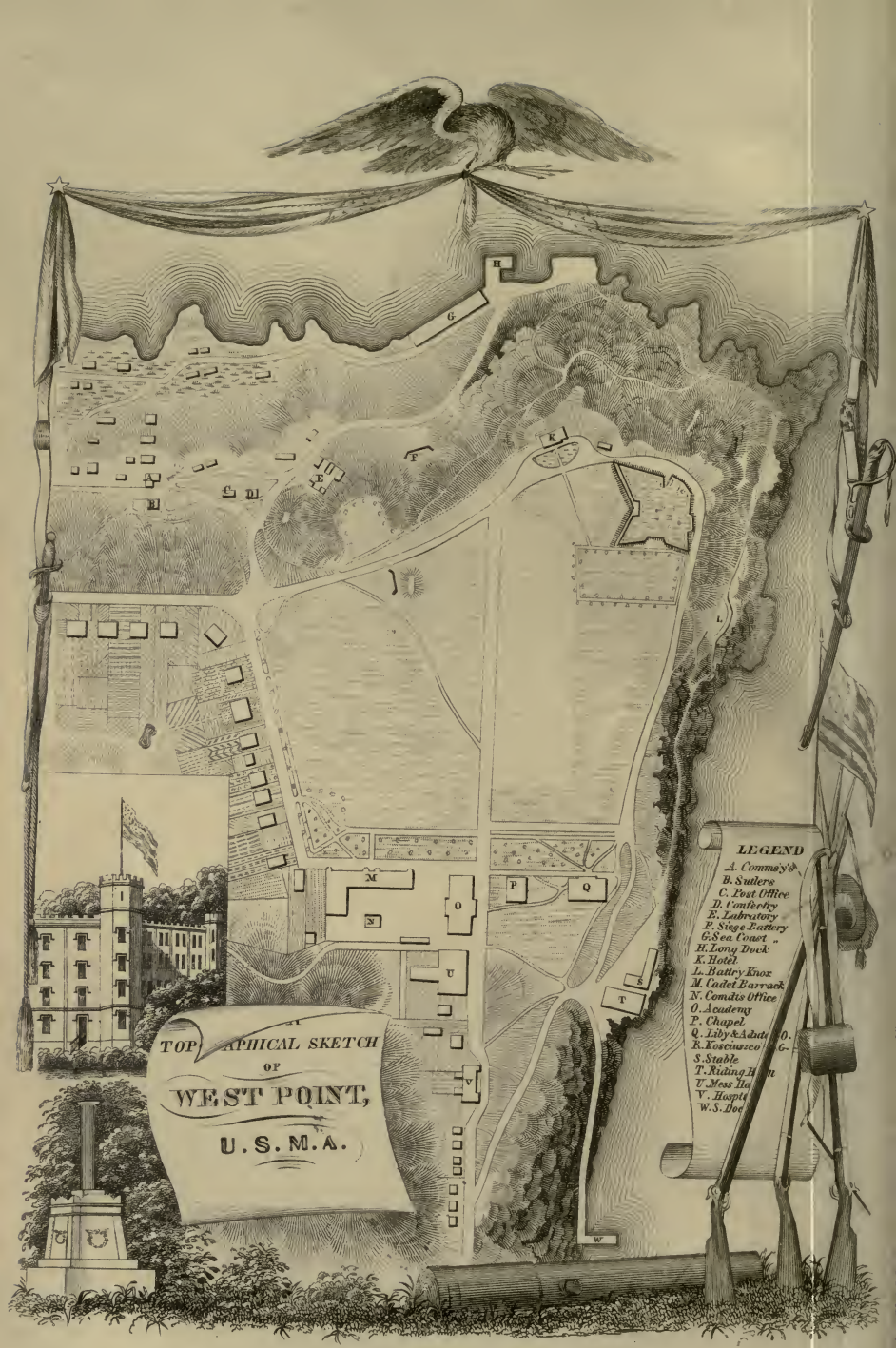
TOP APHICAL SKETCH
OF
WEST POINT,
U.S.M.A.
LEGEND
A. Comms'y's
B. Sutlers
C. Post Office
D. Confectry
E. Labratory
F. Siege Battery
G. Sea Coast "
H. Long Dock
K. Hotel
L. Battry Knox
M. Cadet Barrack
N. Comdts Office
O. Academy
P. Chapel
Q. Liby & Adute O.
R. Kosciuszco G.
S. Stable
T. Riding H
U. Mess Ha
V. Hospt
W. S. Doc

THE

WEST POINT SCRAP BOOK:

A COLLECTION OF

Stories, Songs, and Legends

OF THE

UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY

LIEUT. OLIVER E. WOOD, U. S. ARMY.

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TO THE

GRADUATES

OF THE

U. S. MILITARY ACADEMY,

THIS VOLUME

IS

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

In presenting this volume to the public, a few explanatory words will not be out of place.

The collection was made by the Author, at first, without any intention of having it published, but at the earnest solicitation of many friends, most of them Graduates, it now appears in print, and it is hoped will bring up many pleasant reminiscences to those who have left their Alma Mater.

As many of the authors of contributed pieces have desired that their names should be withheld from the public, it has been considered advisable to refrain from giving any names.

The Author desires to return his most sincere thanks to Mr. Julian Scott, of New York, who has rendered invaluable assistance in preparing some of the wood-cuts for the press.

He also wishes to return his heartfelt thanks for the many contributions he has received, and for the hearty support and the warm interest that has been manifested

by all those with whom he has been thrown in contact during the time he has been engaged in the work.

O. E. W.

Fort Sullivan, Maine, *September 1st*, 1871.

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WEST POINT.

As we passed the foot of Cro' Nest we caught pleasant glimpses of West Point, and in a few moments the whole outline of the promontory, and the grand ranges of hills

CROW NEST, LOOKING SOUTH.

around and beyond it, were in full view. We landed in a sheltered cove, a little above Camp-town, the station of United States troops, and climbed a very steep hill to the

Cemetery upon its broad and level summit, more than a hundred feet above the river.

It is a shaded, quiet, beautiful retreat, consecrated to the repose of the dead, and during the summer season has crowds of thoughtful visitors at all hours.

There, side by side, the dark green cedars cluster,
Like sentries watching by that camp of death;
There, like an army's tents, with snow-white lustre,
The grave-stones gleam beneath.

* * * * * * * *

Few are the graves, for here no populous city
Feeds with its myriad lives the hungry Fate,
While homely funerals, led by grief and pity,
Crowd through the open gate.

Here sleep brave men, who, in the deadly quarrel,
Fought for their country, and their life-blood poured;
Above whose dust she carves the deathless laurel,
Wreathing the victor's sword.

And here the young cadet, in manly beauty,
Borne from the tents which skirt those rocky banks,
Called from life's daily drills, and peerless duty,
To those unbroken ranks.

The most conspicuous object in the Cemetery is the Cadets' Monument, situated in the eastern angle. It is a short column of castle form, composed of light-brown hewn stone, surmounted by military emblems, and a foliated memorial urn, wrought from the same material. It was erected in the autumn of 1818 to the memory of Vincent M. Lowe, of New York, by his brother cadets. He was accidentally killed by the discharge of a cannon on the 1st of January, 1817.

The names of several other officers and cadets are inscribed upon the monument, it having been adapted by the members of the institution as "Sacred to the memory of the deceased, whose names are here recorded."

CADET MONUMENT.

From the brow of the hill, near the Cadets' Monument, is a comprehensive view of the picturesque village of Cold Spring, on the east side of the river, occupying a spacious alluvial slope, bounded by rugged heights on the north, and connected, behind a range of quite lofty mountains, with the fertile valleys of Duchess and Putnam Counties. Let us turn our eyes eastward, and from another point on the margin of the Cemetery, where a lovely shaded walk invites the strollers on warm afternoons, survey Camp-

town at our feet, with West Point on the adjacent hills. In this view we see the old landing place, the road up to the plateau, the Laboratory buildings, the siege battery, the hotel, and the remains of old Fort Clinton, upon the highest ground of the plain ; the blue dome of the Library, the turrets of the great mess-hall on the extreme right ; the cove, crossed by the Hudson River Railway, and the range of hills on the eastern side of the river.

Following this walk to the entrance-gate, we traverse a delightful winding road along the river bank, picturesque at every turn, to the parting of the ways. One of these leads to the Point, the other up to Mount Independence, on whose summit repose the gray old ruins of Fort Putnam. We had ascended that winding mountain road many times before, and listened to the echoes of the sweet bugle, or the deeper voices of the morning and evening gun at the Point ; now we were invited by a shady path, and a desire of novelty, from the road between Forts Webb and Putnam, into the deep, rocky gorge between Mount Independence and the more lofty Redoubt Hill, to the rear of the old fortress, where it wears the appearance of a ruined castle upon a mountain crag.

The afternoon sun was falling full upon the mouldering ruin and the chaotic mass of rocks beneath it, while the clear blue sky, and white clouds, presented the whole group, with accompanying evergreens, in the boldest relief.

Making our way back by another but more difficult path, along the foot of the steep acclivity, we soon stood upon the broken walls of Fort Putnam, five hundred feet above the river, with a scene before us of unsurpassed

beauty and interest, viewed in the soft light of the evening sun.

At our feet lay the promontory of West Point, with its Military Academy, the quarters of the officers and the cadets, and other buildings of the institution. To the left lay Constitution Island, from a point of which, where a ruined wall now stands, to the opposite shore of the river,

FORT PUTNAM.

a massive iron chain was laid across floating timbers, by the Americans, during the old war for independence. Beyond the island, arose the smoke of the furnaces, the spires, and the roofs of Cold Springs. Towards the left loomed up the lofty Mount Taurus, vulgarly called "Buil Hill," at whose base, in the shadow of a towering wall of rock, and in the midst of grand old trees, nestles "Under Cliff," the home of Morris, the warbler, whose songs have delighted thousands in both hemispheres. On the extreme left arose old Cro' Nest, and over its right shoulder lay the

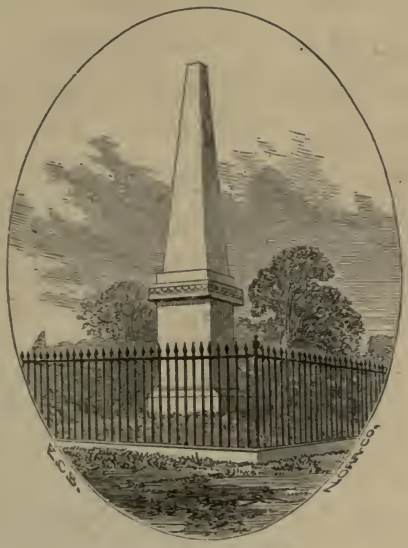
rugged range of Break Neck, dipping to the river sufficiently to reveal the beautiful country beyond, on the borders of Newburgh bay.

This is one of the most attractive points of view on the Hudson.

RUINS OF FORT PUTNAM.

Fort Putnam was erected by the Americans in 1778, for the purpose of defending Fort Clinton on the plain below, and to more thoroughly secure the river against the passage of hostile fleets. It was built under the direction of Colonel Rufus Putnam, and chiefly by the men of his Massachusetts regiment. It commanded the river above and below the Point, and was almost impregnable, owing to its position. In front, the mountain is quite steep for many yards, and then slopes gently to the plain; while on its western side a perpendicular wall of rock, fifty feet in height, would have been presented to the enemy. Redoubts were also built upon other eminences in the vicinity. These, being chiefly earthworks, have been almost

obliterated by the action of storms, and Fort Putnam was speedily disappearing under the hands of industrious neighbors, who were carrying off the stone for building purposes, when the work of demolition was arrested by the Government. Its remains, consisting of only broken walls, and two or three arched casemates, all overgrown with vines and shrubbery, are now carefully preserved.



WOOD'S MONUMENT.

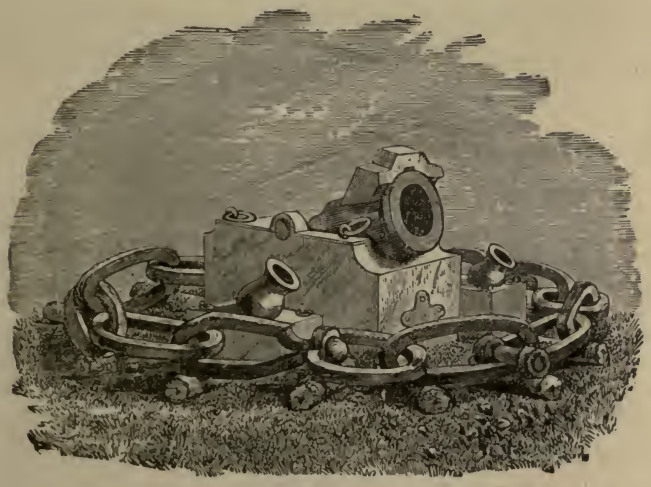
Even the cool spring that bubbles from the rocks in its centre is kept clear of choking leaves, and we may reasonably hope that the ruins of Fort Putnam will remain an object of interest to the passing traveller for more than a century to come. The winding road from the fort to the plain is quite steep much of the way, but is so well wrought that carriages may safely traverse it, and the tourist is led by it to one of the loveliest of river and mountain views in the world. The road from the north

gate to the plain passes by the residences of the Professors ; passing along this shaded walk, on the margin of a high bank, a white marble obelisk is seen upon a grassy knoll on the left, shooting up from a cluster of dark evergreen trees. It was erected by Major-General Jacob Brown, of the United States Army, in memory of his youthful and well-beloved companion in arms, Lieutenant-Colonel E. D. Wood, of the Corps of Engineers, who fell while leading a charge at the sortie of Fort Erie, in Upper Canada, on the 17th of September, 1824. He had been a pupil of the Military Academy at West Point. "He was," says one of the inscriptions, "exemplary as a Christian, and distinguished as a soldier." Passing a little further on, a gravelled walk diverges river-ward, and leads down to the siege battery of six guns, erected by the cadets while in

VIEWS FROM SIEGE BATTERY.

the performance of their practical exercises in engineering. The cannonwere housed, and no gunners were near, yet

the works appeared formidable. They were composed of gabions covered with turf, soft and even as fine velvet. The battery commands one of the most pleasing views from the Point, comprising Constitution Island, Mount Taurus, and Break Neck on the right; Cro' Nest and the Storm King on the left; and ten miles up the river, with Polopel's Island, and the shores above Newburgh, in the centre. A similar view is obtained from the piazza of Roe's Hotel, on the brow of the hill just above. A little westward of the siege battery, are the buildings of the Laboratory of the institution, in which are deposited some interesting relics of the old war for independence. One of the most



GREAT CHAIN.

attractive groups among these relics is composed of several links of the great iron chain, already mentioned, that spanned the river, enclosing a large brass mortar taken from the British at Stony Point by Wayne, and two

smaller ones that were among the spoils of victory at Saratoga.

There are a dozen links of the chain, and two huge clevises. The links are made of iron bars, two and a-half inches square. Their average length is a little over two feet, and their weight about fourteen pounds each. The chain was stretched across the river at the narrowest place, just above Gee's Point (the extreme rocky end of West Point), and Constitution Island.

It was laid across a boom of heavy logs that floated near together. They were sixteen feet long, and pointed at each end, so as to offer little resistance to the tidal currents. The chain was fastened to these logs by staples, and at each shore by huge blocks of wood and stone. This chain and boom afforded an efficient barrier to the passage of vessels; but their strength was never tested, as the keel of an enemy's ship never ploughed the Hudson after the fleet of Vaughan passed up and down in the autumn of 1777, and performed its destructive mission.

The views from Roe's Hotel, on the extreme northern verge of the summit of the plain of West Point, are very pleasing in almost every direction. The one northward, similar to that from the siege battery, is the finest; westward, the eye takes in the Laboratory, Colonel Wood's monument, a part of the shaded walk along the northern margin of the plain, and Mount Independence, crowned with the ruins of Fort Putnam. Southward, the view comprehends the entire parade, and glimpses of the Academy through the trees, the Chapel, Library, Mess-hall, and Barracks, with some of the officers' and Professors'

residences on the extreme right. The earthworks of Fort Clinton have recently been restored in the original form and general proportions, exactly upon their ancient site, and present, with the beautiful trees growing within their

green banks, a very pleasant object from any point of view. The old fort was constructed in the spring of 1778, under the direction of the brave Polish soldier Thaddeus Kosciusczko, who was then a Colonel in the Continental Army and Chief of the Engineer Corps. The fort, when completed, was six hundred yards around within the walls. The embankments were twenty-one feet at the base and fourteen feet in height.

Barracks and huts sufficient to accommodate six hundred persons were erected within the fort. It stood upon a cliff on the margin of the plain, one hundred and eighty feet above the river. Passing along the verge of the cliff, southward from Kosciusczko's monument, erected by the

Corps of Cadets in 1828, at a cost of five thousand dollars, the visitor soon reaches another memorial stone. It is of white marble, the chief portion being a fluted column, entwined by a laurel wreath, held in the beak of an eagle perched upon its top.

KOSCIUSZKO'S MONUMENT.

The pedestal is of temple form, square, with a row of encircling stars upon its entablature, and a cannon like supporting column at each corner. It was erected to commemorate a battle fought between a detachment of United States troops, under Major Francis L. Dade, and a party of Seminole Indians, in the everglades of Florida, on the 28th of December, 1835.

The detachment consisted of one hundred and eight men, all of whom, save three, were massacred by the savages on that occasion. The troops nobly defended themselves, and made no attempt to retreat.

Their remains repose near St. Augustine, in Florida. This monument was erected by the three regiments, and the Medical Staff, from which the detachment was selected.

DADE'S MONUMENT.

A few feet from "Dade's Command" monument, a narrow path through a rocky passage, overhung with boughs and shrubbery, leads down to a pleasant terrace in the steep bank of the river, which is called "Kosciusczko's Garden." At the back of the terrace the rock rises perpendicularly to the plain. This is said to have been Kosciusczko's favorite place of resort for reading and meditation while he was at West Point. He found a living spring bubbling from the rocks in the middle of the terrace, and there he

constructed a pretty little fountain. Its ruins were discovered in 1802, and repaired. The water now rises into a marble basin; seats have been provided for visitors; ornamental shrubs have been planted, and the whole place wears an aspect of mingled romance and beauty. A deep circular indentation in the rock, back of the fountain, was made, tradition affirms, by a cannon-ball sent from a

STEPS LEADING TO KOSCIUSZKO'S GARDEN.

British ship, while the Polish soldier was occupying his accustomed loitering place, reading Vauban and regaled by the perfumes of roses.

From this quiet, solitary retreat a pathway, appropriately called "Flirtation Walk," leads up to the plain. A

short distance from Kosciusczko's Garden, upon a higher terrace, is Battery Knox, constructed by the cadets. It commands a fine view of the eastern shore of the Hudson, in the Highlands, and down the river to "Anthony's Nose."

Near by are seen the Cavalry Stables, and the Riding Hall, belonging to the Military Academy, and below there's seen the new landing. A little higher up on the plain are the groups of spacious edifices used for the purposes of the institution.

The road from the plain to the landing was cut from the steep rocky banks of the river at a heavy expense to the Government.

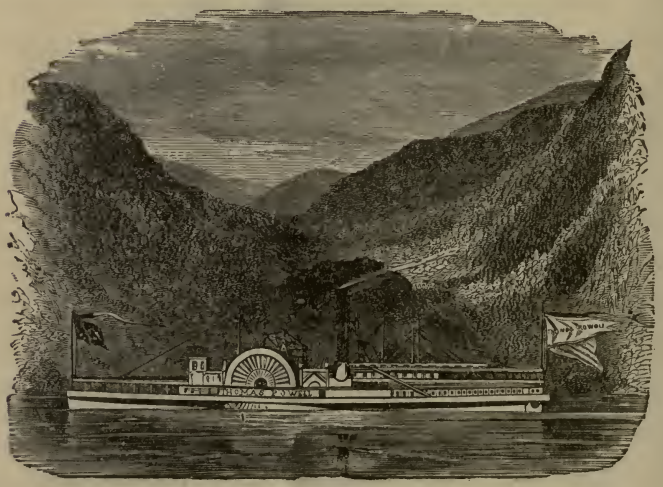
The wharf is spacious, and there a sentinel is continually posted, with a slate and pencil to record the names of all persons who arrive and depart. This is for the use of the Superintendent, by which means he is informed daily of the arrival of any persons to whom he might wish to extend personal or professional courtesies.

West Point was indicated by Washington as early as 1783, as an eligible place for a Military Academy. In his message to Congress in 1793, he recommended the establishment of one at West Point. The subject rested until 1802, when Congress made provision by law for such an institution there. Very little progress was made in the matter until 1812, when, by another Act of Congress, a Corps of Engineers and Professors was organized, and the school endowed with the most attractive features of a literary institution, mingled with that of a military character. From that time to the present the Academy has

been increasing in importance as the nursery of efficient Army officers and skilful practical engineers.

"The moon looks down on Old Cro' Nest,
She mellows the shade on his shaggy breast,
And seems his huge grey form to throw
In a silver cone on the wave below ;
His sides are broken by spots of shade,
By the walnut bough and the cedar made,
And thro' their clustering branches dark
Glimmers and dies the fire-fly's spark—
Like starry twinkles that momently break
Through the rifts of the gathering tempest's rack."

"*The Culprit Fay.*"



REMINISCENCES OF OLDEN TIMES.

THE ATTEMPT TO BOMBARD THE SUPERINTENDENT'S HOUSE.

Under the flag-staff on the plain, during the whole time I was at the Point, were two guns laid upon trestles, one a 12-pounder and the other a 24-pounder.

The tradition accounting for the fact that they were thus dismounted, ran as follows :—Sometime previous to 1823, these guns were mounted on their carriages. Early one morning the 24-pounder was discovered directly opposite the door of the Superintendent's house, close to the road, and pointed at the window just over the door. Upon examination, the gun was found to be loaded with a full cartridge, and double shotted, with a thick wad. In the vent was found a long fuze, or slow match of the kind then used to fire large guns. The fuze had been lighted, and had burned nearly up to the vent, but the previous night had been very stormy, and the wind and rain had evidently extinguished the match. Had the gun exploded, the front wall of the house would have been battered down, and loss of life would have taken place. In consequence of this murderous attempt, the guns were afterwards dismounted.

THE ATTEMPT TO BLOW UP THE OLD NORTH BARRACKS.

The old North Barracks faced nearly east and west. It was four stories high, the upper one of which went by the name of "the cock-loft." Through each of the stories ran an entry or hall the entire length of the building. At each end of the lower hall was a door, only the southern one of which was ever used, the north door being

THE NORTH BARRACKS.

kept closed. There was also a staircase at each end of the hall, reaching to the cockloft. The north staircase was very seldom used, though it was entirely unobstructed. The lower story was used on each side of the hall exclusively for section rooms, and the upper stories for cadets' rooms. It was very seldom that any person went up or down the north staircase. A cadet—now alive—who graduated in 1824, told me that, for no reason he could think of, he once went down the north staircase late in the evening, and as he reached the lower landing he saw

a flickering light, and heard a queer sputtering noise, like that made by a half extinguished and wet candle. Curiosity led him to investigate the cause. He saw, not knowing what it was, a dark ball in the corner, from the top of which proceeded the light. Without exactly knowing what he did, he seized hold of that which was burning, and easily took it from the ball, which he then saw was a bomb-shell, and the burning substance a shell fuze, which, being too small for the fuze-hole of the shell, he easily drew out. The shell was found charged with powder, and if accident, or rather Providence, had not led him, contrary to his usual custom, to go down the north staircase, or if, even then, he had been aware of his danger, the bomb-shell would have exploded, and possibly the side of the barrack blown out.

ESPIONAGE OVER THE CADETS.

There was a prevalent belief in my day that the Superintendent employed spies to report the misdeeds of cadets; certain it is that he knew many things done in supposed secrecy, his knowledge of which was very unaccountable. Many instances of this extraordinary knowledge used to be related. The spies were supposed to be, amongst others, the postmaster and the fellows whose wives were washerwomen, and one named "Lipsy" was peculiarly obnoxious on this account. One instance of this knowledge occurred to myself. In those days there was no fatigue uniform—a hat with the rim cut off,

except in front to represent a visor, and covered with an oil-skin, did duty as a military cap. Any cadet who could get one, wore in winter a fur cap. One was sent to me in January, when the river was full of floating ice, and I was notified that the cap was at Cold Spring waiting for me to get it. I applied to the Superintendent for permission to go to Cold Spring one Saturday afternoon, and to draw a dollar from my pay for expenses, telling the Superintendent the reason. This permission he gave. Upon endeavoring to procure a conveyance across the river, the boatmen all said they would carry me over for nothing, but would charge five dollars to bring me back. Though I had only one dollar in my pocket, boy-like, I accepted the offer, and went over. I procured my fur cap, but on attempting to re-cross, found that even five dollars promised would induce no one to row me back, so I had to stay all night. Early the next morning, the river having frozen solid during the night, I walked back on the ice in time for reveillé. Nothing was said to me about this adventure until the next time I had occasion to call at the Superintendent's office. After transacting what business I had, the Superintendent said to me: "You did not return to the Point the day you went to Cold Spring, as you promised, but you were excused because you made all the effort you could to return; you relied on the promise of the boatman to bring you back." He told me all that I had done, how cold I was when I arrived, how I refused to drink the liquor which I was offered, how hard a walk it was across the river; and, in short, all the circumstances as if he had been with me and he wound up

by saying that it was unjustifiably foolhardy to have gone at all. * * * * * * * * * *

I once received a ten dollar bill through the post-office. In less than a week my father wrote me word that he had received a copy of the printed rules of the Academy, with particular reference to the one forbidding money to be sent to cadets. After graduating I found that the reference was in the Superintendent's handwriting * * *

While in the first class, I obtained permission to ride over the mountains on horseback to Newburgh. On reaching the town my companion and myself were much fatigued and so were the animals.

We went to the hotel and had our horses cared for. I would not go into the building, but walked on the piazza; my companion, however, went in and refreshed himself with what he could find. We returned quite late at night. The next day my companion was placed in arrest, but I was let off. The next time I went to the Superintendent's office he told me that I had done well not to enter the hotel at Newburgh, but to walk on the piazza.

It was impossible to discover who was the informant. The cause of the arrest was alleged to be "absence from the post after tattoo;" but as both were equally culpable in this respect, and neither blameworthy, the cause was undoubtedly, going into the hotel.

After a week's arrest the other was released, but he had ridden a very hard horse and was terribly chafed, and the arrest, by relieving him of military duty, saved him from the doctor.

There was no hospital in those days.

MESS-HALL REMINISCENCES.

The fare of the cadets in those days was much grumbled at, but I think never without reason.

It consisted almost exclusively of beef, boiled, roasted, or baked for dinner ; cold, sliced, or smoked for breakfast and supper ; beef soup twice a week, and bread pudding with molasses on soup days.

The bread was excellent, and huge batches were baked twice a week and stowed away in a great room.

THE MESS HALL.

The stale bread and the remnants it was believed were made into puddings. Once the Captain of the Mess-hall found in a pudding a nest of three or four mice. He forthwith carried the great tin pan which contained the pudding to the Superintendent, who dismissed him with the information that it was an accident which might easily happen. But immediately after that, for at least a month, the corps were served with roast geese and turkeys in great abundance.

The story was that this fare was forced upon the steward as a punishment for the mice. It was more probably

a free-will offering from Mr. Cozzens, who was always a great friend to the cadets, and a universal favorite. While carver of my squad I once found that the tea came out of the great tea-pot less fluently than usual, and upon seeking the cause, discovered a dish-cloth in the bottom of the spout. Another time a carver fished out a fine-tooth comb from the pudding, and this brought another supply of geese and turkeys.

The only man I ever saw eat pork and molasses was a Southerner. He would cut a slice of fat pork and cover it with molasses and esteem it the greatest luxury of the table. Yet it was always a standing jibe on the "Yankees" that they were "pork and molasses eaters."

Previous to 1826, the cadets on the fourth of July were allowed liquors, and they always had a sumptuous dinner. This was prohibited by the Superintendent in 1826. Upon the fourth of July of that year, Major ——, the Commandant, spread a table in his own house and invited the whole corps to partake ; wines, ices, and rich provisions in abundance. The story circulated afterwards that he and the Superintendent quarrelled in consequence of the dinner, and it never was repeated.

OUR OLD COMMANDANT.

It was always a source of joy when Major W—— drilled the battalion ; his fine presence, military bearing, and enthusiasm, and his sonorous and musical voice, infused such spirit into the corps, that two hours' drill

under him was less fatiguing than an hour's drill under any of the Instructors of Infantry, especially under Lieutenant H——, who would sometimes spend the whole time in executing two manœuvres. Of these, I remember "Close column on first company, right in front;" and then "Into line faced to the rear," following each other in endless succession. The Major sometimes drilled the battalion, mounted on an old charger that he had used in the war—a long-tailed sorrel—said to have been wounded when he was at the sortie of Fort Erie. On such occasions our only regret was that he finished the drill too soon.

He was a great martinet, and, strange to say, he was no favorite with the corps, who gave him the sobriquet of "Old Haughty," but his haughtiness was only military bearing. He was accessible always, and kindly considerate of every cadet's feelings.

I once carried him a "permit" written thus: "Cadet —— has permission to be absent from 1 P. M. *untill* evening parade." He signed it, with this remark—"One '*l*,' sir; one '*l*' to *until*; two '*l's*' to *till*. Never bring me a permit written so again. Remember, sir, spell *until* with one '*l*.' I have had occasion to correct many such errors."

Late one night he returned to West Point from New York, having been absent several days. He always slept in camp in a marquee, close to the river front, his house being dismantled during the encampment. Of course he did not know the countersign. Attempting to pass the sentinel, he was immediately challenged—"Who goes

there?" "Commandant of the Post." "Advance, Commandant of the Post, and give the countersign." The Major advanced, threw open his cloak, and said: "I have been absent several days, do not know the countersign; you recognize me, of course—Major W——," and he attempted to pass. The sentinel flew at him, ordered him to halt, upon penalty of being bayoneted, and called for the Corporal of the Guard. There the Major had to stand, in a drenching rain, until the Corporal of the Guard came and released him. The next day the sentinel who halted the Major was sent for, and instead of the reprimand he expected, was highly complimented for his firmness and decision. * * * * * *

After the death of Adams and Jefferson, on the 4th of July, 1826, I was Sergeant of the Guard, and, as such, charged with the firing of a gun every fifteen minutes—one for each patriot. I was ordered to be very exact in the time, so that the intervals might be precisely fifteen minutes. The firing commenced at Reveillé and was to cease at Retreat. Shortly after morning parade I was sent for in great haste by the Commandant, to know why I disobeyed the order as to time. I denied disobeying the order, and insisted that the guns were discharged at the proper intervals. To avoid any further trouble, I loaded and touched them off myself, watch in hand. Again I was sent for, and rated soundly for failure. What it all meant I could not understand, but the Major went with me to the guard-tent, and just as I touched off the gun, before its echoes died away, another report was heard. The Major then saw that I was not at fault. The cause

was the blasting of rocks just under Fort Putnam, which he had heard, but which I had not noted. Thereupon he had the blasting discontinued, and apologized before the whole guard for his unjust censure.

* * * * * * * * * *

Smoking was strictly prohibited after the first of January, 1824. I always disregarded the prohibition, and suffered in consequence. The Major, however, would never notice it unless compelled to do so. One morning, after handing in my report as Officer of the Day, and being about to retire, he beckoned me to approach him again, and said, "The next time you come to me officially, change your coat, it is reeking with tobacco smoke!"

That time I escaped, but upon another occasion the Chief Engineer went through the barracks upon a tour of inspection, accompanied by the Major. My room was, as usual, redolent with tobacco smoke, and on the next Friday I heard read on parade, three reports—one for smoking, one for *allowing* smoking in my room, being Orderly, and one for not keeping my room in good order. The first two, for positive and wilful disobedience of orders; and the last for gross neglect of duty. * * *

THE BURIAL OF A CADET.

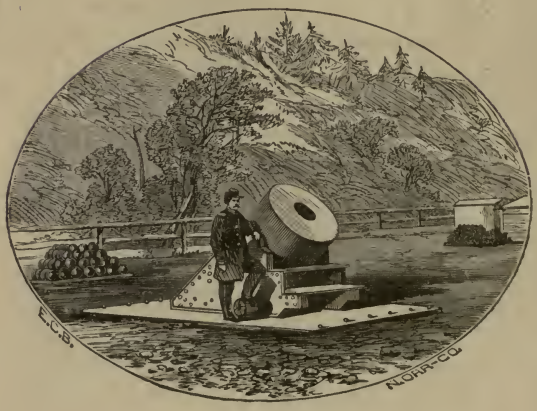
I stood beside him when the sun
  Was sinking in the west,
Pouring his fading beams upon
  Banner and glittering crest.
Save from his cheek, no passer by
  His boyhood could discern,
For martial fire was in his eye—
  His brow like manhood—stern.

I stood beside him, and I drew
  A veil of gauze away.
His eyes were glazed ;—cold, clammy dew
  Upon his forehead lay.
Around his form I saw them twine
  A shroud with many a fold ;
I touched his lifeless hand to mine,
  'Twas cold—'twas icy cold.

I stood beside him, and helped bear
  His body to the tomb ;
Waving around the train, I saw
  Banner and sable plume.
Onward they moved with voices dumb,
  To music, sad and drear ;
Heavily rolled the muffled drum,
  Heavily creaked the bier.

I stood beside him, as they lowered
His coffin in the ground ;
I heard the grating of the cord,
The falling clods resound.
I saw his comrades near him stand,
The parting looks they gave ;
I heard the voice of low command,
The volley o'er the grave.

I stood above him as the sun
Was sinking in the west,
I saw a stone engraved upon,
To mark his place of rest.
I saw the long grass waving high,
I heard the wind's deep moan.
A voice seemed whispering in a sigh,
"He sleeps—he sleeps alone!"



DISAPPOINTMENT AND REFORM;

OR,

THE TRICKS OF AN OLD SOLDIER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A Colonel.	Cadet Private	Bob. Careless.
A Surgeon.	" "	Ben. Grouse.
An Assistant Surgeon.	" "	Joe Done.
Hospital Steward.	" "	Dan. Shannon.
Cadet Corporal Trim.	" "	Hugh Malcolm.
" " Casey.		

THE SOUTH BARRACKS.

ACT FIRST.—Scene 1st.

(A room in the South Barracks; two mattresses on the floor, on which are two cadets sleeping. Time—morning. Reveillé is heard without.)

[Bob. Careless awakes and rubs his eyes.]

Bob. "Damn reveillé." (Calls aloud.) "Ben. Grouse, you sleepy head, wake up."

[Ben. awakes with a start.]

Ben. "Has reveillé beat yet?"

Bob. "Yes, 'tis beating off; don't you hear it?"

[Ben. gets out of bed, and hurries on his clothes.]

Ben. "I shall be late."

BOB. "So shall I; so I won't go. Why the devil don't they beat reveillé longer?" (Yawns.)

BEN. "You had better get up, Bob., and 'bone' your Math., we've got those three problems for review to-day." (Exit BEN.)

BOB. "Well, if the lesson is hard, I haven't time to learn it; and if it is easy, I'll get it after breakfast. At any rate, I can go to the Hospital and get excused; so I'll finish my nap." (Turns over, and goes to sleep.)

SCENE 2D.

(Dispensary in the Hospital. Phials on shelves around the room. On one side a table and book. A bench in the back ground.)

[Enter HOSPITAL STEWARD.]

STEWARD. "Well, what shall I prepare for to-day? Soda and camphor powders, and camphor and soda powders, for everything. Sore toe, sprained ankle, costiveness, headache, and nothing at all. The universal cure and prescription. Soda and camphor powders; salts and rhubarb. The Doctor didn't give rhubarb as usual yesterday; so I guess he will give it to-day. How much is there? Plenty."

[Enter DOCTOR.]

DOCTOR. "Steward, did you give those soda and camphor powders to the cadet upstairs?"

STEWARD. "Yes, sir."

DOCTOR. "How did they operate?"

STEWARD. "I don't know, sir; pretty well, I believe."

DOCTOR. "Humph! He'll get well by and by. I believe I'll go and see him." (Exit DOCTOR.)

[Enter Cadet Corporal TRIM, and two other Cadets, one of whom is BOB. CARELESS.]

BOB. "Steward, have you any chalk?"

TRIM. "What do you want of chalk, Bob.?"

BOB. "Oh, nothing: carbonate of lime is said to be very good in the morning." (Eats a piece.)

TRIM.—(Smiling). "What is the matter with you, Bob?"

BOB. "Why, I'll be hanged if I know. What would you tell him? If I say I have cut my finger, I get a dose of salts! If my head aches, then blue pills or calomel powders!"

TRIM. "Tell him you feel a general debility."

[Enter another squad of Cadets, looking sorrowful, and making wry faces. Not seeing the Doctor, they brighten up.]

CORPORAL CASEY. "Trim, hasn't 'Old Walter' or 'Gil Blas' come yet?"

TRIM. "No, and I'll go if he don't come soon. It's a hard case that we have to come here every morning, Casey!"

Casey. "Aye, Trim; but every dog has his day."

Joe Done. "You here again, Bob.; what in the deuce is the matter with you?"

Bob. "Those three problems, Joe, made me sick. General debility, Joe! Costiveness, Joe! Dose of salts, Joe! Better than zero. Old Tom would certainly have me up to-day. What is the case with you to-day?"

Joe Done. "I sprained my ankle going down to Benny's last night, with Dan Shannon."

Dan. "Yes, and you would have left me in the lurch, if you had tumbled off, for I did not know where I was."

[Re-enter Doctor.]

(A general yawning; faces are lengthened three inches.)

(Bob. tries to look pale; Joe Done hobbles to a seat; Dan ties a handkerchief around his head; hoarse coughing and some sneezing,—during which the Doctor takes his seat.)

Doctor. "Steward, hem! you may give the patient upstairs a dose of calomel, he seems to be a little feverish; then a little rhubarb, he is a little costive; and you must not give him anything to eat to-day but gruel. Who comes first?"

Trim. "The sick-book of the 2d Company."

Doctor. "Cadet Malcolm." (The first Cadet steps forward.) Well, Mr. Malcolm, what is the matter with you to-day?"

Malcolm. "I don't know, Doctor. I feel very sick at my stomach, and I have a swimming in my head when I get up from my chair."

Doctor. "Sick at your stomach, hey?—vertigo—well, well,—knock about,-take exercise—stir yourself,—nothing better except a dose of salts! Next."

[Joe Done steps up.]

Doctor. "How do you do to-day?"

Joe Done. (Coughs)—"Why, I have sprained my ankle, and my cold has not gone yet (coughs); those pills did not operate yesterday." (Coughs again.)

Doctor. "Didn't operate, that's strange; let me feel of your pulse—pretty quick; your tongue—(cadet shows his tongue)—yes, well, take three powders to-morrow, and some salts to-day. I'll excuse you from duty."

Joe Done. (Coughs)—"Yes, sir;" (aside—"but your powders will go where the others went.")

Malcolm. "Doctor, I don't care about being excused from parade, I think I can attend to *that*."

Doctor. "Can't excuse you from *anything* to-day, Mr. Malcolm. Knock about! knock about! and you'll get well."

Malcolm. "But Doctor, I've taken a dose of salts!"

Doctor. "Well, they will do you good."

(Malcolm retires, saying aside—"that's a hard case, I swear.")

Doctor. "Next!—Mr. Careless."

Bob Careless. "Oh! Ah!" (sighs bitterly and looks pale.)

Doctor. "Well, Mr. Careless, what is the matter with you to-day?"

Bob. "Why, sir, I was sunstruck yesterday, and I feel a general debility; my head aches; I'm costive, and I'm ——."

Doctor. "Let's feel of your pulse—yes! well! hem!—did you go to breakfast this morning?"

Bob. "No! Yes, sir! I *went* there."

Doctor. "How much did you eat? Anything?"

Bob. "Why, yes, sir,—I ate three very small pieces of toast, a little meat, and some coffee."

Doctor. "Good appetite, Mr. Careless—(enter Assistant-Surgeon)—very good appetite, pulse pretty regular; let me see your tongue."—(Bob shows his tongue.) Good Heavens! fever!—high fever! sunstruck! this warm weather apt to produce fever! You say you have a good appetite?"

Bob. "No, sir; you said so; my appetite is not very good, oh!"

Doctor. "Yes, sure sign of fever. Doctor (to Assistant-Surgeon)—Cadet Careless was sunstruck yesterday, which has put him in a high fever—a new case—very difficult."

Assistant-Surgeon. "Yes, sir, coup de soleil—ah, I've heard of dangerous results from similar attacks. Ahem! There was a soldier once who ——."

Doctor. "Steward, give Mr. Careless some soda and camphor powders. Mr. Careless, keep in the house to-day, and take care of yourself. I'll send you over something."

Bob. (Retiring, says aside, "So much for chalk, but damn the powders.")

Doctor. "Cadet Shannon."

Dan. "Doctor, I've a bad headache, I did not sleep any last night, and I am not at all able to do anything to-day."

Doctor. "Yes, yes; give Mr. Shannon a dose of rhubarb."

(Steward grins; Dan makes a wry face, and says to the Steward in an undertone, "Dam'me, old fellow, make it molasses." Steward to Dan—"I can't, sir; we have none." Dan takes the rhubarb, and remarks aside—"It's the last time you catch me here.") [Exit all.]

ACT SECOND.—Scene 1st.

(Superintendent's Quarters.)

(Enter Superintendent)—"I must endeavour to prevent so many applications for the future, they are too absurd. O, ho! he shall suffer for it! I'll not submit to it."

[Enter Doctor.]

Superintendent. "Good morning, Doctor."

Doctor. "Colonel, good morning; here is the morning sick report, sir. Cadet

Shannon was absent from quarters last night. I'm sure of it, sir, and have reported him accordingly."

SUPERINTENDENT. "That is not strange. I have heard of it before this morning; but I have some private business with you; but let's breakfast first."

DOCTOR. "Thank you, Colonel; but I can't this morning. Good morning.

[Exit COLONEL and the DOCTOR.]

SCENE 2D.

(Guard room—enter DAN SHANNON, who looks at the Sick Report.)

DAN. "Well, now, if that infernal Surgeon hasn't left me off the Sick Report. What's this!—'Absent from reveillé and from Academy.' I took a dose of that confounded rhubarb. I've made a fool of myself. I'll be hanged if I ever ——."

(Enter BOB CARELESS.)

BOB (laughing.) "What the devil is the row, Dan? You look as if you had been drawn through a knot-hole."

DAN. "Well, I've a reason to look so; that confounded Doctor hasn't put me on the Sick Report, and I took a dose of that cursed rhubarb for nothing."

BOB. "Well, Dan, I'll tell you a secret; never tell him that you have a headache, or anything else that he can give you physic for, and be sure to chalk your tongue well."

DAN. "No, may I be shot if you ever catch me playing the 'old soldier' again. But I'll see the old codger."

(*Exit in a rage.*)

FINIS.

MAJOR BOB G——.

AIR.—"*Widow Machree.*"

Now, my dear Commandant, 'tis no wonder you frown,
Och! hone! Major Bob G.!
Popularity for you is fast going down,
Och! hone! Major Bob G.!
How altered we are in these dress hats we wear,
And you've cut off our hair which should be flowing free,
There's no longer a churl who can boast of a curl,
Och! hone! Major Bob G.!

Oh! my dear Commandant, you've reported us so,
Och! hone! Major Bob G.!
How to prevent being "found" we really don't know,
Och! hone! Major Bob G.!
To offer an excuse is no manner of use,
If there's a word of abuse 'tis the first thing you see,
And unless "milk and water" 'tis all quite improper,
Och! hone! Major Bob G.!

Now, my dear Commandant, without telling a lie,
Och! hone! Major Bob G.!
I don't think it exactly is proper to spy,
Och! hone! Major Bob G.!
We are really afraid, when we go to parade,
As you stand in the shade, or behind some big tree,
That you'll "pink" half the corps, or perhaps a few more,
Och! hone! Major Bob G.!

Some words of advice, my dear Major Bob G.,
Och! hone! Major Bob G.!
From somebody else, indirectly through me,
Och! hone! Major Bob G.!
Let us be as before you came into the corps,
And don't drill us from four until time for tea,
And don't watch like a ferret to give us demerit,
Och! hone! Major Bob G.

FURLOUGH SONG OF 1829.

Lady—no cap is on my head,
No visor o'er my brow,
I've lost my plume, and lost my heart,
I'm not a soldier now.

My uniform I've taken off,
My " cits " I've just put on,
And silk I've substituted for
The leather stock I've worn.
No more the sound of cannon grates
Upon my ear, as when
It waked me up at break of day,—
I was a soldier then.

But now without the reveillé,
I've learned to ope' mine eyes,
And also can get up from tea,
Without the word to "rise."
I'm not at " rest " when I should talk,
Don't flourish when I bow,
Nor do I march when I should walk,
I'm not a soldier now.

I've changed to glancing at a dress,
My " dressing at a glance,"
And 'form the " prompt manœuvres " when
Advancing up the dance.
Lady—no cap is on my head,
No visor o'er my brow,
I've lost my plume, and lost my heart,
I'm not a soldier now.

I've torn my " differential " up,
The leaves—Lord! how they flew!
And " integrals," and algebra,
Are out the window too.
The only " curvatures " I find,
Are of a neck or brow.
I've made my arms my " asymptotes,"
My lips my " tangents " now.

And if of wine I wish to know
How much is in a cup,
I place it even to my mouth,
And "integrate" it up.
The only "spirals" that I form,
Are twined about one;—how
Would "Archimedes" or "Sinon" look,
If they could see me now!

I've changed my "co-sines" all to "verse,"
So did the muse require.
To boots, my "logarithms" as
They raise me somewhat higher.
My "sextant" and "theodolite"
Are on the mountain's brow,
And they may get themselves its "height,"
I cannot take it now.

For all my "measures" now I *tread*,
I "sight" through ladies' eyes.
My "observations" are *remarks*,
'Mid fish my "angling" lies.
And I can move without command,
Can sit up after ten,
Oh! how unlike my former days,
I was a soldier then!

THE FOUR O'CLOCKS.

'Tis four o'clock, the bugle blows,
And whether now it rains or snows,
Or fierce winds whistle all about,
Be sure the girls will all be out.
What is the strange mysterious power,
That thus attends this mystic hour?

Why does it cause the lasses all
(No matter whether great or small)
To pace the side-walk to and fro?
Is it that each one wants a beau?
And eager for some dear cadet,
Defies the snow, the wind, the wet?
It must be so,—for ere that note
Has on the echoes ceased to float,
They come in haste, a motley crew,
In pink, in red, in black, and blue,
And joining each a gallant "grey,"
Soon while a pleasant hour away.
Each day they come, unfailing come,
And stay until the signal-drum,
Which all their fondest wishes mocks,
And scatters all the "four o'clocks."

FANNY ELLSLER'S PIROUETTE BY MOONLIGHT.

Among the flying birds of passage which a few summers since sojourned for a brief period at West Point, was the celebrated "danseuse" Mademoiselle Fanny Ellsler, accompanied by her male assistant, Monsieur Sylvester.

Whether the temperature of August was unfavorable to the continuation of the vaulting exercise, or whether, in a spirit of benevolence, she thought proper to conceal under a long skirt those "caoutchouc" extremities which had turned the heads of the citizens of Baltimore, so it was, that for two days Ma'm'selle ravished with her presence the young hearts of the Corps of Cadets. Never were they more neatly apparelled, never performed they

their military duties in a more soldierly manner, than when conscious that the blue eyes of the "Maitresse du Ballêt were observing their motions. Even the celebrated Ned Kendall, the leader of the band, was inspired by her presence. Waltzes and mazurkas, especially those which the charming "figurante" honored in her dances, superseded the usual inspiring marches by which the battalion was wont to muster, and as that war-accoutred body performed its evolutions, you would have irresistibly fancied that, instead of representing the combinations of a mimic battle, it was endeavoring to perform the figures of some gigantic dance, in which all the privates were "Sons of Mars," and the officers sworded prompters. In the earlier and more sultry part of the afternoon, when the cadets were free to don their fatigue jackets, roll down their bedding, and nap it under the shelter of their tents, they might have been heard kicking the wooden floors of their "linen arbors" in the delirium of "double shuffle," and the ecstasy of the "pigeon-wing," their tarantula recreations barely permitting to be recognized the lively solos of accompanying flutes. After supper a universal "stag-dance" of not less than fifty couples came off. This is a peculiar kind of affair, in which the dancers arrange themselves in two long lines, facing each other, inside of a lane of candles, half buried in the ground, and above these, three muskets forming a tripod, and each bayonet having a candle spluttering on its point.

Drums, fifes, and violins formed the orchestra. The cadets started with a simultaneous bound, involving themselves inextricably, and it at last became a mere competi-

tion who should work his legs and feet most excruciatingly. The citizen spectators looked on with prodigious approbation, but none on the present occasion with more satisfaction than Ma'm'selle Fanny, for whose especial entertainment the dance had been gotten up.

It was after the "stag" was over, and "taps" had sounded (at 10 P. M., after which no one is permitted to cross the sentinels' posts without the countersign), that Cadet Pierre Dubois found himself stationed on one of the remote posts known as "No. 4," where the fortunate sentinel is secure to walk or not to walk, to sit or stand, or even to sleep, without much danger of being reported; but in case he *is* caught, he would incur either the severe penalty of dismissal, or, what seems worse at the time, at least twenty "extras."

Running along the side of this post, and about twenty feet from it, is a gravelled walk, where visitors may promenade whenever they choose, generally without molestation or reproof. This walk is a favorite resort, both during the day and until a late hour at night, thus giving to the lonely sentinel a glimpse of many a fair damsel and enamored youth, in their moonlight rambles. It is regarded as one of the advantages of that station, the remaining five posts being monotonous enough, Heaven knows! unless we can conceive ideas novel and interesting to ourselves.

Dubois, and those on guard with him, had been prevented during the day from approaching near enough to the fair "danseuse," to feast their eyes, as they would have done. Imagine, then, with what pleasure

Pierre saw her and Mons. Sylvester coming down the gravelled walk towards him. He stopped walking and gazed at the sprightly pair with tense optics, until they stood opposite, when his mischievous genius suggested a plot as original as it was pleasant.

"Who comes there?" thundered he sternly. The twain started slightly, surprised by the suddenness of the challenge, but, not dreaming that they were the persons addressed, they resumed their stroll. "Who comes there?" was again thundered in their ears, while the musket was brought to a "charge" with such force that it sounded to them as if a whole regiment were going through the manual. They halted; "Monsieur. you speak to us?" faltered M. Sylvester. "Yes! stop talking to the sentinel! advance and give the countersign!" responded Dubois in a terrible voice. M. Sylvester was so much frightened that he took to his heels and ran as fast as he could to the hotel, leaving the lady trembling, and strange to say of one generally so active, incapable of moving a step. "Advance and give the countersign!" replied Dubois, still maintaining his threatening attitude, and betraying by the ardor of his looks his admiration of the little form before him, now tremulous as the aspen leaf. "De countersign," said Fanny, almost inarticulately, "vat you call dat?" "The pass-word, *la passe parole*," exclaimed Pierre crustily. "*Helas!* I have it not! I will send to de Commandant, and my servant shall bring it you, *demain*, in the morning!" "What! madame! have you presumed to pass along my post without the countersign?" exclaimed Pierre, affecting the most unqualified astonishment. "Ah! sare!

I did not know!" replied Fanny, as she prepared to weep.

Here, the other sentinels, who, in the stillness of the night, had overheard the dialogue, and knew that some sport was brewing, first ascertained that everything was quiet, and that there were no lights in the officers' tents, deserting their posts, came stalking one by one, and silently arranged themselves by the side of Dubois. Enveloped in their huge guard cloaks, which they found necessary to muffle their mouths withal to suppress their laughter, and, each supporting a formidable weapon, they formed a *tout ensemble* that might have alarmed firmer nerves than those which had been accustomed only to the applause of the theatre, and were now, for the first time, made acquainted with rough sounds. The moon shone with ghastly radiance upon their burnished arms, and as the light breeze, that gently swayed the neighboring cedars, blew apart their long cloaks,—belts, cartridge-boxes, brass, and steel, glittering before the eyes of the lone woman, caused her to shudder with trepidation.

The grave hooded figures moved up to Dubois, nudged him with their elbows, and muttered *sotto voce*,—"Say, old boy, keep it up!" "Go it, old fellow; don't let her off, my chicken!" "Well done! Pierre, this is rich!" "Carry it on some more, and I'll invite you to all my 'hashes' next winter!" "Stir her up again, Dubois, and I'll stand 'the sundries' tomorrow morning!" "Once more, old horse-fly, and I'll treat to the liquor at Benny's!"

Could Dubois feel discouraged?

"Madame," he harangued, "this is the place which

Arnold would have betrayed!—the key of his country's destinies! The miserable agent he employed was captured and ignobly hung! See yonder house which the traitor once occupied! I glow with patriotic rage when I survey the scene! As for you, madame, you have committed an offence, which admits of no excuse before a military tribunal! You have attempted—wretched woman!—to pass a sentinel's post without the countersign! Madame, you are standing in the footprints of Washington! Prepare to die!!!" Fanny leaped convulsively from the earth at these words, and the cadets could hardly suppress their appreciation of this involuntary *pas*. "Spare! oh! spare my life!" implored she, clasping her hands, and kneeling. "Temptress! that would have me sully the immaculate Stars and Stripes!—that would make me the subject of another infamous page in the history of West Point!—that would have me in the morning summoned before a drum-head court-martial, tried, condemned, and by a battery of brazen cannon blown into atoms!!!

"*Mais*, sare, *s'il vous plait*, you do not know me!"

"After such an attempt," interrupted Dubois, with all the hauteur of a soldier, "pardon my gallantry if I decline an introduction!"

"But, sare, *chere* kind sare, *je suis Ma'm'selle Ellsler—la pauvre Fanny Ellsler*!" "What! nay! nay! take any shape but that, and my honor shall be preserved!"

Notwithstanding the inconvenience of his musket, Pierre's attitude, on pronouncing these words, was decidedly dramatic. The attitudes also assumed by the "guard cloaks" were half in imitation of Dubois, and half of

Macbeth, when he was about to "clutch that dagger." To be sure, Dubois all along had recognized the artiste; but it did not suit his purposes to let her perceive it. She saw, however, that the announcement of her name was to her advantage, and she repeated it. "*Oui! Messieurs! Ellsler! la jolie et gayeuse Fanny! je vous assure!*" added she, bursting into tears.

"Mademoiselle," resumed Dubois, after some moments of profound reflection, "I have already presented before you, with all the warmth of true patriotism, the dreadful penalties I should entail upon myself and my country, if I assented to your escape;—yet—(a pause)—there is one condition, now that you have mentioned your name, in the performance of which, you shall live." "*O cieux!* vat is dat condition?" cried Fanny, drying her tears, and almost magnetizing Pierre, by the intensity of her gaze.

"Remember what I sacrifice, Ma'm'selle,—the land of my fathers!—in this spot, too! fame! and life!"

"*Mais, de condition!—de condition,*—I will perform it!"

"Say you so?—then will I, and these, my comrades, sell ourselves to the devil, to see you dance the *cracovienne.*"

What! She, who had displayed her agility to gaping thousands! She, who had, as it were, snapped her toes in the faces of the crowned heads of Europe!—whose india-rubber limbs had stirred up the souls of the politicians of Washington, whom the motion for the dissolution of the Union could not arouse! She, to dance, at night, and alone, for the amusement of an unknown squad of cadets!

"*Sacre! Perte! mon Dieu! c'est simplement impossible!* I cannot do it," said Fanny, now thoroughly indignant.

"Die! then! proud, insensible, and ungrateful woman!!" cried Pierre, in awful accents, preparing to raise his piece. "Hold!" interrupted Fanny, who loved her life more than her dignity, but who still hoped to evade the disagreeable condition by a subterfuge. "I would dance *avec plaisir*, *mais*, *Messieurs*, vare is dare orchestra, —de trombone,—de flute —de feedle? I cannot dance widout de *musique!*"

The "guard cloaks" consulted for a few moments. "Oh!"—at length said Dubois,—"you shall be provided with music,—I'll whistle!"

The degradation was complete.

"Nevare! nevare! *jamais! jamais!!* Monsieur!" cried Fanny convulsively.

The "guard cloaks" scowled, and clutched their muskets. "That, or death!!" croaked Pierre, making a final effort,—"and, remember, ma'm'selle, our sacrifice!" Fanny considered; her resolution failed her;—"Ah me! *gentils hommes.* I will dance!"

The muskets were stacked, the guard cloaks reclined on he grass. The moon shone with a serene and silvery lustre upon the strange group. The dew-drops sparkled in their splendor, and through the adjacent cedars, the white monument of the "Polish chieftain" peered upon the scene. It was with immense labor, and only after

duction of a whistle; those appendages manifesting a singular tendency to approach his ears.

At last, however, he mustered up courage to subdue his laughing propensities sufficiently to whistle the *cracovienne*, after the manner of a softened solo upon the flute.

Ma'm'selle, with a very drooping, willow-like air, executed the pirouette by moonlight; the guard cloaks imitating, as well as they could, the pit of a theatre. They clapped their hands, threw up their caps, and shouted; (in whispers, so as not to awaken the officers) they *encored* every feat, until Fanny's feet were wearied out, and Pierre's lungs entirely exhausted. Miss Ellsler now made a motion to retire. "No, not yet!" objected Dubois, breathing hard to refresh himself; "we must have *la cachuca;* we could incur the fate of André to see that, and besides, I whistle the air admirably." The remonstrances of Fanny were overruled once more, the guard cloaks changed their supporting elbows, Jupiter snuffed the moon, and the white monument peered through the foliage with more intense curiosity. Dubois contracted his lips, the melancholy Ellsler stood in the act to dance, one foot raised like Niobe, preparing to cut a "pigeon-wing" when—"Second Relief! turn out!" the Corporal of the Guard cried out in the distant guard-tent, knocking the floor with the butt of his musket to arouse the slumbering guard. The two hours of our friends had expired. Rising hastily, and, grasping their muskets from the stack, they fled hurriedly to their deserted posts, alarmed by the

Fanny was bewildered by the sudden, and to her, unaccountable movements of her tormentors, but she had presence of mind enough to change the preliminary *pas* of *la cachuca* into the first bound towards the hotel. On her way there she encountered Monsieur Sylvester coming to her relief at the head of a crowd of waiters and boot-blacks, armed with brooms, pokers, and clubs, and crying at the top of his voice, "Ellsler to the rescue! We will storm the camp! By Gar!!"

Perhaps Ma'm'selle was still offended with him for his precipitate retreat earlier in the evening, or she might have doubted his ability to perform all that he threatened; at least she muttered with some asperity in his ear that they had rendered themselves sufficiently ridiculous, and that he had better beat a retreat, as his skill in that line was so great.

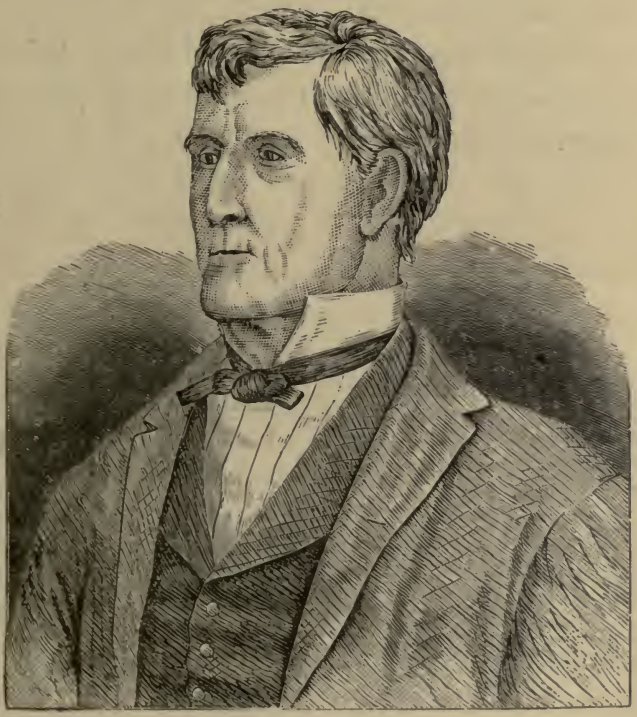
M. Sylvester obeyed, although he protested, *sacrêd*, and boasted at a terrible rate about what he would have done had Ma'm'selle but just given the word. The next morning it was ascertained that the danseuse with her company had left West Point before day. After the night-guard had been relieved by a new detail, a crowd of cadets were assembled in conversation, lamenting that they could not witness her performances, then creating such a sensation throughout the country.

Dubois here remarked very consequentially, that he, with some others, had seen her the night before in the *cracovienne*, and in part of *la cachuca*.

He was answered by universal exclamations of incredulity, when he related the foregoing story, and the six others swore to its accuracy.

BENNY HAVENS, OH!

Benny Havens was a seller of contraband liquors and viands to the cadets. In course of time he was expelled from the immediate vicinity of the Point, and then opened a regular establishment a mile or two below, which until



BENNY HAVENS.

a few years past was a favorite resort of the cadets on convivial occasions, "sans permission."

The lamented O'Brien, formerly an Assistant Surgeon in the army, was commissioned a Lieutenant in the 8th

Infantry. Before joining his regiment he stopped at West Point to visit an early friend, Major Ripley A. Arnold, then a first-class man, residing in "No. 32 Rue de Cockloft," in the old North Barracks. They made many excursions to "Benny's. The song was composed by O'Brien and others, and set to the tune of "Wearing of the Green." It soon became popular, and from that time to this, all those who have learned the way to "Benny's," consider it an old stand-by.

The verse relative to the death of O'Brien, and all the others following it, were written afterwards by the different classes.

BENNY HAVENS, OH!

Come, fill your glasses, fellows, and stand up in a row,
To singing sentimentally, we're going for to go;
In the army there's sobriety, promotion's very slow,
So we'll sing our reminiscences of Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh!—oh! Benny Havens, oh!
So we'll sing our reminiscences of Benny Havens, oh!

Now Roe's Hotel's a perfect "fess," and Cozzens' all the go,
And officers as thick as hops infest "The Falls" below;
But we'll slip them all so quietly, as once a week we go
To toast the lovely flower that blooms at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

Let us toast our foster father, the Republic, as you know,
Who in the paths of science taught us upward for to go;
And the maidens of our native land, whose cheeks like roses glow,
They're oft remembered in our cups, at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

To the ladies of the Empire State, whose hearts, and albums too,
Bear sad remembrance of the wrongs we stripling soldiers do,
We bid a fond adieu, my boys ; our hearts with sorrow flow ;
Our loves and rhymings had their source at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

And when in academic halls, to summer hops we go,
And tread the mazes of the dance on the light fantastic toe,
We look into those sunny eyes, where youth and pleasure glow,
And think ourselves within the walls of Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

To the ladies of the orange clime, let all our bumpers flow,
Who dares gainsay their peerless charms must take a knightly blow.
We'll throw the gauntlet in their cause and taunt the soulless foe
Who hesitates to drink to them at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

Of the lovely maids, with virgin lips, like roses dipped in dew,
Who are to be our better halves, we'd like to take a view.
But sufficient to the bridal day is the ill of it, you know,
So we'll cheer our hearts with chorusing at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

To the ladies of our army our cups shall ever flow,
Companions of our exile, and our shield 'gainst every woe ;
May they see their husbands Generals, with double pay also,
And join us in our choruses at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

'Tis said by commentators, when to other worlds we go,
We follow the same handicraft we did in this below ;
If this be true philosophy—the sexton—he says "no!"
What days of song and dance we'll have at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

Come, fill up to our Generals, God bless the brave heroes,
They're an honor to their country, and a terror to her foes;
May they long rest on their laurels and trouble never know,
But live to see a thousand years at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

Here's a health to General Taylor, whose "rough and ready" blow
Struck terror to the *rancheros* of braggart Mexico;
May his country ne'er forget his deeds, and ne'er forget to show,
She holds him worthy of a place at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

To the "veni, vidi, vici" man, to Scott, the great hero,
Fill up the goblet to the brim, let no one shrinking go;
May life's cares on his honored head fall light as flakes of snow,
And his fair fame be ever great at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

From the courts of death and danger, from Tampa's deadly shore,
There comes a wail of manly grief, "O'Brien is no more;"
In the land of sun and flowers his head lies pillowed low,
No more he'll sing "Petite Coquette," or Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

To the Army's brave Commanders, let now our glasses flow,
We'll drink to Grant and Sherman, and to the "subs" also;
To Thomas, Meade, and Sheridan (these come in apropos);
We'll toast them all with goblets full, at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

'Tis a proverb that "Republics to their veterans thankless grow,"
And a youth of service oft awards only an age of woe;
But if a lowly station most honor doth bestow,
Give me the one now occupied by Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

To our regiments, now fellows, we all must shortly go,
And look as sage as parsons when they talk of what's below ;
We must cultivate the graces, do everything "just so,"
And never speak to ears polite of Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

Let us remember, comrades, when to our posts we go,
The ties that must be cut in twain, as o'er life's sea we row ;
Hearts that now throb in unison must moulder down below,
So let us take a parting cup at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

To our comrades who have fallen, one cup before we go,
They poured their life-blood freely out *pro bono publico ;*
No marble points the stranger to where they rest below,
They lie neglected far away from Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

You veterans on the "half-pay list" in quiet ease should go,
And suffer us subalterns up a grade or two to row,
Award each State a regiment of Regulars, you know,–
Their officers are chosen ones from Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

May we never lack a smile for friend, nor stern heart for a foe,
May all our paths be pleasantness wherever we may go,
May our "muster rolls" in after years report in *statu quo,*
And goodly samples ever bring from Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

May the Army be augmented, promotion be less slow,
May our country in her hour of need be ready for the foe,
May we find a soldier's resting-place beneath a soldier's blow,
With space enough beside our graves for Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

When you and I, and Benny, and all the others, too,
Are called before the "final board" our course of life to view,
May we never "fess" on any point, but straight be told to go,
And join the army of the Blest at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

Another star has faded, we miss its brilliant glow,
For the veteran Scott has ceased to be a soldier here below;
And the country which he honored now feels a heartfelt woe,
As we toast his name in reverence at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

To our kind old Alma Mater, our rock-bound Highland home,
We'll cast back many a fond regret, as o'er life's sea we roam,
Until on our last battle-field the lights of Heaven shall glow,
We'll never fail to drink to her and Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

And if amid the battle shock, our banner e'er should trail,
And hearts that beat beneath its folds, shall faint, or basely fail,
Then may some son of Benny's, with quick avenging blow,
Lift up the flag we loved so well at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

When this life's troubled sea is o'er, and our last battle through,
If God permits us mortals then his blessed domain to view,
Then shall we see with glory crowned, in proud celestial row,
The friends we've known and loved so well at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

A FRAGMENT.

If "churches" point the way to heaven,
As sign-posts do the road,
How many "January Plebes"
Have found that blest abode!

WEST POINT EXPERIENCE.

By a Lady.

Young ladies, and misses, I pray you
To list to a tale, though not new,
It may give you a little instruction
About the "Grey" and the "Blue."
Your first year is devoted to Cadets,
And you vow to be loyal and true;
You are sure that your love will remain,
When he changes the "grey" for the "blue."

WEST POINT HOTEL.

So "sets of ball buttons" for dresses,
Are exchanged for a lock of your hair;
Were barracks searched after encampment,
It would make up a Vanity Fair.
So with tears, and hearts nearly breaking,
You declare that your love naught shall try,
And truly detesting the creatures,
West Pointers have christened "shanghais."

Next year, you find to your sorrow,
He's proved but a faithless Cadet,
And you go to a "blue-coat," the morrow,
And find you've some heart to give yet.
Then the "blue-coat" will grow sentimental,
Convince you he is deeply in love;
But never by word of committal,
That you anywhere after could prove.
He'll preach the hard life of a soldier,
Though softened by some fair one's smile,
But is sure not to add—"it is you, dear!"
Though this you expect all the while.
He'll give you a button or a locket,
And attach it, with heart-rending sighs,
To your chain;—but add not—"I've a pocket,
Kept for just such occasions supplied."
And the evening before your departure,
When in whispers so low he will say,—
"I'll not believe you are going!
Oh! defer your departure *one day!*"
When just as you think it is coming,
And you think he is safe in your coil,
With a sort of volcanic explosion
Called a sigh—used by him as a foil;—
"Oh! my destiny! Fate has decreed!
My youth, it is saddened, and drear!
For I never will ask any woman
To live on *eight hundred* a year!"
Then he looks apparently wretched,
Bids adieu, as the boat leaves the dock,
But his sole consolation, and hope is,
That the "next boat" will bring a large flock.
So, learn, all you foolish young damsels,
My rule no exception can claim.
But take a West Pointer's motto—
"*It is here every day just the same.*"

ARMY HYMN.

He who wears the regimental suit,
Is oft as gay as a raw recruit;
But what of that?
The girls will follow when they hear the drum,
To view the tassel, and the waving plume,
Which decks his hat.

CHORUS.

Off, off we go, and say that we're on duty,
Smoke our cigars, or flirt with some new beauty,
Vive, Vive l'amour! cigars and cogniac!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah, boys! vive la bivouac!

When we march into some country town,
Prudes may fly from us, and dames may frown;
But that's absurd!
When we march away we leave behind
Prudes and dames who've been vastly kind;
Pray take my word.

CHORUS.

Off, off we go, and say that we're on duty,
Smoke our cigars, or flirt with some new beauty.
Vive, vive l'amour! cigars and cogniac!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah, boys! vive la bivouac!

A SONNET TO "ANALYTICAL."

Of all the girls I ever knew,
The one I've most neglected,
Is called Miss "Anna Lytical,"
For her I've least respected.

Oh! Anna! Anna Lytical
I'll never love you more,
For you, I fear, will cause my fall,
And make me leave the Corps.

And now,—oh! Anna Lytical!
I hope that "Albert E.,"
Before the "Board," will not give out
A word of you to me.

For if he does, now Anna,
I tremble at the sound,
For my examination would
Result in being "found."

Oh! cruel Anna Lytical!
With truth I now can say,
I fear you'll never let me see
My "Graduating day."

A REPLY TO WEST POINT EXPERIENCE.

By One Interested.

Now, "West Point experience," fair ladies!
Is not all your own, let me say;
For though an *old bird* at this writing,
I've been caught by "chaff" in my day.
If Cadets take walks only tending
To show off the view from "Cro' Nest,"
The intent of their gentle companions,
You, ladies, must surely know best.
How you sigh, and say—"love in a cottage
With the man of your choice would be joy!"

How you smile, and say—"poverty's nothing!"
And so you take in the poor boy;
How kindly a bright tress you give him,
And vow 'tis the first man's bereft,
When the truth is, you've cut it so often,
'Tis a wonder you have any left.

ROAD TO COZZENS' DOCK.

How you smile away sets of brass buttons,
Which you wear as your "trophies of war;"
Then say, when you're asked where they came from,
"Oh, from—'stupid,'—a terrible bore!"

However, this fever's not lasting,
The "Grey" summer cloud fades away,
And the "Blue" receives some attention,
"Here's another poor victim!" you say.
Then you fling off the traffic in ribbons.
Buttons fall in the market straightway,
And the once irresistible cadet,
Like the dog in the song, 's had his day.
There's one point of sameness, however:
In your speeches to the "Grey" and the "Blue,"
You dote on a life of adventure,
And rather like poverty too;
As you wander 'long pleasant "Flirtation,"
If you feel at all pensive or sad,
You wonder how earth has such sorrow,
Or if joy can ever be had.
And your eyes, "blue," or "black," are so tearful,
And your voice is so mournful and low,
Your hand rests so near where his heart is,
That to press it 's quite natural you know;
Then you kindly smile at the pressure,
You sigh like the summer wind's breath,
And as soldiers are always soft-hearted,
He vows he will love you till death!
But alas! when the walk is all over
And the tears are all safe put away
For your use on a future occasion,
Then, says "Blue"—"What the deuce did I say?
Now eyes filled with tears are quite touching,
And sighs are correct, I suppose,
But I've only my small pay to live on,
As she most undoubtedly knows,
So if she wants to flirt, I'm quite willing,
As I've nothing at present to hinder."
So up springs a West Point flirtation,
And two hearts are reduced to a cinder.

But new ones soon rise from the ashes
  Like Phœnix, that famed bird of yore,
And experience teaching them nothing,
  They change partners and try it once more.
Ah! damsels! if we soothe our sorrows
  By hoping for "more by the boat,"
Don't you smile on the very first "cit"
  That comes when you are fairly afloat?

A SLIGHT INVECTIVE AGAINST MECHANICS.

Oh, "Phil!" oh, "Phil!"
Against my will,
  I "bone" ye,
Your M V ^{2}
Phenomena queer—
Unknown rules,
And molecules,
Psi's and Sigma's,
Queer enigmas;
Curves cycloidal
And 'lipsoidal;
Fluids viscous,
Mixed promiscuous;
Constrained motion,
[What a notion!]
Systems rigid,
[*Fesses frigid!*]
All kinds of centres,
[*Max* preventers!]
Brains fuddle,
Senses muddle.
Each Caballero
Getting zero;—
Curses ye!!

THE COUNTERSIGN.

Lieutenant Thomas A. Wilton was ordered to the Academy as an Instructor in Infantry Tactics, early in the encampment of 1855. The camp was then called "Camp Calhoun." Lieutenant Wilton was a very large, portly man, with rather a good-natured countenance, though not indicative of much firmness.

He was "run on" pretty badly in the early part of his instructorship, and, in consequence, determined, when he entered barracks, to crush the corps with the iron heel of severity. He was, accordingly, so unsparing in his reports as to render himself universally unpopular. The cadets, as a matter of course, employed every method of retaliation. His room was broken into, his bed inverted, all his prime cigars were smoked, and numerous other atrocities were committed.

Names without number were contrived for him, such as "Prize Baby," "Mammoth Pig," and above all, "the Fatted Calf." In every place this "Fatted Calf" could see his cognomen written, on every side he could hear of its being repeated. He was even so designated by his brother officers, and every one that came to the Point heard of it.

A little incident will serve to show to what extent the name spread. He called one day at the residence of a lady in the Point, and during the conversation that ensued, a little girl, in an eager though reprehensible search after knowledge, broke out, as little children will,

in this manner :—" Ma ! what makes them call Mr. Wilton the *Fatted Calf?*

" Hush ! my child !" The child would not be hushed, and repeated her inquiry in a more audible tone.

Lieutenant Wilton heard it, and blushed up to his eyebrows ; crossed his legs to dispel his discomfiture. The child saw the blush, and attributing it to another cause, came forth with this stunner of an exclamation :

" You need not blush, Mr. Wilton, if you *have* got a hole in your stocking ! "

Overwhelmed with confusion, and muttering deep curses on all little children, he beat a hasty retreat.

Time rolled on and the whole year was a constant scene of strife between Wilton and the cadets.

Every time a seasonable opportunity presented itself, the " Fatted Calf" would roll up some unfortunate cadet's amount of demerit by a " pink," and the cadets would retaliate by every means in their power.

Thus passed the year, until the first class, who were prime movers in the matter, had graduated, and then a seeming truce was declared. When the corps entered camp, the " Fatted Calf" was remarkably docile, and " pinked " but little ; he was evidently in favor of a lasting peace. Passing over subsequent events, we come to the incident which forms the subject of these remarks, known as the " countersign." He was seated one evening, holding a conversation with several ladies on the hotel piazza. The ladies expressed a strong desire to see a real parole and countersign. Lieutenant Wilton, proud of having ladies ask him for information, called a small boy to his

side, and majestically commanded him to "run to the Guard tents, and tell the Officer of the Guard to send him the parole and countersign for the night." During his short absence, Wilton endeavored to explain the use of the cabalistic words, and added that a great deal of ingenuity was used in getting them up, and that frequently the names of some of the ladies on the Point were taken in the selection. Expectation ran high, each lady, of course, hoping that her name was the one to be in many mouths that evening. Meanwhile the juvenile emissary was searching for the Officer of the Guard. Alighting, in the course of his search, upon a cadet who was particularly "up to snuff," he prayed for a little information concerning the whereabouts of that functionary, adding the object of his errand.

This cadet, seeing a fine chance for fun, told him to wait an instant and he would procure the article for him. Then hastily disappearing in a neighboring tent, and doing some hurried scribbling, he soon reappeared with a small piece of paper which he handed to the boy, assuring him that Lieutenant Wilton would be pleased, wonderfully pleased with it.

The boy ran with haste to the hotel and delivered the object of so much care to the proper recipient of it.

With all the *nonchalance* he could summon, Wilton opened the note, and was about to read it aloud, when, to the astonishment of his lady friends, he swore!!

He paced to and fro on the piazza with more vigor than he had ever been known to display, and finally seized his hat, and went—no one knew whither!

The ladies were unable to comprehend this sudden outburst from their usually calm, if not collected friend. As they were canvassing the matter, they perceived the note which Wilton, in his fury, had dashed to the floor. It was picked up and opened. The mystery was soon explained. The gallant officer had not suddenly become a maniac.

The paper was handed around, and there they saw inscribed:

Parole.....*Fatted.*
Countersign.....*Calf.*

This called to the unfortunate's mind the hated *sobriquet* which he had so fondly, but vainly, hoped was forgotten. It is needless to add that the ladies having witnesses to this joke, it soon became known everywhere, and the "Fatted Calf," unable to endure the accumulation of misery, applied for orders, and was relieved from duty at the Academy, thus turning his back upon the scene of so much misery and woe.

LIBRARY OF THE

GRADUATING CLASS SONG OF 1848.

This world we may find an awful tough "*grind*,"
As we wander its mazes through,
But with right stout hearts we'll play our parts,
When we change the Grey for the Blue.

CHORUS.

Hurrah for the merry, bright, manly fame,
That opens a life so new,
When we doff the Cadet and don the Brevet
And change the Grey for the Blue.

To the struggles of youth, to its pleasures forsooth,
To our sports and our follies, adieu,
We are now for the strife, for the battle of life,
As we change the Grey for the Blue.

CHORUS.

As the grey of the morn is changed by the sun,
To the azure of heaven's bright hue,
So the morn of our time ripens fast to its prime,
When we change the Grey for the Blue.

CHORUS.

Some clouds may arise and o'ershadow our skies,
But the sunbeams will surely break through,
With crimson and gold thro' each silver fold,
When we change the Grey for the Blue.

CHORUS.

WEST POINT LIFE.

(*Read before the Dialectic Society, March* 5, 1859.)

West Point life, I said, should be the subject of this strain ;
Thinking on the matter long, I *strained* my brain in vain.
I reflected, called on some accomodating muse,
Mused in vain, and found them all determined to refuse ;
Chose a noble patron then, and made another move,
Knew our worthy President would a Mæcenas prove.
Do not criticise ; you see this sheet looks now aghast
At the array of beauty where to-night the "'Di.' is cast."

You're first, a "cit.," you sport a hat and standing collar,
Seek along the paths of peace the bright almighty dollar ;
Think you're free, but find you have a "governor" absurd ;
Though you are a *citizen* you're *subject* to his word.
Suddenly you feel a passion rising in your soul,
A military ardor which no one can control.
You hear of West Point School, where they turn great warriors out,
Still you stop and hesitate, on this *point* there's a doubt.
When you doze in bed that night, you mutter, prate, and prattle,
Think you wear a uniform, see drums, and hear a battle ;
Dream of bullet buttons, plumes, of ladies' smiles and fun,
Waking in the morning, you are off to Washington.
With nine hundred others on the President you charge ;
Seeing this vast number, they say you apply "at large."
Now you show you've many claims, and can't be called a meddler,
Prove your great-grandfather once, in England, whipped a peddler.
Your father lived to eighty-five, like many other men,
But having lost his parents, was a helpless orphan then.
Your great-great-great-grandfather died in battle, that's the truth ;
Your great-great-great-grandmother lived ten years without a tooth.
With many others back you come, with glory unanointed,
The President appoints but ten, the rest are *dis*-appointed.

You next go to your Congressman, who's honest, true, and just ;
He finds you'll pass, 'tis all he wants, you'll not disgrace his trust.
Thinking on your future life, you find your speculations
Interrupted by a list of unknown qualifications :
You get a pen to see if you remember how to write,
A splinter's in your thumb, you may not be pronounced all right;
You have some corns, and fear with these, rejection you may meet,
For many active soldiers have been "found" upon their feet.
How careful and how studious we find the young expectant,
For fear this rigid Board will find a true bill of ejectment ;
Yet soon you see kind sympathy is in their bosoms stored,
And find the proverb true, that "There's a soft side to a *board*."
When landed on the Point, you ask a man where you'll report,
And ten to one, you'll get from him a withering retort;

He'll say, "Subordination, Plebe, of discipline's the root ;"
Now you've addressed an old Cadet, forgetting to "salute."
He sends you to a room, and says, "Report and then come back;"
You enter, and discover there, none but the old shoe-black ;
Your father's with you all the time—he here begins to croak—
And, judging from his countenance, he doesn't like the joke.
You wander like Telemachus—at last you find the place,
And see the dread Instructor ; Yes! you meet him face to face;
He cries, "Now stand, attention; put your hands close to your pants!

"And stand erect, hold up your head. There! steady! don't advance!

"Turn your toes still farther out, and look straight to the front,

"Draw in your chin, throw out your chest. There! steady! don't you grunt!"

You hold your head so high, that the Instructor's lost to view,

And looking at your father, there he "stands attention," too,

Says th' Instructor, "Where's my pen? This old one does not suit me."

"There it is, sir." "Hold your tongue! you must not talk on duty,

I'm not surprised to see you quail, and flutter like a partridge,

But soldiers' mouths must open only when they tear a cartridge!"

He asks you if you've brought along the articles marked thus:(*)

And when he finds you havn't, raises quite a little fuss.

He wants to know all things you've brought, your clothes of every kind;

You think the gentleman's endowed with an inquiring mind.

You get a broom, some matches, and a bed made up of patches,

Though little did you think such schools could ever have their *matches;*

You know where "matches all are made," and give a knowing sneer;

From what you've seen, you think that place is very far from here.

A comforter you also get, the thing that most you need,

A *comforter!!* It's one of Job's; a sorry one indeed.

"On your return, report yourself," they earnestly exhort you.
Report yourself!!! when twenty men are eager to report you!
You're now assigned to quarters—there deposit bed and broom,
And though in want of shelter, wish for you there was no *room.*
Are these the luxuries on which our Senators agree?
You do not fancy this "hot-bed of aristocracy."

The drill-drum beats, so does your heart, and down the stairs you scud,
You slip before you reach the ranks, fall full length in the mud.
Here you have met your first reverse, and give a ghastly grin,
You think your district now could say, "Our candidate's *got in.*"
All over mud, you now demand a *suit* in your distress,
But find for all such slight mishaps they give you no *re-dress.*
How strange you think it, when next night, reported you have been,
In spite of all your efforts, for neglecting to "fall in."
The food you say is scanty, and you do not like the stuff,
Though there's a hen for each of you, you never get *un œuf* (enough).
A graduating man sees you, some side-long glances throws,
Thinks he would like to trade his mattress for your suit of clothes.
He says, when coming up to you, all buttoned to the throat,
"Has anyone said anything to you about your coat?"
Mistaking him, you say, "Some old cadets, whose jokes are stale,
Cried after me when passing by, 'Just see that shanghai tail!'"
At last you get the mattress, and remove it with hard tugs;
Republicans are right who say that here you find *big bugs.*

While reading in your room, absorbed in prison discipline,
You suddenly hear some one knock—jump up, and cry, "Come in."
You find your dread instructor is already in the door.
He says, "Did you give that command to your superior?"
You ask to be forgiven, say you'll never do so more,
You didn't yet know all the "rules and articles of war."

Next day they march you into camp. How pretty it does look!
That you may fare the better, you have brought a cookery-book;

You get in camp, an old cadet cries, "Come, put up this tent!"
And with the aid he renders you, you're very well content.
You thank him, take possession; when you find that all is done,
He coolly tells you, "Plebe, it's mine; go, get some other one;
"What you have done is only play; Plebes must make some mistakes."
Foul *play*, you think it is, in which you've put up all the *stakes*.
To hoist another for yourself, your efforts now are bent;
On studying the art of war, you find yourself *intent*.
You've brought some dozen suits of clothes, but give a solemn look,
To find the space assigned to them, is but a cubic foot.
Never mind, you'll soon be great—take Cuba, end your trials,
Then, instead of cubic feet, you'll have some *cubic* miles.

Now come drills, those long squad drills, upon the scorching plain,
Like people in the desert wilds, your only hope is rain.
Sand gets in your shoes, and rubs and burns like lighted candles,
Wonder why the people in such soil do not wear *sandals*.
Though drums disturb you every hour, you utter not a word,
But think how happy Sir John Moore, when "not a drum was heard."
You probably are six feet high, some officer you dread,
Arrests you at the break of day for lying *long* in bed.
Your coat is made, you button it, give one spasmodic cough,
And do not draw another breath until you take it off.
You've heard of Senators who make a speech up in great haste,
And long for what they mention, the Cadet's small "wasp-like waist."

How singular the conduct of these wisdom-bearing herds!
If waists are to be laughed at, it should be their *waste* of words.

July the Fourth at last arrives—you think it rather hard—
When on this day of Liberty, the "Plebes" must go on guard.
You go on post, the night arrives, you scarcely are alive,
But still a lonely watch you're keeping down on "No. 5."
First you like this quiet post, the path's so nicely levelled;
Soon you share the fate of *ham*—that is, you're nicely "devilled."
Bodies vast of men approach, and sound their rude alarms;
From divers punches you receive, you find they all have *arms*.

Baggage-wagons, ropes, and ghosts upon your post appear,
Teeth begin to chatter—though of course, it's not through fear.

A spirit white you seize upon, and hold it on your post,
Until the corporal arrives, when you give up the ghost.
When in a one-wheeled cart you fall, that's moving up behind,
To rapidly desert your post you're forcibly *inclined*.

A storm comes up, the rain comes down, and soaks your thin white pants;
You think they might find better work for "tender hot-house plants."
Now if your pants were made of cloth, you wouldn't care a shilling,
But like your summer afternoons, they're all made up of *drilling*.

Then you say you shall resign, the climate is too damp,
But once within the tented field, you find you can't *decamp.*
Resolving then to be content, there's no more hesitation,
You find more satisfaction in this kind of *resignation ;*
Spartan-like, you stay until encampment has an end,
In this period you find your times begin to mend.

When in the art of soldiery you ve once become adepts,
You welcome with a joyous smile the coming of the "Seps ; "
Those that come before the time are *pre-cepts* for the rest,
Who wait outside till camp breaks up, and think the barracks best.
The first who come walk into camp with quite a lordly step,
For where is found more dignity than in an *August* "Sep ? "

The noted "Twenty-ninth" arrives, and crowds of folks attend,
For camp, like all things, save a hoop, you find must have an end.
Our honored General-in Chief is there to see the sights,
Whose valiant arm so often won the victory in our fights.
Some drummers come, all armed with sticks, you know there'll be a fray,
They've come to "beat the General," you plainly hear them say ;
Base cowards ! you think, thus to attack a man of such great fame ;
You'll go and warn him of their threat, immortalize your name.

Running through the crowd in breathless haste, at last you meet him,
Whisper—"there's a mutiny, some men have come to beat him."
He thinks you joke. (Bad joke says you, that's given you such a bother.)
Pats your head and says, "You'll be a man before your mother."

Camp's broken up, you're broken down, you've come to the belief
You'd like to always be on guard, for there is a *relief.*
Filled with joys of barrack life, a letter home you send,
Soon you find "of making many books there is no end."

Much study, too, you must admit, when starting out afresh,
Although you call it "boning," is quite weary to the *flesh.*

You meet new hardships every day, yourself you are beside,
You get a problem in Descriptive which you can't describe ;

You go to fencing, and we'd think, from punches, wounds, and scars,
That you could kill as many men as can the Erie cars.
That this will be no use to you, you often make complaint,
Save at examination, when you want to try a *feint* (faint),

Or when you try to bugle it, he will not wait for Bentz.
You look at your instructor, and would like to take *offence* (a fence).
They put you in the nursery that is, in Company "B."
In January, many children, *found*lings prove to be ;

Those who leave, excuses make, and one will say, though smarter
Than half the fellows in his class, they did not make him "marker;"
Others say the board's too high, take vessels in the offing,
Cruise in the Gulf, since *men-of-war* are *boarded* there for nothing.
You weather through the year and find that June's not very far,
Which finally arrives, and you a "Plebe" no longer are,
To leave your gloomy barrack-rooms you're summoned by the drum,
And many hearts beat high to think Third Class encampment's come,
When you find you all are men, and are no longer babies,
Think you must devote your whole attention to the ladies,
Go to hops, those charming hops, where all is so exciting,
Sashes red, and buttons bright, black eyes that shoot forth lightning.
As thus you pass your life away, of death you've not a fear,
Find *hops* will always make you look with favor on the *bier*,
You give a girl your buttons, lace, at last you throw your heart in,
You little think what *flames* will rise when first you go out *sparkin*,
An angel dressed in crinoline, you to her side, now becks,
As she must still remain "unknown," we'll have to call her "X."
She occupies one half the room, the space is more than fair,
If radius we call large R, the area's πR^2.
The rustle of her dress alone would charm ten thousand troops,
Much pleasanter the sound than that of wild Camanche *whoops*.
You blush whene'er "X" looks at you from out that mass of lace,
Which proves that "X" must enter the "expression" of your face.
The music starts, you gently take her in your arms. What bliss!
You now can say you have your "X" in a parenthesis.
"Faster still" she whispers, though you're giddy and half sick,
Your heart which once kept "common time," now moves at "double quick."
Faster yet you're going round, ten "X's" now you see,
She hugs you with her sleeveless arms till you cry "*Bare* with me."
To get yourself from her embrace you'd now give fifty farms!
Says she: "Since you're a soldier you shall have, sir, *two bare arms*" (to bear arms).
Your head's becoming dizzier, you stagger a good deal,
And what was started as a waltz is ending in a *reel*.

Sash comes down, she steps on it, to fall is now your doom,
And knock down nine Militia Generals standing in the room.
By deafening sounds of drums the hour of ten is intimated,
All rush madly from the room, "X" is now "eliminated."
To marry her you're half inclined, "Shall you not or shall you?"
Half the night you lie awake discussing 'X's" value.

Next day you take a walk with her around the famed "Flirtation,"
Find her all false hair, false teeth, false smiles, and affectation.
That she may have an honest heart is still your honest prayer,
But soon you find the heart no better than the teeth and hair.
While swearing that you love her, and appreciate her charms,
You tell her you're a soldier, she says "But a child in arms."
Others come, and better ones, who stop at the hotel,
Oh! what a tale of broken hearts that old north stoop could tell!
Then come little presents of a kerchief, ribbons, gloves,
And what is prized above the rest, they often give their loves.
Some who sew on handkerchiefs, what shall we say of them?
When questioned what they're working at will simply say "*a-hem.*"

Another "Twenty-ninth" arrives, the camp again is struck,
This time you go out quietly, and have much better luck.
To breaking up the scenes of camp you've serious objections,
For ladies, hops, "Flirtation" walks, give place to conic sections.

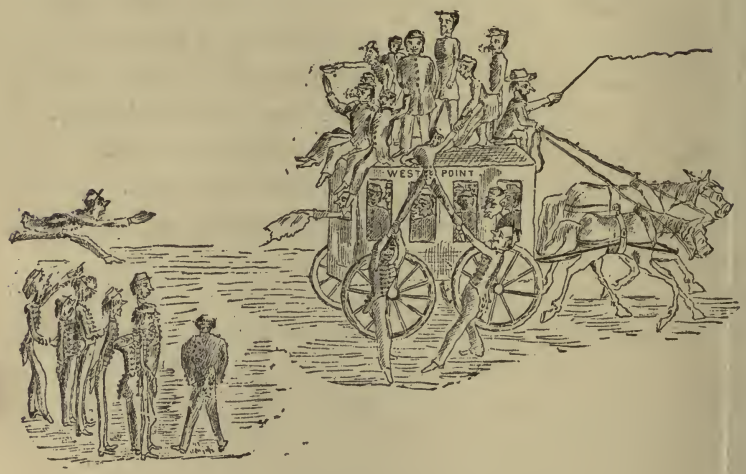
Troubles do not leave you here, you must have some, of course;
Strange as you may think it, you must learn to ride a horse.
You have read of bold dragoons that every danger scoff,
Stories do not speak, alas! of troopers falling off.
Nothing on your feet but shoes, the horses bare-backed all,
How will ever you obey the *Boots* and *Saddle* call?
Many books have you toiled through, all written by great sages,
Do not you deserve a pair, if spurs are won by *pages?*
Now you "stand to horse," and say you'll not get in a fright,
Still you ask a soldier if he thinks your horse will bite.

Then you mount a thing that you before had never tried,
Make a mighty effort landing on the other side.
Finally you get your seat, the other troopers follow,
Horse's back's a catenary, you are in the hollow.
When seated in this valley the instructor's heard to say,
Like Joseph to his brethren "Do not fall out by the way."
Horses move, the riders too, and things look queer to you,
Seldom have you seen the world from such a point of view.
And when your horse begins to trot, you think he's not so tame,
You're not much of a rider, but a good boy in the *mane.*
Reaching back you make a grab, and clinch with every nail,
Think you'd be relieved to have the burden of his *tail.*
Speed increases, now you try to seize your reins. Don't falter!
Can't call this a *bridle* tour, you've only reached the (*h*)*alter.*

Your instructor sees you bounce until your cheeks look floppy,
Thinks you've ridden on the course, how nicely you can "jockey."
Looking round, you see your friends are now disposed to banter,
Think you'll get another horse, yours doesn't pace nor canter.
Suddenly he takes the gallop; horrors!!! what a motion!
Movement comes from front to rear like waves upon the ocean.
Soon you're told he gallops wrong; to make him change the step,
Teach him then as you've been taught by loudly crying "Hep!"
All your efforts are in vain, and forth your mutterings burst,
Still looking out for "No. 1," he "puts his best foot first,"
And by using gentle means his favor can't be courted,
Wonder why instead of you the horse is not reported.
Getting sea-sick now you roll from one side to the other,
How you wish you'd never left the fireside of your mother.
A whip is cracked, the horse's head goes down and you go up,
And from the rate of travel think that in the skies you'll sup.
Up you go till near the roof, but do not reach the skies,
Think you are an aeronaut, but surely *air* not *Wise*.
What goes up comes down again, and you, with looks not placid,
Are making crude experiments in testing tannic acid.
A *spring* some call this, some a *fall*, and some a *summer*-set,
A *seasonable* joke is heard to come from each cadet.
Limping out, you start for home and think you've earned your salary,
Meet with sympathizing looks from ladies in the gallery.
With your lady friends up there you've fallen half in love,
All cadets have learned to set their hearts on "things above."
To take a gallop in the hall again you would not dare,
Although you would not hesitate to take a *gal up* there.
Some will say that riding's fun, such views you can't endorse,
Say you'll never ride again save on a hobby horse.

Now you think of other things, for home you soon will go,
That period of bliss to spend, that's called cadet furlough.
Furlough clothes you then get on, demerit you get off;
Donning thus a suit of blue, the grey you gladly doff.
When you've reached the city, and arrived at your hotel,

Heedless of expenses, you are bound to "cut a swell."
See a classmate followed round by boys at least a score,
Say he shan't surpass you, so you hire twenty more.
If his train of little boys has each a dirty face,
Make your own roll in the mud, determined to keep pace.



Though you know your leave is not to leave the States, you do,
Heedless of the consequences, Jersey you pass through.
Hurrying along as happy as a man can be,
Never do you stop until your cherished home you see.
Home! the dear old place whence all your boyish pleasures came,
Who is there so base as not to bless the sacred name?
When at last you enter, and are by the family met,
With kisses, smiles, embraces, sobs, you're instantly beset.

How you first appreciate this serving Uncle Sam,
Urchins in the street all cry: "O! there's a soger man."
Meeting some old fogy friends they say: "Why, how d'ye do!"
"Tell us how at Western P'int they put you fellows through."
"Well," you say "it is but right that of it I should speak,
Laboring both day and night, we eat but once a week.
Then the fare at mess is such that when we get our share,
Cattle could not eat it, you can scarcely call it *fair*.

They load us in a cannon if in ranks we do but cough,
Saying when they light the match, 'This time we'll *let you off*.'

Thinking you're from Utah, an old lady at you sings,
'Were you badly wounded at the fight at *Eutaw* Springs?'"
Ladies make large parties, each an invitation sends,
You're engaged to twenty-seven when the summer ends,
Just before you leave, the twenty-seven round you close,
Begging for a lock of hair, a button off your clothes.
What a fright!!! you've yielded to the charming twenty-seven,
Buttonless your coat, no hair between your head and heaven.
Coat is ruined, buttons gone—no matter, let it pass,
Never were there women seen with such supplies of *brass*.
Furlough now is nearly gone, and back you take your way,
Feeling that to melancholy you've become a prey.
Furlough time is soon forgot, that life of wild romance,
Though often do you feel for missing pockets in your pants.
Painting now you undertake, although in fifty cases
Your instructor asks you why you *will* paint female faces.
When you ask what paints to use, with countenance growing sadder,
Though he sees you now are mad, he tells you to get *madder*.
You give your brush a dab in any color you can find,
Destroying both your piece of painting, and your peace of mind.
Now you find astronomy included in your course,
Though it's of the greatest use, of trouble it's the source.

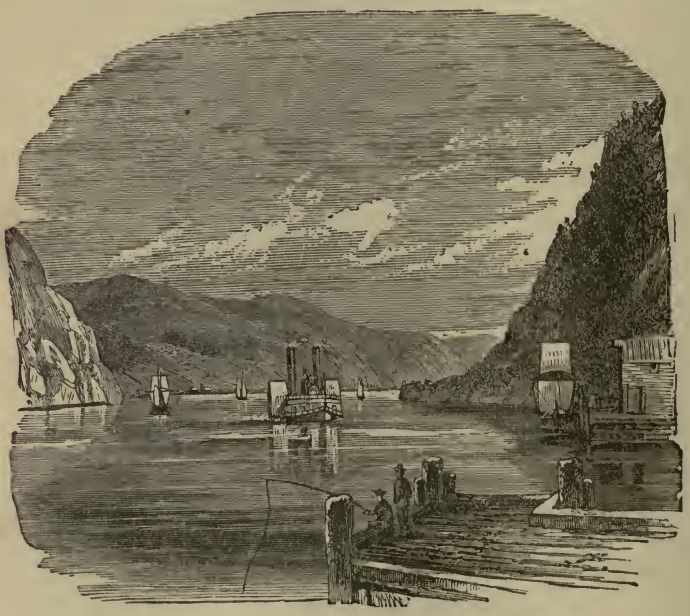
Here you learn a thousand things unknown in the past,
Thought the Earth went slowly round, but now you find it's *fast.*
Though there 're mountains in the moon, of trees there's not a mark,
Save when dogs look at it, when we often notice *bark.*
Soon, alas! you feel within you all your former dread,
When you're told that with your sabre you must cut a head.
Others cut at those on posts, that fall without a groan,
You who scorn such artifice would rather cut your own.
Making once a mighty cut, you pay for it quite dear,
Horse and you both tumble down, though holding by his ear.

When you rise you find that this is rather a bad throw,
Limping from the hall to the hospital you must go.
Though such *hospital*-ity you hate, you have to try it,
Saying you can't live it through, they tell you, you must *diet.*
Here you stay till muster day, with many others clustered,
Matrons, stewards, attendants, like your blisters, then are *mustered.*
Soon you're out, for wounds like these cannot your ardor damp,
Then we find you entering the famous First Class Camp.
Last encampment! what a sound! there's magic in the word!
But you're now so dignified, rejoicing were absurd.
You've become a creature who must henceforth be a star,
Not approached by common men, but gazed at from afar.
Knowledge vast is in your brain, you know what "enfilade" is,
How to get ten "lates" a day, and and how to please the ladies.

First Class Camp, that trying time! you scarcely would believe it,
He's indeed a lucky man who unengaged can leave it.
Soon you're smitten with a face, for you now comes the rub,
How you wish a month before, you'd joined the "Bachelor Club."
Graceful form, coquettish smiles, she cannot help exposing,
Do not think I mean to joke by saying she's *imposing*.
She swears by all the gods of love she'll smile on none but you,
Says all this in innocence, which in-no-sense is true.
Soon she leaves; with tearful eyes, you see her to the carriage,
Looking in the *Herald* two weeks after, there's her marriage.
Finally the camp breaks up; you say farewell to tents,
Leaving such a dwelling-house, no soldier e'er repents.

Barrack life again commenced, you exercise your skill,
In finding out the surest means your fellow men to kill.
Treat a foe humanely, you are told, though try to beat,
If to *treat* he should refuse, you never must *re-treat*.
What a sight, from stooping over desks, you now present!
You, who once was so erect, are now on study *bent*.
Soon a longing for excitement in your bosom dwells,
Think you'd like to "run it," so you take a trip to "Spell's."
You suppose there's little danger, that the road is clear,
Till you meet an officer; there's then some cause for fear.

He seizes you, you lose all power, and stand fixed to the ground,
He asks you what you're doing there, you tell him you're *Spell-bound.*
Home you go, for on this subject no more hints you need,
Punishment you know will follow closely on the deed.
Anxious thoughts are soon *dispelled*, and then you change your tune,
Thinking only of the fact—"You'll graduate in June."
You get measured for your clothes, a bran new uniform,
Three times a day you try it on—evening, noon, and morn.
You get a regulation hat, a sabre, too, and belt,
The hat you find is like the want of beauty in it—*felt.*
One regret you deeply feel, you still have no moustache,
Though on your upper lip you've used most every kind of trash.
Some friends pronounced tricopherous, the best they ever saw,
You seize upon it, like a drowning man upon a straw.



The last three months seem like a year, how slowly time does fly!
You find it only April, when it ought to be July.
June, at last, arrives, which is to end your labors here,
You're to get a "parchment," of all things to you most dear.

The Board will rise 'midst banners, flags, and your diplomas hand ye,
With "Hail Columbia," "Auld Lang Syne," and "Yankee Doodle Dandy."
Joy intoxicates you, all your sorrows now have fled,
Scarcely do you know if you are on your heels or head.
The day arrives which has so often many happy made,
When you put on your "fixings," to attend your last parade.
How proud you feel when marching to the "Sergeant Dashing White,"
Returning on your "Winding Way," you're prouder still that night.
You say to all your friends from whom yourself you now must tear,
If of your home they come within two miles, they must stop *there.*
A parting word, a warm embrace you give to each classmate,
And bid the Point a long farewell—a happy GRADUATE.

THE CADET'S BABY.

I am a military man, not a private in the ranks, but an officer these many years. I have seen service in Florida, in Mexico, on the borders, and I bear of "honorable scars" a few.

When I was just seventeen, a cadet at West Point, I was on my way home for the first time within three years.

Early in the morning I took my seat in the cars from New York to Boston. I wore my uniform, and (I may own up now) was not so unconscious or indifferent as I seemed, to the many admiring glances young ladies bestowed upon it, and the embryonic Colonel or General within. Toward the middle of the forenoon, an Irishwoman got into the cars. They were crowded, and she,

not having the respect for the military which others had shown, took what was almost the only unoccupied seat, and by my side. I am, or was, a Democrat. The woman was well clad and clean, so I kept my place. In her arms she held a child—a young baby of some six or eight months. It was a plump, lovely, happy little thing. I had a very unmanly and unselfish weakness for babies and children, and it was so long since I had been so near to either, that I petted and noticed this little creature considerably. At noon the train stopped for fifteen minutes. Most of the passengers got out. I meant to have the novelty of a six o'clock dinner in Boston, so I did not stir from my seat. Seeing that I did not, the woman begged to know if I would hold her baby for a few moments while she got out. I assented. She put the child in my arms and vanished.

The minutes passed away; one by one the passengers returned; presently, when the bell rung, a crowd came with a rush to resume their places; the locomotive started; we were off; and where, oh! horror of horrors! where was that woman? My hair began to rise, and the sweat to start from ever pore. Still I waited, hoping that the woman would finally come to assume her responsibility.

A quarter of an hour elapsed, everybody was quietly seated, and still I held that child. People began to stare; young ladies to titter. I felt myself as red as a lobster. The conductor passed through. I stopped him. With a shaking finger, I pointed to the burden in my arms, and stammered out something about the mother having been left behind.

"What the d——!" he exclaimed, as his eye fell on the child. "Well, you're in for it, and no mistake. I saw that woman, after she got out, streaking it like mad away from the depot, but I thought she had her young one with her. You're nicely took in and done for, that's a fact." "But what's to be done with the child?" I asked. "Don't know, I am sure. How far are you going?" "To Boston, to-night." "Then I guess you'll have to carry it as far as there. Then you can take it to one of the hospitals, or asylums, where they attend to this sort of business, and leave it. Perhaps some of these ladies will help you to take care of it till we get to Boston;" and the conductor passed on. As he went forward, evidently he told the story, for heads began to turn, and then men and boys came sauntering in from the other cars to see the fellow that had the baby left with him.

Plenty of jokes were cracked at my expense, for every now and then I heard a regular guffaw, and some such phrase as "Precious green, eh!" "Such a go!" "Looks fatherly!" etc.

I was in a rage. My blood boiled furiously. One minute I wanted to swear, the next to kick every person and thing in the car. I suppose in my passion I gave the poor little thing in my arms a grip, for she uttered a quick, little cry. She stopped in a moment, and I looked at her. She lay in my arms, so innocent and helpless, fair and white, and looked up at me with such complacent placidity, that, somehow, I felt my anger dying out, in spite of me, and my embarrassment too. "I may as

well be a man, as such a contemptible sneak," I thought. "I was an ineffable greeny to get saddled in this way, to be sure, but that's my fault, and not this poor little pussey's, and I may as well brave it through. As for these confounded fools, just let them laugh, that's all."

So I settled myself coolly to the care of my baby. People after a while grew accustomed to see her in my arms, and most of the afternoon she slept soundly. But, oh! how heavy she grew. I seemed to have a leaden weight tugging heavier and heavier upon me. How on earth do women lug about children, day after day, in the way they do? For me, I'm certain I would rather mow, though I never tried it. However, to my story. Toward dark the baby waked, and waked fretful, and hungry, I suppose. She began to cry—a long, despairing, entirely uncompromising cry. People began to look again, curious to see what master nurse would do. I tried every possible means to pacify the child; my watch, my eagle buttons, held it up to the window, I dandled it. I nearly turned it up side down; no use. Baby properly despised my miserable efforts to make it forget its needed, and rightful consolation, and cried louder and louder, till at last I seemed to hold nothing in my arms but an immense squall. A man could stand it no longer, let alone a cadet, and I rose desperately from my seat, determined to appeal to some lady or woman for assistance. As I passed through the car, some of the young ladies broke into their senseless titters again, the older ones looked out of the windows, and the men eyed me with a knowing sort of leer, that, had not my arms been occupied, they would have

had a hit straight out from the shoulder. One motherly person, whom I approached hopingly, transfixed me with a stony, virtuous sort of a glare, that made me shake in my shoes, as if I had committed the unpardonable offence. I gave up in despair, and was about to return to my seat, when a gentleman at the extreme end of the car beckoned me forward. It was a little family party—the gentleman, his wife, and a colored girl with them, who held their babe in her arms. The gentleman and wife were both young, and evidently Southerners. "We heard about this baby from the conductor," said the gentleman as I came near. "My wife has been fidgeting ever since it began to cry. Can we do anything for you?" The lady leaned past him. "Will you let me look at your baby, sir, a moment!" she asked in, it seemed to me then, the sweetest tones I ever heard.

She held out her arms; I laid the baby in them. "Such a young child—and so pretty, too! How it cries! What is the matter with it?" "I don't know, madam, unless it is hungry," I answered. "It has had nothing to eat since that woman got out this morning. I don't know what to do with it! "Poor little love!" exclaimed the lady, "what a shame—no wonder it cries."

She hesitated, glanced at her own baby in her servant's arms,and then at her husband. Then, blushing like any rose, the sweet mother laid my baby on her bosom beneath her shawl, and hushed its cries as if it had been her own—of her very flesh and blood. Her husband smiled, and leaning forward as if to protect her from the gaze of others, made room for me on the seat with their

nurse. I explained the affair to him, told him my name, and found that my family was not unknown to him. As we talked I saw that his wife, listening, examined the dress of the child on her lap, felt of its texture, and finally unclasped some chains that held up its sleeves. A little miniature was set in the clasp of each. She looked at them, then she said :

"I am convinced, sir, that the woman who abandoned this child to your care is not its mother. In the first place, no mother could do such a thing ; then, this baby's clothing is of the most exquisite make and quality, and in these sleeve-chains are two miniatures. See, one a gentleman with epaulets ; the other, a beautiful woman, evidently a lady. Depend upon it, the child is a stolen one, or came into her hands by some unfair means. What can be done ? "

"Do not be troubled, madam, about the fate of this child. After the possibility, or probability, you have suggested, I shall not leave it in Boston. I will take it to my mother, and advertise the case. If its parents are found I shall be glad ; and if not, I think my mother will care for the rest. "Only," I added, "I wish the meeting were safely over."

The lady's eyes sparkled through tears. "I can't tell you," she said, "how what you have done, and are doing, seems to me ; but I think you too noble to dread anything. I will answer for the mother who has such a son!"

"Softly, softly, if you please," expostulated her laughing husband ; "don't be quite oblivious of the fact that I exist."

"She turned to him with a look that must have silenced the veriest grumbler in the world. We reached Boston, took a carriage together, and only at the hotel entrance did my new friend bid me adieu.

"God bless you!" said the beautiful, noble woman, as she gave me back my baby. I should have knelt, and kissed the hand of such a princess, but my arms and I were then so awkward at baby tending, that nothing seemed a possible accomplishment at one and the same time. The clerk glanced suspiciously at me and my burden. "We are full, sir; not a room to be had." I sent for the proprietor, and again my name vouched for me. What a blessing it is to have a family in the land! "But where in the world, Mr. Edward," he demanded, "did you get that child?" I told the story. He shook his head, but said nothing.

I sent for a chambermaid to come to my room. I begged of her to take care of the child during the night. At first she would listen to nothing. I put my hand in my pocket; I gave her a ridiculously large bribe, but I was young and green. She took the child. "But shure, an' ye're not the young gentleman that 'ud be after laving yer baby! Holy Vargin! my character 'ud be ruined intirely, intirely."

I assured her of the rectitude of my intentions, and sent her off; but she was at my door in the morning before I had left my bed, and nothing would induce her to keep her charge another instant. I took the stage for my country home. The driver recognized the lad he had driven so often over the same road. "How you've

grown, to be sure, Mr. Edward! Your folks won't know you, I'm thinking, 'specially with that baby in your arms. Seems to me, you're getting to be a family man a little too early."

I laughed, and took my seat; but as we began to near my home, I grew terribly nervous and cowardly. The house stood back some distance from the road, and as I walked up from the gate, I saw the whole family gathered on the piazza to welcome me. I think I should rather have walked up to the cannon's mouth. My sister started down the steps to meet me, then stopped. I stepped up on the piazza. My mother, pale as death, sunk into her chair. My pretty cousin Ella, on whom I had always, from round-jacket days, been sweet in a sneaking sort of a way, darted an annihilating glance at me, and ran to support my mother. My father advanced: "What do you dare to bring here, you shameless young rascal? Is this a place——" He broke down, so angry, that utterance was absolutely impossible. At any other time I should have shouted with laughter at the ludicrous spectacle he presented; now I only hastened to tell my story. In a few moments my mother's arms were around me, my sister and cousin were contesting *a l'eari* for possession of my baby, and my father recovered from his rage sufficiently to welcome his only son, though I did hear him growl through his white beard—"Confounded spoony!"

I advertised far and wide to no purpose. But my baby grew so into the affections of all the household that I had no other steps to take. We named her Perdida, and I left her with my mother. When I returned two years

after, on graduating, I found her grown heavier and prettier, and she manifested great affection for me, charmingly legitimate, for was she not "my baby?" As such I cherished her. She was six years old when at last I left West Point for active service.

After that I led a wandering and adventurous life for years, "by flood and field." "My baby" wrote me at first often. Her first letters were curious specimens—half written, half printed, and sometimes her meaning eked out with rude drawings. In those days she was charmingly personal. "I do so and so—I think so and so—I love so and so." But years changed her caligraphy, and, alas, the feelings of her letters. Now, in her charming girlish characters, stood: "Your mother does so and so," or "your sister thinks, and loves," etc. My mother wrote:

"We can't call Perdida 'your baby' any longer. She does not permit the title, and you, were you to see her, could scarcely imagine that our fair young queen was ever a baby. I am too old to be enthusiastic, but our darling is surely the loveliest vision these eyes have ever rested on. She makes hearts ache, but as yet their pain is vain. We tried to be so cautious, but she has somehow learned about her finding, and it is bitter knowledge to the proud little heart. It may be that that makes her melt only toward us. Will you never come home to see us? Will you never come home to see us and her?"

It was in the spring of the year 1856. I was on my way home to America. An elderly gentleman, who had evidently been a soldier, occupied the state-room next to

mine. A similarity of taste and feeling brought us much together during the voyage. He had been absent from the country many years.

"When I left it," said he to me, "I meant never to revisit the shores that had been accursed to me. I lost there my wife and child under the cruelest circumstances, and I could not remain. I thought, then, I could never see again the spot that had been so fatal to me. And yet, I return now, impelled by some feeling which I can neither account for nor resist. I dream that I am going to see my child; sometimes, even in waking moments, I am fully convinced that I shall find her."

"How?" I interrupted, in spite of myself. "Is not your child dead?"

"Alas! I do not know."

"You do not know. Did she not die before you left America?"

No. Three months ago I should have said I wished she had, rather than live lost to me, exposed to fates I shudder to think of. Now, I am more hopeful—more trustful. It seems to me she has been kept pure, and that I shall know her. And yet," and he sighed heavily, "I haven't the shadow of a reason for such hope and trust."

I was excited—I compared the remembrance of the miniature on "my baby's" sleeve-chain with the figure before me. I made him explain all. He told me of the child's birth, the delicate health of his wife afterward, his taking her to Cuba, leaving the child in, as he supposed, trusty care, the death of his wife in Havana, and while he

was still in the first anguish of her loss, news from his child's nurse of its death, and of her speedy return to Ireland. He came to New York, too late to find her, and left America at once, as he supposed for ever. In Europe, years afterward, he had met a servant who had been with him during his brief married life, and who declared to him positively that his child was not dead at the date on which the woman had written him; but further than that he could not say, as he had followed the fortunes of another master.

The unhappy father sought vainly for the woman, and now returned, as a last means, to America. He described the child's nurse. It was the woman who had abandoned her child in my arms, and the face before me was the changed, aged one of Perdida's miniature. Not many days thereafter I returned to my friend his so early lost child, and gave up "my baby" to her rightful father. Without a pang? Yes. Did I console myself with the pretty cousin aforementioned? She hadn't had patience to wait, that I might do so; a husband, and several olive branches, precluded that. How, then? I saw "my baby" a stately, radiantly beautiful woman. She called me Major ———, she treated me in the most precise and formal way—the utmost favor she bestowed upon me, was the slightest possible touch of the fingers as she bade me good-night, or good-morning, and I saw her hourly in her idolizing father's arms, lavishing the tenderest caresses upon him. Would I have it otherwise? No. There was a dearer delight in the way she treated me; the faintest flush that colored her cheek when I was near her, or

addressed her, had for me an inexpressible sweetness that I wouldn't have bartered for aught on earth short of what I eventually obtained. What! you don't mean that you, a scarred old veteran, of between thirty and forty, dared? Didn't I! Hum! And this was the way of it. In my military capacity I was invited to West Point. I went, and my friend and his daughter accompanied me.

I sat beside her in the cars. The happy old gentleman, at a little distance, reading diligently. I said:

"Perdida, you have travelled this route before with me; do you recall the scenery at all?" She blushed scarlet, and looked at me beseechingly. I went on: "To think what a heavy, hungry, unpacifiable baby I carried on that day, and the way that poor cadet's humanity was ridiculed!"

The tears started, and the young lady at my side bowed her haughty head. "And the worst feature in the case is, that he has never had any suitable recompense. A good deed is its own reward, to a certain degree, of course; but in this case every feeling of my soul, every fibre of my heart, demands something more. Perdida! my darling, these seventeen years I have lost you to your father; but I cannot bear it. Be generous. Here, here where I found 'my baby,' give, oh! give her back to me!"

She raised her head.

"If she were as much trouble now as then!"

"My darling, don't trifle! Am I to have you?"

My young lady answered not. Instead, she occupied herself with deliberately drawing off her glove. Then she turned to me:

"Since you will be troubled," and she laid her small white hand in mine. Mine again.

Shortly after, we were married. I carried Perdida, during our wedding tour, to the friends I had found for her and myself in the cars seventeen years before ; and this time right reverently I kissed the gracious hand that had then so sweetly tended what was now become my earthly all.

SHOULDER-STRAPS.

"Pray tell me, mamma, what the shoulder-straps mean,
That on the blue-coats of our officers gleam,
You know they're so different, now why should it be,
That not even the uniform buttons agree ?
I've noticed, for instance, a blank, and a bar,
Two bars, leaves of silver, of gold, and a star,
Two stars, and an eagle, now what may it mean,
On scarlet, or orange, light blue, or dark green ?"

"Now, listen, my daughter, and pray take heed,
For the income and straps of a beau are agreed;
You may dance with a leaf, and flirt with a bar,
But reserve your best smile for the eagle and star,
And remember the fence with nothing within,
Is the field of the stripling, whose spurs are to win;
A poor *Second Lieutenant*, perchance still in debt,
For the clothes he wore out as a West Point Cadet."

"And if on the field, a bar should appear,
Your prudence, my darling, should lead you to fear;
For if left a lone widow, the pension's so small,
Your gloves and *first mourning* would swallow it all.
And e'en with your Captain, who flourishes two,
Don't prefer the gay Line to the Staff's sober blue;

For the difference per month, in the matter of pay,
Not to mention the forage—quite wiles one away.

"Next in order are leaves, but here you reverse
Each value metallic in prose and in verse;
For though gold be a Major, the silvery hue
Marks the Lieutenant-Colonel, on scarlet or blue.
Then, over the forest, and 'neath the bright stars,
Soars the eagle—the lord of the leaves and the bars;
Besides, 'tis suggestive of eagles that fly,
When the wife of the Colonel her bonnets would buy.

"Above all, my darling, still honor the star,
Though it shines 'neath a silver-head, better by far
To catch some old General, than make him afraid,
And you won't be the first to command a brigade."
—"I've heard you, dear mother, and thought it all o'er,
My heart's with the lover who went to the war;
You know the poor boy has not even a bar,
But I'd rather be his than the bride of a star!"

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD GRADUATE.

NATURE'S SENTINELS.

* * * Break-neck Hill, Bull Hill, Butler Hill, and Cro' Nest brood in silent quaternion over the peaceful Hudson, as if in some mnemonic reverie of those Titans whose giant strength clave asunder their native union "in the olden time before." During this dream of the ages, a scanty investiture of scrub-trees has mellowed the shades on their shaggy breasts, and the dark lichens in hardy legions have encamped o'er the bald rocks, blackening

their primal feldspathic blush into the similitude of rude, unshaven monarchs.

"YE MARTIAL PLEBE."

* * * We cannot but feel an involuntary pity for the new cadet, who is just landing at the old wharf, where a sentinel is waiting to conduct him to the Adjutant's office, there to record his entrance on—he knows not what small and great tribulations.

The poor fellow has just left the endearments of home, and, by a rapid transition, has now become a stranger among the mighty hills. But worst of all, instead of receiving kindly hospitality, he becomes, for a time, one of an inferior caste, towards whom, too often, the finger of derision is pointed, and over whom the Fourth Class drill-master flourishes, with too snobbish zeal, his new-born authority. Once, too, he was deemed a fair subject for all kinds of practical jokes, often coarse and witless, which disgusting heathenism, Heaven be praised! is passing away, being more and more under ban, and is now, I believe, laudably loathed as ungentlemanly by the cadets themselves.

Then, too, to be called a "conditional thing," a "thing," and a "Plebe," in slow promotion; to be crowded five in a room, with the floor and a blanket for a bed; to be twice or thrice a day squad-drilled in "eyes right," and "left face," in "forward march," and in the intricate achievement of "about face;" to be drummed up, and drummed to meals, and drummed to bed, all with arithmetic for chief diversion; this is, indeed, a severe ordeal for a young man who is not

blessed with good nature and good sense; but with these excellent endowments it soon and smoothly glides on into a harmless memory. People are found who contest that West Point is a hot-bed of aristocracy, where caste and titles rule. It would be pleasing to exhibit to such an one the ununiformed new class, presenting a line of about one hundred young men of all types, at least in externals. Side by side are seen the flabby Kentucky jean and the substantial home-spun—the ancient long-tailed, high-collared coat of the farmer's boy, and the exquisite fit of the fashionable New York tailor. The hands used to work dangle in contact with the unsoiled fingers of a diplomat's son, or of the petted scion of an "F. F. V."

* * * * We have known two Presidents' sons, two protegés of General Jackson, several sons of Secretaries, and other high functionaries, found deficient for the simple reason that they *were* deficient; and we have known heads of classes exalted *ab aratro*, simply for their superior merits. Before us lies a little volume, by a Vermont farmer's son, who successfully competed for the headship of his class with a talented son of Henry Clay.

"HE DONS THE CADET."

* * * After three or four weeks of squad-drills, and the safe passage of his preliminary examination, the "thing" becomes a full-pledged "Plebe," and assumes the cadet uniform. Happy day! on which he sheds the motley badge of his rude probation, and when the last black coat vanished from the daily marches of the grey battalion—that "fiery mass of living valor, rolling on to

tea!" Cadet grey is a peculiar fabric, well known in the realm of dry goods, and its color is such a felicitous average of the be-sullying contingencies of real life, that it never shows dirt, even when threadbare. Excellent solution of a mighty problem! Long may it remain untainted by innovating zeal, and may the bell-buttoned brevity of the cadet's coat-tail never cast shorter shadows!

The calculus of variations has of late been freely applied to the army uniform, Proteus acting as tailor-general. Hence we say, with feeling and emphasis, "*Esto perpetua!*" of cadet grey, bell-shaped buttons, black cord, white drilling, and all. But, alas! for head-gear, if genius has no better inspiration in reserve! For full-dress, the cadet first wore a cumbrous scale-decked, bell-crowned hat; then the leathern-top, fire-bucket hat, with woollen pompon. For undress, the two-lobed, leathern-bellows cap prevailed; then the leathern-top cap, with the duck-bill visor; and then the present chasseur cap of cloth.

THE ENCAMPMENT.

* * * Between the 20th and 25th of June comes the annual marching into camp, this being pitched on the north-eastern portion of the plain. The examination being ended, the First Class having graduated, the old Third Class having gone on furlough, and all the classes having been duly promoted, then comes the flitting. Orders are published at parade to pitch the tents, and march into camp at a stated hour, vacating all the barrack-rooms, which orders provoke such a stampede of tables, buckets, chairs, trunks, mattresses, etc., to the

now vacant recitation-rooms, that a first of May in Gotham is comparatively tame. In Congressional phrase, the "wasp-waisted vampires" in committee of caryatides, crown their heads with tables, and, sighing for unattainable wheelbarrows, work on with such vigor, that in two or three hours the barracks contain only iron bedsteads, and accoutrements hanging on the gun-racks. Before breakfast, the camp-ground is laid out, and the tents erected by the quickest diligence of their future occupants. At the indicated hour, the signal sounds, the companies are formed and marched into the parade-ground, when the battalion, with the band playing, and colors unfurled, marches to its new home. The encampment consists of eight rows of tents, two to each company, opening on four streets, or company grounds; and a broad avenue runs down the centre of the camp. The tents of the Company Officers, and of the Instructors of Tactics, are pitched opposite their respective companies, and the Commandant's marqueé is placed at the foot of the broad avenue. The guard-tents, six in number, are at the opposite end of the camp. A chain of six sentinels surrounds the camp-ground, day and night. The guard consists of three reliefs, which walk post in turn, through the twenty-four hours, for which each guard is detailed. This detail is drawn as equitably as possible from the four companies, and guard duty recurs once in from two to four days, making it really quite hard work for those not inured to it. That direful sound of the Corporal, pounding on the tent-floors with the butt of his musket, and bawling "Turn out! Second relief!" tears most frightful

rents in the blessed garment of sleep, which settles down so gently on the poor, weary Plebe, while he dreams of home and mother. On waking to the hard reality, he rubs his eyes, snatches his musket, adjusts his cartridge-box, and quickly takes his place among the six martyrs. When the relief is duly marshalled, it is marched by the Corporal around the line of posts, each sentinel challenging the long-looked for delegation with a fierce "Who comes there?" as though he thought them horse-marines at least. The Corporal responds, "Relief!" Once more the martial sentinel cries, "Halt, relief! Advance Corporal with the countersign!" which cabalistic word being demanded, the Corporal advances, and whispers it over the sentinel's bayonet-point; whereupon he so rises in the sentinel's estimation, that the latter quickly yields his post, and falls in at the rear of the relief. This round completed, the six patriots seek the solace of the tent-floor, stoutly hoping that the officer-in-charge will keep his distance, and not require a turn-out of the guard for moonlight inspection. Walking post promotes meditation. To pace "No. 5" on a bright moonlight night,—when shadows mottle the distant mountain slopes, and seem to sleep under the crumbling ruins of old Fort Clinton,—when steamboats are rippling the glowing waters of the placid Hudson below, and locomotives are dashing wildly along the railroad across the river,—when the white tents glow softly, and the quiet stars shine tremblingly;—there is in all this enough to stir up whatever tender memories, high purposes, ambitious longings, and refined sensibilities may dwell in the sentinel's

deepest nature. Or when a sultry day has rounded to a close, and the storm-spirit' has piled up his black cloud fleeces in the highland gorge, and on the crest of Cro' Nest,—when the rush of battle comes, and the glowing lightning fitfully reveals the snowy tents, wildly flapping in the rushing blast, as if terror-stricken at the deep rolling thunders, and the quick alternations of vivid light and solid darkness ;—scarce can the soul of the sentry be so dead as not then to be moved and awed before sublimity so transcendent.

To be roused by such storms from sleep under a tent ; to see the very threads of canvas flash into view, when the burning lightnings leap through the air above ; and to fancy the electric arrow speeding to the bayonet points of the muskets standing at his head ;—this is among the cadet's magnificent experiences, and quite compensates for a wet blanket, or a deluged locker.

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THE RETURN TO BARRACKS.

* * * About the 28th of August the encampment is wont to be broken up, and the corps return to barracks. An illumination of the camp usually takes place on the evening before it is broken up, and the convolutions of the "stag-dance" are exhibited in the parade-ground with a fervor and vivacity outdoing an Indian war-dance. This curious cross between the shuffle and the quadrille is a frequent evening diversion of the Cadet Camp. It is performed by twenty or more cadets who gyrate among rows of candles stuck along the ground, cadencing their move-

ments by the low, muffled rattle of a drum, presenting a very pandemonium-like picture. In the olden time the practice was for the corps to leave West Point during the summer season, and make long marches into the adjoining States; but this usage has long since been relinquished,—some say to save money, but others declare that the cadets were too prone to make merry and run riot during this periodical enlargement; perhaps both are right. The scene presented during the striking of tents is quite lively and picturesque. In the early hours of the day all private property of the cadets (their blankets, clothing, etc.) is carried by them to the rooms assigned them in the barracks, leaving in camp only their muskets and full dress. At the fixed hour "the general beats," and all fly to their tents, awaiting three taps on the large drum. At the first tap, all except the corner tent-cords are cast loose, and the pegs withdrawn; at the second, the corner-cords and pegs are loosed, and the tent gathered in to the tent-poles, which are hoisted out and so steadied, that at the third tap, all the tents instantly go down in concert; and woe to any "unlucky Joe" who fails to complete the prostration at the moment. The tents are folded and piled; the companies are formed, and, taking their stacked arms, are marched to the parade; the Commandant then marches the battalion back to the barracks, and the encampment is no more. * * *

SCRAP FROM THE SECTION-ROOM.

Looking back among the section-room recollections, we are fain to smile when we remember that day when "Smithers," who wasn't heavy in Law, was asked "when the writ of 'habeas corpus' was suspended in action?" and replied, convulsing the crowd, that "*it was when the man was dead!!*

RETURN OF THE FURLOUGH CLASS OF 1850.

There's a stir in "Camp Gaines;" all observers may see
'Tis a moment of interest, a moment of glee,
Each cadet is awake, every tent is unmanned,
They pace to and fro, or they anxiously stand.
Some object thrice welcome they seem to await,
As all eyes turned eagerly to the "South Gate."

The forbidden "South Gate," where cadets are denied
The privilege of exit, when on the inside;
In flaming black characters, always are seen,
The words "Shut the gate!" but none to "come in."
On the other, in ghastly white letters appear
The four horrid syllables—"No smoking here!"
Oh! answer, ye classes! What may ye await?
What pleasure approaches thro' the "South Gate?"

The "Furloughs" are coming, and now must be near,
There is dust, there is shouting, the "Furloughs" are here.
They are here! What a cheer! as their comrades they hail;
At the sight, what delight, and affection prevail.
How rush they! how yell they! with arms intertwined,
To be pressed to each breast, that breast true and kind,
To be greeted by comrades, escorted in state,
Then haste ye' and gaze toward the distant "South Gate."

Ye true men, alas! Ye are "Furloughs" no more,
When that portal admits, but opes not to the corps,
And who deem this the happiest day of their lives;
"Alexander," "Wright," "Bonaparte," "Musical Ives,"
"Rose," "Casey," "Smith," "Sheridan," "Morgan," "VanVoast,"
Each now Second-class men, all hail to your post!
May your duties be followed with ardor as great,
As you felt when so gaily you passed the "South Gate."

We welcome you back to the camp, and the plain,
Where your favorite "Clitz" will drill you again;
Oh! blessed among students, you now may renounce
All fears of being wasted by much "cherry bounce,"
Cigars, late hours, or unwholesome rich food,
While your minds shall with flesh be daily imbued;
May you ever be happy, at each turn of fate,
As when you "blithe Furloughmen" passed the "South Gate."

MY FIRST NIGHT ON POST.

By "Regular."

It was in the summer of 1850 that I entered "Camp Gaines" with the Battalion of Cadets. Many, to whom this kind of life was new, will remember how disagreeable were the first two weeks of our encampment, when the rain fell almost incessantly, rendering guard-duty unusually fatiguing, while the bad weather allowed those off guard an immunity from the minor duties of the camp.

The "Plebes" having been in the battalion but a few days, were not well enough disciplined to be detailed for guard, so that the burden of it fell upon the First and Third classes; no wonder, then, that every expedient was

used to avoid it. I was a "Plebe" then, and having exhibited a tolerable degree of proficiency in the "Manual," one of the First-class men, now an artillery officer, obtained permission for me to walk in his place. One beautiful morning, after donning my patron's uniform, which fitted me more like a bag than a tight well-made suit, I took my place in "C" Company's detail, and with a boyish feeling of pride, at being the first plebe on guard, swelling

THE ENCAMPMENT

in my bosom, was marched to the parade ground where the guard was forming. After the guard was brought to a "rear-open-order," the Adjutant commenced his inspection. By the time he came to me I was exceedingly nervous, for all sorts of strange stories about severity exercised towards new cadets, were making me curse memory for bringing them up at such a time, to arouse unnecessary fears about my dress and accoutrements not being in the most perfect order. But after inspecting my gun, and

finding it bright and clean, he cast a glance at the uniform I wore, and pushing my chin-strap down lower, said kindly, "Very well, sir," and passed on without a word of censure. Then after the band had "beaten off," we were marched in review before the eyes of the fair ones, who were thronging around the guard tents. I will pass over the occurrences of the day, and come at once to the evening's "entertainment," as my comrades call it. * * *

It was nearly eleven o'clock at night when I found myself walking up and down a little patch near the tents, better known as "No. 6."

I had been walking during the day, and, wearied with the heat, I almost welcomed a heavy shower of rain which soon drove me to seek shelter in the "sentry-box," whence I could catch glimpses of the scenery, as the frequent flashes of lightning played over it. It was a bad night for a "green hand" to be on guard, for the war of the storm and the worse than total darkness made it almost impossible to detect the approach of any one who might feel disposed to "devil me."

Whenever a transient flash lit up the camp with spectral light, I would throw a hurried glance around me, and then draw my cape over my face to keep out the rain, which beat full in my retreat. During a momentary lull of the storm, footsteps were heard approaching my post, from the camp. I challenged, "Who goes there?" No answer, but before I could call out again, a huge tent-peg came rattling into the sentry-box. I rushed out, disliking such target-practice, and, running up the path, succeeded in stopping one of the jokers just as he was

crossing it ; but instead of retreating, he began to expostulate with me, and wound up a lengthy harangue on the impropriety of "Plebes" interfering with "old cadets," by attempting to seize my gun. I called out, "Corporal of the Guard, No. 6!" and I could hear the words run from post to post as the sentinels caught the cry. But it was of no use, for my opponent yelled, "Never mind the Corporal!" and this, the blockheads' on the intermediate posts repeated as lustily as the other. Succeeding in getting away from my opponent, I was backing off to give him the benefit of the cold steel, when I suddenly fell backward into a wheelbarrow, which a jovial Third-classman pushed against me, and after running a rod or two with me, he gave it a jerk, tumbling wheelbarrow, musket, and myself into the mud together. That wheelbarrow played a conspicuous part in that night's amusement, for every few minutes it would come rattling down the path towards me, in a very supernatural manner, apparently without the aid of human hands. Here was a fix! Full a dozen men, regardless of the weather, were practically "devilling" me.

The rain seemed to pour, more than anything else, and my white pants clung damply, but affectionately, to my limbs. The Corporal of the Guard was perfectly oblivious of my situation ; and above all, there was an absolute necessity for endurance until the relief should come.

I entreated the jokers, in the name of humanity, to let me alone, and clear out. To add to my discomfiture, the occupants of a neighboring tent, aroused by the noise, raised their tent-walls, and lighting their pipes, coolly

enjoyed the fun, occasionally throwing out a hint whenever the game seemed to lag. One moment my tormentors would assemble in a body, and marching up under the command of a "six-footer," would answer my challenge as a "body of armed men."

Then, they would pretend to be the relief, and marching up in perfect order, would be quite astonished (?) when I charged them with the bayonet. As I was contending with two cadets, who wished, as they said, to carry a sick tent-mate across my post to the hospital, the sick man showed surprising agility in attempting to lasso me with a tent-cord. At last, one by one, they dropped off to their warm beds, and left me perambulating in the mud, all the time suspecting this to be a new ruse, in order to play a new trick. As if to confirm my suspicions, a tall fellow came suddenly upon my post, as I was entering the sentry-box; I lowered my bayonet, and was about to run him through, when his cool "steady!" caused me to recognize in him the officer of the day.

After giving the countersign, he asked me my orders, and then praising me for being so vigilant, passed on, leaving me once more alone with the storm. Before long, the relief came around, and, posting another man in my place, took me to the guard-tents for a little rest.

A little after three o'clock in the morning, the loud "Turn out! second relief!" aroused me from the blankets, in which it seemed I had scarcely slept a moment.

With a sickening, overpowering sense of fatigue and exhaustion, I "fell in" with the rest, and passed around camp until I reached my post, where I was to walk two

hours more in the mud. Oh! how slowly, time dragged away! It seemed as if morning would *never* come! More than once I was asleep while walking, and would bring up suddenly against a tree or sentry-box. I remember one time I was awakened by feeling on my face the wet canvas of a tent which I had run against during my sleep, although several yards from my post.

It had ceased raining by this time, and heavy clouds were passing swiftly over head, while between them the rich moonlight poured down upon the white tents, the ruined breast-works of Fort Clinton, and the silvery Hudson, seen between the waving cypress trees.

The hills forming the eastern bank stretched away to the south, in a kind of silvery haze, darkened in places by low, black clouds, whose bases seemed to touch the river, and mingle with the rippling waves.

Soon the grey light of morning spread over the horizon, and when the sun rose, the morning quite welcomed it, and as the smoke rolled slowly leeward, reveillé rang out on the fresh air in sweet harmony with the beauty of the glorious scene, which recompensed me for the troubles of "my first night on post."

THE OLD ACADEMY.

THE RETURNED FURLOUGHMAN.

Awake, until midnight the "Furloughman" lay,
While the "blues" in a host, beset his sad mind;
And thoughts, busy thoughts from West Point flew away
To the home of the loved ones, he'd left far behind.

He thought of the many sweet joys he had tasted,
In the short summer months he had spent at his home,
While memory blamed him for moments then wasted,
Till fast to his eyelids the scalding tears came.

Weary nature at length yields herself to the sway
Of sweet sleep, and his cares are at last left behind,
As watch-worn and weary his grief fades away,
And visions of happiness dance o'er his mind.

He dreams that from studies and troubles away,
Again he hath gleefully started to roam,
While the bright sun of June warms his path with its ray,
And the voices of loved ones now welcome him home.

He hastens with rapture, to reach the bright spot,
Where often in life's sunny morn he hath sported;
His eyes beam still brighter, beholding the cot
Of the maiden he truly and fondly hath courted.

He inwardly vows that he will never return
To West Point, that region of trouble and sorrow,
Where the "midnight oil" doth so frequently burn,
While "boning" the tasks that are set for the morrow.

He quickens his pace, as he nears the abode
Of the being who to his fond heart is so dear;
He bounds o'er the lawn, he so often hath trod,
When the pale silver moon in summer shone clear.

He approacheth the threshold, and raiseth his hand,
A tap at the door, he gently hath given;
Oh! what is that sound, booming deep o'er the land,
And loudly re-echoing back from the Heavens!

'Tis the reveillé gun! see, his sweet dreams have fled,
And duty, stern duty, now calls him away,
Saying: "Up, thou dull sleeper, and make up thy bed,
"And prepare for the arduous toils of the day!"

Oh! Furloughman, where are thy dreams of delight?
The places—the loved ones that thou wert so near?
Where now are the scenes that gladdened thy sight?
Oh! where is the voice thou wert listening to hear?

Alas! they are there in that far Southern clime,
Where thou wert on furlough so happy and free;
But, oh, look ahead, there will yet come a time,
When again the home of thy childhood thoul't see.

A PARODY ON HOHENLINDEN.

At West Point, when the sun was low,
All spotless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Hudson rolling rapidly.

But West Point saw another sight,
Loud groans were heard at dead of night,
And "Plebeians" howled with wild affright,
Whilst dreaming of Geometry.

'Twas morn, but on that luckless day
The morning brought no cheering ray
To pierce the mists of Algebra,
Or clear it of perplexity.

In glittering armor, bright arrayed,
Each teacher drew his battle blade,
And furious each Plebeian made,
To witness such pomposity.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
As each "Plebe" to the black-board driven,
Despairing of all hopes of Heaven,
In view of his deficiency.

And fainter still his hopes shall grow,
When he receives a "cold zero,"
His throbbing bosom rent with woe,
Big tears come rolling rapidly.

The section falters! on! ye brave!
Who rush to glory or the grave.
Wave! Plebeians! all thy banners wave!
And charge with thy Geography.

The lesson's o'er—the hovering cloud
Has burst in torrents, wild and loud,
And buried in one common shroud,
The essence of stupidity.

Many shall part, no more to meet,
For "Math" has been their winding sheet,
And every "hash" they now shall eat,
Brings curses to their memory.

AN OLD CADET'S ADVICE.

Come, fellows, and list to instruction,
Which hereafter may answer you well;
Perhaps it may stay your destruction
By the dangerous arts of a belle.

The ladies—Heaven bless their fair faces!
Come here in summer time sweet,
Each one is loaded with graces,
And all have cadets at their feet.

They smile on the gallant young "grey,"
Accept all of his offers to walk,
And he, not knowing what to say,
Allows her to sustain all the talk.
Then it's—"Oh! I so love the Army,
With it's bugles, and drums beating loud,
And if one should ever ask for me,
As an officer's wife I'd be proud."

"I should like to partake of his honor,
For ever stay close by his knees,
And read him nice stories from 'Bonner,'
When he might lay sick with disease.
I should so love a life on the prairie,
If my husband should ever there go,
And would never complain to him—*nary*
That such life was uncommonly slow."

"If we ever should become adjusted,
At a station where parties are rife,
I should never appear much disgusted,
Should he ask for a dance with his wife.
I would never once flirt with another,
Not once cause my husband to swear,
I would never once write to my mother,
That he was a brute, and a bear.

"But, alas! there's no officer sought me,
I fear that I never shall wed;
For rather than have citizens 'round me,
I declare I would die an old maid."

The cadet feels silent and moody,
His heart it is thumping with pain,
He thinks of the three years of study,
Before his commission he'll gain.

He thinks with despair of his fate,
His youth appears saddened and drear;
To ask such an angel to wait,
Fills his bosom with doubt and with fear.
She starts, and with tears in her eyes,
Which causes his fond heart to ache,
She asks for a "button," and sighs,
"I'd prize it so much for *your* sake."

With a sob like a twenty-four pounder,
He tears one from over his heart,
And gives it with bows much profounder
Than a dancer could ever impart.
In fact, the poor fellow is captured,
His sleep is oft broken and short,
He dreams himself wholly enraptured,
While the lady is only in sport.

With others he's very retired,
But his love remains constant and true,
And he goes to bed pretty well tired,
When his drills, and hers, are all through.
One evening, the moon shining brightly,
He calls on her at the hotel;
And then with his heart beating lightly,
Commences his story to tell.

He tells her—he knew but to love her,
And has dreamt of her often of late;
Perhaps she will say he may have her,
As he has *only three years* to wait.

She hears him a moment, through pity,
And then hopes his heart he will mend;
She's engaged to a man in the city,
But she'll always remember her friend.

He leaves her with feelings of sorrow,
At being so foully deceived,
But he goes to the drill on the morrow,
With his feelings greatly relieved.
He takes no more walks on "Flirtation,"
His slumbers are broken no more,
He has found a divine consolation,
And is now a most staunch "Bachelor."

FURLOUGH SONG OF 1859.

Oh! Furlough men have gone before,
For half a century or more,
But never went a class so fine,
As that which goes in '59.

Oh! gay and bright, the sunbeams dance
Upon the vine-clad hills of France.
Where blushing maidens make the wine
For Furlough men of '59.

Oh! bright are stars, and midnight skies,
But brighter far are women's eyes,
And brighter, softer, yet they shine
On Furlough men of '59.

A large moustache we each will raise,
We'll strike the "Cuffies" with amaze,
They'll rub their beardless chins, you know,
And wonder why their hairs don't grow.

At home, we'll never think at all,
Of "reveillé" or "Surgeon's call;"
At nine or ten o'clock about,
We'll call the boy to "pull us out."

We'll tell the "cits." some famous lies,
And make them stare in mute surprise;
If they our words in question call,
We'll swallow them, *hats, boots, and all.*

Some winter's night, when wars the gale,
Shall children list their grandsire's tale,
And hear amazed, the deeds in fine,
Performed by us in '59.

A CITIZEN'S IDEA OF DRESS PARADE.

Perhaps the most pleasing sight at the "Point," is the evening dress parade. It is five o'clock, and the sun is gently sinking behind the blue Highlands, when the drums at the barracks commence their evening call. Now from the sally-port, cadets attired in full military panoply saunter forth, and lounge in the vicinity of their respective companies; now the drums flam once more, and almost coincidently a long row of "grey-coats" stand as statues still and motionless at "carry arms."

The spruce orderly calls the roll. Each man as he answers "Here," comes to an "order." They are then formed in two ranks, and wait for the band to play them to the parade. The band now, in obedience to the wave of the baton of the Drum-Major, beats the "Adjutant's call;" and that functionary, attended by his "markers,"

and the Sergeant-Major, marches out to make the alignment.

Now the captains assume the command; and while from the band there comes a gush of music, the four companies march to their destination. Each company in its turn is aligned by its captain; and the whole line is dressed by the Adjutant. They then come with a crash to an "order;" and the band, after three preliminary

THE PARADE.

strains, "beats off" down the front behind a gaudily dressed gentleman with a muff on his head, and a red pudding-bag hanging out of the top of it. In his hand he carries a tasselled cane of a large size, which he wields as easily as a child would a straw. On arriving at the end of his journey he turns about, and boring a hole in the centre of the band with his magical baton, he disappears from view in the bowels thereof. Soon he emerges,

red and pompous as ever ; and the band, by some mysterious movement known only to itself, apparently mix up in inextricable confusion in endeavoring to follow their leader. But now they come in as regular order as before, and march back to their starting point. Arriving there, they play a psalm tune, then give three strains more, and at the final one the evening gun is fired, the Stars and Stripes flutter to the ground, and the cadets are called to "attention" by the Adjutant. The battalion is now brought to a "rear open order," the Adjutant walks stiffly down the front, files to the right in a manner shockingly abrupt, faces to the battalion, and sings out "Sent harms!" An instantaneous clash, and every cadet private regards with speculative eyes his polished gun-barrel. The Adjutant then faces about, and tells the "Officer in Charge" that the battalion is now at his service.

This dignitary waves his hand ; and, as he draws forth his trusty blade, the Adjutant marches to the left and rear of him. The "Officer in Charge" now braces his sword close to his shoulder, grinds his heels together, and vociferates "Cree hump!" and the cadets one more "carry arms" with automaton-like precision. The officer again yells "charge peanuts!" and every private faces half to the right, and repels an imaginary foe, "Cree hump!" and they resume their former position ; "Der hump!" and they come to an "order." The "Officer in Charge" sheathes his sword, the orderlies report, and the Adjutant reads the orders—"*Snied States Milta' 'Cademy, 'S Point, 'en York, J'ly s'teenth, 'and sixty-*FOUR*! 'Shal 'lorders 'umber* TWO!!!"

etc. Finally the cadet officers march in a line to the "Officer in Charge," shake their fists in his face, and cut away with great precipitation, on his retaliating in a like manner.

The companies, who thus far have been regarding the above proceedings with stolid indifference, now "carry arms," and are marched off at "double time" by the orderly sergeants, the band disappears over the hill, and the spectators withdraw, no doubt highly edified with what they have seen, but especially with what they have heard.

THE ARMY BLUE.

(Old Version.)

A few days more, a few days more
To toilsome study given,
A few days more—we'll reach that shore
For which we long have striven.
With pipe and song, we'll jog along,
Till these few days are through,
And all among our jovial throng
Have donned the Army Blue.

A few days more, a few days more
To "bone," parade, and drill,
And then we'll go our winding way,
Our duties to fulfil.
When "Mordecai" we've laid on high,
"Wayland," "Mahan," "Theroux,"
We'll turn our eyes to brighter skies,
And don the Army Blue.

A few days more, a few days more,
And Jordan will be passed,
We'll get o'er on another shore,
By striving hard and fast.
Then leaving here without a fear
Arising to our view,
We'll give a cheer! 'twere good to hear!
And don the Army Blue.

REVEILLE.

Hark! the morning gun is sounding
Faintly on the drowsy ear,
O'er the plain the noise is bounding,
Reveillé is drawing near.
Drum and fife awake the echoes,
Sounding far o'er hill and lea,
Nearer yet, and louder growing,
Awake! arise! 'Tis Reveillé!

'Tis the hour of peaceful slumber,
Ere the morning sunlight beams,
Eyes of brightness, forms of beauty
Float through all the sleeper's dreams.
'Tis the hour when happy visions
Bring the days of Furlough near,
Voice of home, and friends seem calling
In melodious tones and clear.

"Don't you stop to dream of Furlough!
Tumble out on hand and knee!
Kick your bedding! seize your clothing!
Rise! and run! 'Tis Reveillé!

Don't stop to wash! Don't stop to button!
Do not swear or curse your fate!
Put it! leg it! dust it! streak it!
Leave your shirt, or get a 'late'!"

Jumping, rushing down the stairway,
Tumbling headlong, down you go!
Rapidly the ranks are forming
In the area far below.
See your comrades far before you,
Through the entry door-way squeeze;
Heavens and earth! the drums are stopping,
Now the dying echoes cease.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE RIDING HALL.

"If ye have tears, prepare to shed them now."

The greater part of last year, while my class were learning to ride, I was confined to the hospital by sickness, and accordingly deprived of the advantages they were enjoying.

Still, having been occasionally on horseback, I thought I should escape making any remarkable display of deficiency in that branch of our profession.

When I commenced riding at West Point, it was a very different matter from what goes by the same name elsewhere.

Without stirrups, without often even a saddle, we were mounted on ungainly brutes, and trotted around until life was nearly extinct. When I came back from "Furlough," my class had ridden nearly a year, while I had ridden only a week or two. Nothing daunted, however, and trusting

to fortune and my own powers, I buckled on a pair of rusty spurs, found myself securely fastened to an enormous sabre, with an iron scabbard, and sallied forth.

Dragoon brought me in a raw-boned, vicious-looking animal, which, after some preliminary difficulties, I succeeded in mounting. "Trot!" Horse started; so did I, half off my saddle. I had never been taught to keep my heels "well out;" accordingly my spurs "*went in;*" horse

VIEW FROM BATTERY KNOX.

went in, too! Peculiar motion! Began to suspect I was losing my balance; sabre flew out, and hit the horse on the head; in plunged my spurs deep among his ribs; another jump; sabre flew back and hit him on the flank; spurs worked convulsively among his bones; jump! thump! spur! horse reared; seized his mane! Horse reared up, caught his ears, and saved myself. It began to grow exciting. Finally, horse started off; such a race!! Pulling on his mane had no tendency to check his wild

career; rather seemed to irritate him; had a good hold with the spurs, but did not consider myself safe. Sabre flew up and hit me in the face; blind for a moment; heard something drop; looked up on the saddle, and found I was not there! Concluded that it must have been me that dropped. Horse standing near, wagging his tail, with a quiet twinkle in his eye, adding insult to injury!

All this time imagine the riding-master shouting: "Where are you going?" "Keep in ranks, sir!" "Keep your spurs out of your horse!" "Mr. B——! for——'s sake take your hands off his ears!" interlarding his remarks with an occasional expletive verging on the profane. Mounted once more, and, with the exception of the throwing, the previous performance was repeated an incalculable number of times, until, at the expiration of the hour, bruised, battered, and blinded, the ride was ended.

The next day I was reported for "spurring my horse cruelly!" "Inattention!" "Not keeping in ranks!" "Not starting off at the command!" "Not holding reins properly," etc., etc. For each of these reports I received the appropriate number of "demerit," and corresponding "extras." Went to my room and wrote an impassioned eulogy on the pleasures of pedestrianism, headed with the appropriate motto, "Walk up hill, and foot it down!"

Since that day I have fallen down three flights of stairs, from stumbling over my sabre; been kicked by my horse, and incapacitated from performing military duty for six weeks.

ODE TO C. M. W.

Respectfully dedicated to Lieut. C. M. W., formerly of the U. S. Army, who was noted in the Corps for the strange propensity of entering a cadet's room unexpectedly, by means of a pair of rubbers, and "hiving" thereby, in many cases, contraband pipes, and other unauthorized articles.

AIR—"*They stole my child away.*"

I had a "meerschaum" in my drawer secreted,
A pipe I cherished with the fondest care;
No other pipe in all the Corps could beat it,
It's gentle fragrance seemed to charm the air.

CHORUS.

Repeat. { I hear the old rascal upon the stairs;
In spite of his rubbers, I hear him there.
Repeat. { He stole! he stole!
He stole my pipe away!

Oh! how I cursed when anybody took it;
I used to scrape and clean it every day.
One night when I took up my pipe to smoke it,
Old "Cadmus" came and "hived" my pipe away.

CHORUS—(as before.)

A pack of cards, my sole remaining riches,
Since "Cadmus" "hived" my precious pipe away,
Lay hidden in the leg of my old breeches,
Which in the alcove hung from day to day.

CHORUS.

When evening's shadows gently closed around us,
We used to take the "papers" out to play;
Till "Cadmus" came one fatal night and "hived" us,
He "skinned" us all, and took our cards away.

CHORUS.

I've nothing left since "Billy's" last inspection,
My pipe has gone, my cards have "followed suit,"
And long before their loss I ceased deploring,
He stole my "boots, and blacking-brush to boot!"

CHORUS.

EXTRACT.

* * * "O'er the battalion like a tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of West Point's glorious orchestra."

"MERCOOK."

Written by a Cadet, who was "visiting without permission," and seeing the Inspecting Officer approach, started to run. but when half way up stairs, slipped and fell, and not rising soon enough, was "hived," and punished by being made to walk "six extra tours of guard duty."

The shades of night were falling fast,
As 'long the portico there passed,
A heavy step that, echoing 'round,
Betokened by its heavy sound
"Mercook."

A rash cadet, too fond of friends,
Strains every nerve, each sinew bends,
To reach his room, if still he can,
Before that hated, dreaded man
"Mercook."

In happy rooms, he saw the light
Of fragrant pipes gleam warm and bright,
While from below there came a sound
Of some one falling, and "confound
Mercook!"

He caught his toe within a crack,
That stretched him out upon his back;
And e're he had the time to rise,
There stood before his frightened eyes
"Mercook!"

On Saturdays the poor youth walks,
And sadly to himself he talks,
Could you but hear him self addressing,
You'd know he's certainly not blessing
"Mercook."

DREAMS OF THE DRAWING ACADEMY.

Marched we to the Drawing-room,
In misery landed;
Blessed we our several eyes,
Blessings—left-handed.

Soon were we seated there,
Drawings before us;
Saw we the form of "Bob,"
Hovering o'er us.

Slowly my pencil traced
Archway and column
Of an old monastery,
Cheerless and solemn.

Close by the portals dark,
Sat a monk hoary;
Read of the works of God,
And of his glory.

But my fond fancy passed
New scenes before me,
Joy such as memory lends,
Softly stole o'er me.

Where the old convent stood,
Rose a church spire;
Loud chimed the marriage bells,
Low sang the choir.

Where the old monk had read,
Knelt a fair maiden ;
Bent was her graceful head,
With beauty laden.

Sighed I, "Wilt thou be mine?
Ne'er more to sever?"
Fondly she whispered' "Thine,
Thine, thine for ever!"

* * * * *

Heard I the step of "Weir,"
Vanished the vision ;
Heard the gruff "darker here,"
Smiled in derision.

Felt I an icy calm,
Round my heart gather ;
Muttered I faintly, "damn ;"
Wished he was further.

Loudly the tower clock tolled,
Quickly I started ;
My eyes to heaven rolled ;
Sighed and departed.

"DO NOT FILL A SOLDIER'S GRAVE."

A poetaster, who appears to appreciate matters and things in the connubial way, with classic zest, sends us the following : —

Ever since the hour we met,
You've been mirrored in my heart ;
Oh! my darling! my cadet!
I from thee can never part.

Mirrored as the waving trees,
In the bright and placid stream,
On whose banks amidst the leaves,
Thinking, love, of thee, I dream.

Long we wandered by the river,
Grassy banks, huge rocks above,
Sylvan beauties to discover,
Dells propitious to our love.

Glimpses of the river's brightness,
Whilst we whispered murmuring vows,
Twinkled now with joyous lightness,
Then obscured by prudent boughs.

Little thought I, getting married
Would a classic love impart;
But through hope of bliss miscarried,
I know "Horace" now by heart.

I found his soft and waving locks
Were nothing but a new-made wig.
How could I sustain such shocks?
How be merry as a "Grigg?"

I resolved at once to leave,
No more to meet can he and I;
Could the foolish man believe
I'd be nurse to his small "Fry?"

* * * * *

Both pride and fortune I'll forget,
Pleased to be thy willing slave;
With tender love thy vows are met,
But oh! don't fill a soldier's grave!

MOLECULES.

"Oh! science, noble science!" sang the bard,
In days of yore, before "Bart's Phil." was known.
Alas! poor fool! he never knew how hard
"Bart's Molecules" are, or he'd have changed his tune;
And "Molecules," cursed "Molecules," 'd have been his theme,
From day to night, from sunny morn to eve,
And direst curses then his lips would teem,
"I bone, I bone, but blamed if I believe."

"DARKER HERE!"

My lights and shades were coming fast,
And the next touch would be the last,
When o'er me bent that frosted head,
And loud those guttural accents said—
"Darker here!"

"Good Heavens!" I cried, "'tis dark as pitch!"
I saw those iron muscles twitch,
And that mouth cavernous opened wide,
And those deep clarion tones replied—
"Darker here!"

"Well, I'll be hanged!" 'twas all I said,
For echoed still that voice of dread,
And high above my mutterings rung,
The accents of that well-known tongue—
"Darker here!"

"PHIL."

Thus sung a Second Class man "*Gay*,"
His sad and unimpassioned lay,
As he sat "boning" hard one day
Early in the morn:

CHORUS.

This horrid stuff I ne'er can get,
I can but learn thee and forget,
Furlough! I love thee yet;
Would I were home.

And as he sat yet half in doubt,
He heard a merry jovial shout,
That seemed like "Second Class, turn out!"
Resounding through the hall.

CHORUS.

This horrid stuff, etc.

And as his book he threw away,
He smiled, and knew that he could say,
He would not "fess," at least that day,
And thus he gaily sung:

CHORUS.

This horrid stuff I ne'er can get,
I can but learn thee and forget,
Furlough! I love thee yet;
Would I were home!

"A SLIGHT TRANSPOSITION."

Pope says:

"Nature and Nature's laws were lost in night;
God said—'let Newton be,' and all was light."

A puzzled Second Class man remarks:

"Nature and Nature's laws were clear and bright;
Then came 'Bart's Phil,' and all again was night."

AN EVENING'S REVERIE.

The wintry winds moan solemnly through the mountain gorge, singing their evening dirge. The earth is mantled in its robe of white. The busy hum of toil and labor is hushed, and nature seems to be moaning for the departing year.

DREAM OF FURLOUGH.

The trees, now bare and leafless, wail solemnly, as shaken by the winds. The flocks which, but a few weeks ago, were browsing on yon mountain slopes, have now

fled for refuge. The earth seems deserted and * * * (*manuscript blurred*) * * * But care we for winter's sadness? Come, boys, let's haste to our rooms, and smoke and talk of our coming furlough. The rude winds are piercing; but come, we'll defy them, and seek comfort and pleasure in the rich fragrance of Virginia's weed. Up, up, we go; now we are at last at the end of the journey. Open the door, and we are at home. Off with your overcoats, for the register's more genial air renders them unnecessary. Out with the beds, and sit down wherever you can. Now the pipes are brought forth, and soon the thick volumes of smoke form dense clouds above your head. The present and the past are forgotten, and we think only of the future. Yes, of the future, with its labors and toils, its joys and its pleasures, its sorrows and its cares. But we look only for its pleasures, and banish from our minds all thoughts of its troubles and cares.

We think of furlough! of furlough; that oasis in the lonely desert of cadet life, that comes to cheer us in our weary journey, with its bright dreams of happiness. Now we are silent, occupied each with his thoughts; but soon the silence is broken, and we again are talking of our homes. What a flush to the countenance does this word bring! How the eye sparkles, and the lips tremble at the thoughts of the dear ones at home! How eager each to express his hopes and joys at once more seeing them! But amid this joyous and excited group there is a sad countenance. Look at him as he seems to be drinking in, yet almost unwilling to hear, our bright anticipations of

the future. Has the thought of home and friends no joy for him? Ah! yes, they have, but there is a loved form, now cold and silent, that will not cheer his return. Death, in his desolating course, has left his sad footstep upon their threshold.

A tear trickles down his cheek, and for a while we are again silent.

Bright visions are flitting across our minds, mingled perhaps with sadness, which mars their brightness, but our exuberant spirits soon throw off such sad reflections, and we tread together the mazy labyrinths of the future. We think of the dear ones far away, who cheered us at our departing, and remember some little token of our earlier days. Oh! how sweet are these recollections, and though there are sad remembrances to affiliate themselves with our bright ones, yet we strive to forget them in the lovely prospect of the time to come. * * *

But now the bugle blows, and each must away to his quarters. One by one, they depart, leaving me alone with my thoughts to dream of coming pleasures. My room is filled with smoke, in whose fleecy clouds seem to be pictured my dreams. In the distance is the dear old homestead; near me are seen father, mother, sister, brother; and, nearer still, a lovely face thrills the heart, and mantles the cheek with a glow of pleasure. I am with them once more, clasped to hearts kind, loving, and true. Again at home, surrounded by friends, every desire anticipated, every wish gratified. How tenderly are the heart's chords wrung by these recollections!

The loving smile of a mother, the recollections of the

old village schoolmaster, or of the companions of our childhood; of the care bestowed upon us by some faithful old servant; or perhaps it is but of the old house-dog, that barked at night in the fields, or of the nightingale that returned every year to build its nest, and rear its young, in the stately old oak, under whose huge branches we were once wont to play; it is all a dream, but, oh! how near the reality. * * * * *

Hark! there's a noise of footsteps upon the stairs! It's the inspecting officer! Open the door! down with the window, for the room is full of smoke; but before you have time to move, there is a slight tap at the door, and it immediately opens. A grim smile lights up his countenance, and you feel that all is lost.

Muttering that dread sentence, "Tobacco-smoke in your quarters, sir," he closes the door, leaving you once more to your reverie.

I am again dreaming; the ghostly visions of three Saturday "Extras" stalk before my enraptured sight, and "Math.," too, with spectral gaze, stares me full in the face.

Murmuring, "*poco en el suelo, mucho en el cielo,*" I take up my pipe to soothe my sorrows, but it is out, and I am left alone to curse my luck, and dream of my misfortune.

ON THE SUBJECT OF BREAKS.

(In commemoration of the breaking of four Orderly Sergeants and a Sergeant-Major, in January, 1859.)

Come all ye broken officers, and let us sing a song,
About the loss of chevrons which to us did belong;
A grand proceeding of the man who doth for glory pant,
It emanated from the mind of our brave Commandant.

By Mexican experience, obtained when stealing corn,
He thinks surrender needful for the best troops ever born.
Four months he let a class off guard, then thought it wouldn't do,
For "Floyd" would hear of it, and make him sure surrender, too.

The Secretary he might bribe; but he couldn't raise a "V,"
He'd spent all on the man who wrote his works of infantry.
He sent for half his sergeants, anger over his face stole,
Himself he then resolved into a "committee on the whole."

His four Instructors, when they met, all gave a quiet smile,
And thought that soldiers might engage in work somewhat less vile.
The Colonel being rather late, the four sat still and mum,
Sang "Willie, you are welcome," when at last they saw him come.

Running in, he puffed and blew like forty-five balloons,
Said he was late from dressing his (imaginary) wounds.
Dyspepsia, too, he mentioned; the best thing he ever saw,
Disease, so happy in results, it kept him from Utah.

He moved his hand, and took a seat, and winked his blood-shot eyes,
Declared that we had failed to do our duty as his spies;
Said, each one of us he'd break, and make some one above him,
Feared from what he'd seen of late, we did no longer love him.

These facts disturbed him many nights, he tossed about in bed,
For he's a man of tender heart, and still more tender head.
What he should do, he asked his mind; that great mind could'nt tell;
As usual in such cases, he spoke then to old "Dell."

He started with his Orderly, with papers, pens, and books,
Attention stood in front of "Dell.", put on his sourest looks.
He told him what we'd done, and more—some things the most absurd,
But "Dell." knew already there's no reliance on his word.

He talked to "Dell," gesticulated, and struck the table blows,
The papers shoved—*'twas no hard work*—beneath the General's nose.
He said he had, in confidence, his sergeant's own confessions,
Sure, he'd break them all, and used some other mild expressions.

He says, "Take this thing off my hands, I'll have to change my tune,
There's not much time to *boot-lick* them from now till sixth of June.
I fear they'll call me to account; what horrid looks they gave me,
But I'll not dye my hair again, my grey hairs then will save me.

"If they had written an excuse, or called me 'General,'
I should have passed the matter by; but now I never shall.
Promotions, titles, honors, they've o'erlooked, and made me mad,
Forgetting that I'm a Colonel, and thinking I'm a lad.

"I've been to France, and it was there I learned to ride so well;
I've been in Mexico, also, but that won't do to tell.
I've been in clothes bags, chimneys, too, that every one regrets,
But never have seen any men compare with these cadets."

On making all the chevrons fly, we found the "Supe." was bent,
Sufficient crimes the Colonel gave to hang a regiment;
"Dell." thought that taking chevrons would increase the Col.'s gain,
The gold to be obtained from them might buy a set of brains.

But the unkindest cut of all was in the reprimand,
It separated classmates who once formed a friendly band;
Of knowledge vast we've robbed them, and they take it very hard,
They scarcely know the duties of a private of the guard.

We've thought of getting up a present for our brave Col. often,
And all agree the fittest thing for him would be a coffin;
Many think we ought to try him with a hempen cord,
To see if he'll give up the ghost as he gave up the sword.

All who have listened to the song, or if it heard a word,
Must slip up to the Commandant and tell him every word;
You thus can gain his confidence, he'll pat you on the head,
And promise you a monument to spread your praise when dead.

THE YOUNG DRAGOON.

(Air—*Gay and Happy.*)

Gay is the life of the young dragoon,
Naught on earth to fear has he,
On his horse, with sabre drawn,
Devil a single care has he.

Chorus.

So let the Staff Corps bray as they will,
We are for the cavalry still;
For the cavalry, for the cavalry,
We are for the cavalry still.

Sent out on the frontier border,
Far from home, and those most dear,
We will go, when comes the order,
Braving danger without fear.

Chorus.

So let the Staff Corps, etc.

"Draw!" it goes from rank to rank,
"Gallop!" then is the command,
"Charge!" then comes, and by the flank,
We're together sword in hand.

CHORUS.
So let the Staff Corps, etc.

Oh! to hear the trumpet sounding,
Pealing forth its clarion tone,
And to feel our chargers bounding,
Such are joys for us alone.

CHORUS.
So let the Staff Corps, etc.

Oh! the gallant "Fifth" forever,
Three cheers for its Colonel brave;
Fate alone our hearts can sever,
When we sink into the grave.

CHORUS.
So let the Staff Corps bray as they will,
We are for the cavalry still;
For the cavalry, for the cavalry,
We are for the cavalry still.

POETRY OF CADET LIFE.

(AIR—*Lazy Club.*

At West Point there's a soldier's school,
Where, never mind how great the fool,
His first year's "Math." fits him to rule
His cheek, in action keeps him cool.
He's left at home a father—mother—

One or two sisters, and a brother;
Perhaps there still may be another
To whom his leaving gave some bother.

CHORUS.

With calculus, or cannon ball,
In section room or riding hall,
There's not a joy we can recall,
Like that within old "Benny's" wall.

He soon forgets such foolish ties,
He's never seen with tearful eyes,
Except when in them powder flies,
And then, I fear, he "d—ns his eyes."
He don't board well his fourth-class camp,
He takes his seat as suits his rank,
And there inverts a water-tank,
For which he ne'er receives a thank.

His nights are full of pain and *travel*,
He's seized before he can skedaddle,
He glides through mud, and over gravel,
Until his clothes do all unravel.
Whilst walking post, he sees the bliss
Of his tormentor, with some fair Miss;
Perhaps that e'en he hears a kiss,
As it's improper—"don't mention this."

A "rēekless" yearling, as you say, *rash*,
In summer's girt with silken sash;
He improves his winters "making hash;"
And o'er "spooney letters" his heart doth smash.
But when at last a Furlough-man,
He soon forgets he's tasted "tan,"
Of all spirits, he leads the van,
Dissolving views in every can.

Whether he won't, or whether he will,
He's bound at last to get his "*Phil.*"
There's no one here will take it ill,
If I declare "it's a bitter pill."
His first-class camp's a season of rest,
He takes to hops with a better zest.
There's not a thing his spirits to test,
Unless it is some "close arrest."

Every alternate day he rides
Ancient beasts with rotary sides,
Who, like the plays, are full of "*a-sides,*"
And backs just made for constant slides.
At length there comes that happy June,
That soon dispels all former gloom.
He gives his "Plebe" some advice and a broom,
Let's hope his tailor will hear from him soon.

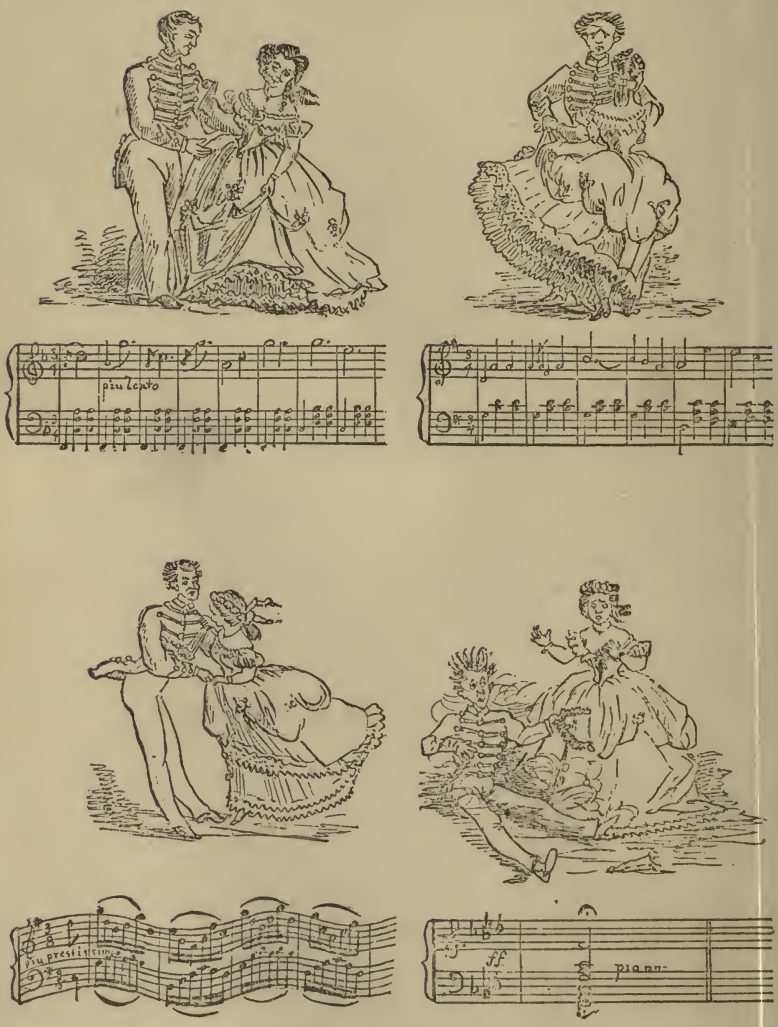
"I beg to say that there's the place
To harden the hands and bronze the face,
To train one for this eartly place,
And in the next to lose all grace."

DESCRIPTION OF A CADET HOP.

(*By a Survivor.*)

'Round the room, 'round the room,
'Round the room onward,
Like a tee-totum
Revolved the one hundred.

For all were in order,
And no one had blundered.
Onward the bright brigade!
"All around!" Palfrey said;
So 'round and 'round the room
Spun the one hundred.



FOUR SCENES IN A CADET WALTZ.

'Round then the bright brigade,
No one the least dismayed—
None—for the ladies said
They never blundered.
Not theirs to make reply,
Not theirs to seem too shy,
Their's but fast 'round to fly.
So 'round and 'round the room
Whirled the one hundred.

Rose all their arms so bare,
Flew all their skirts in air,
Sweeping those sitting there,
Whirling and spinning, while
Lookers-on wondered.
Trod on and swept along.
Some looking quite forlorn,
Part of their drapery shorn,
Till they have reached their chairs,
Spun the one hundred.

Gas lights to right of them!
Gas lights to left of them!
Gas lights above them!
By glass pendants sundered.
Laughing and blushing so,
At seats all rushing so;
Heated and out of breath,
And from the figure there,
Now all have reached a chair,
Save that some few are left
Of the one hundred.

Oh, that enchanting spin!
When will the next begin?

How old folks wondered;
How can they labor so?
Is that true pleasure, oh,
Lovely one hundred?

THE GHOST OF POLLY H.

Oh! 'twas a night too terrible
For language to describe;
A night when howling fiends travel
Upon Nor-Easter's side;
And spell-bound sea-gods break the spell,
That binds them 'neath the tide,
And rising from the inky swell,
Spread terror far and wide.

When every gale that sweeps the "plain,"
From North, South, East, or West,
Brings—not the balm of sleep—but pain
From regions of unrest.

'Twas such a restless night as this,
That on my bed I lay;
One moment's sleep were priceless bliss,
Oh! Worlds for break of day!
"Yes, worlds I'd freely give!" I cried,
"To see to morrow's sun;"
It seemed as if old Time had died,
As if his sands were run.

I was not like the man of old,
Who "took no note of time;"
Each loitering moment's length I told,
From weary chime to chime.

At last worn by relentless care,
O'er me began to creep,
As if in answer to my prayer,
Half-waking, fevered sleep.

'Tis often thus upon our bed,
With troubled dreams, and aching head,
And weary limbs, we toss;
The rich, the poor, the young, the old,
The hag, the belle from beauty's world,
Distinctions all are lost.
And often thus, when want and care,
Have spread the mantle of despair
O'er our pleasures fleeting;
It often, too, is brought about,
Just like dyspepsia—or the gout,
By frequent over-eating.

I slept at last a fever-sleep,
And dreamed a fever-dream,
I saw what I ne'er saw before,
Nor since in dreams have seen.
I was the slave of fiends from Hell,
Of every shape, and hue;
But the worst of all my enemies
Was one in Army Blue.

He sought me out at early dawn,
Whilst weary nature slept,
And "skinned" me for my "bedding down,"
Because "I had not swept,"
Because my "bowl was not upturned,"
For "dirt in fire-place;"
Then with his horny finger, on
My mantel tried to trace

His ugly name, and with a sneer
Said—"dusty! Mr. Case!"
And then from out his pocket drew
His omnipresent pen,
And wrote me down a list of "skins,"
[I thought from eight to ten.]
[Demerit, twenty they would give,
Or more than that, perhaps;]
And then he started for the "mess,"
To take his morning "schnapps."

Said I, "at last I'm rid of him,"
And back to bed I crept;
But soon he sought me out again,
And "skinned" me while I slept.

And thus he always kept my path,
From early morn to night,
Until at last, I woke once more
To see the morning light.
Oh! happy youth! had I but seen
The morning light alone,
For there, beside the bed, I saw
A shapeless mass of bone!!
Which, as I gazed, took human shape,
And by my bed did stand
The grinning ghost of "Polly H!"
Come from the spirit-land!
I knew him by the cynic smile,
And pencil in his hand.
He spoke no words—his whining tones
Had vanished like a cloud;
His noble form was wrapt up in
A "cotton factory" shroud;

His mantle, floating gracefully
Upon the morning air,

Disclosed his hoofs—divided hoofs,
And slender ancles bare.
I thought I would detain him there,
That he should get a "late;"
[In his own coin, 'twould pay him off,]
And see him "skinned" by Fate.
So reaching forth, with sudden grasp,
I seized his flowing skirt,
I drew the ghost from off the chair,
And held * * * * *my Furlough shirt!!*

AN IMITATION.

Bone, bone, bone,
When the world is merry and glad;
Bone, bone, bone,
When the heart is weary and sad.
Laboring and toiling on,
Winning the far reward,
Dreaming of ease in after-life,
With the wealth of a noble lord.

Bone, bone, bone,
Ere the purple light of morn
Vanishes night, and robes the hills
In her beautiful uniform.
Starting at reveillé,
Hurrying down to the call,
Cursing the stairs that weary the limbs,
And the lightless lamps of the hall.

Guard, guard, guard,
In trimmings like glittering gold;
Guard, guard, guard,
Mounting in morning's cold.

Guarding a vacant place,
Against some fancied foe;
Walking post with a weary face,
With measured pace and slow.

Walk, walk, walk,
When the sun is glowing warm,
Walk, walk, walk,
Through wind, and rain, and storm.
Walk, walk, walk,
Ever bearing the gun;
Wishing at noon for the shades of night,
At night, the morning sun.

Drill, drill, drill,
Over the dusty plain;
Drill, drill, drill,
Till the limbs are numb with pain.
"Pinked," if we glance to right or left,
"Pinked," if we look to the rear,
Wishing our surly Instructor in —;
Life at West Point, "ain't it queer?"

"BULLY FOR ALL."

To sing a bully good song, I'll try,
Bully for me, bully for me.
Gay as they make 'em, here am I,
Bully for me, for me.
A big thing is an old cadet,
Bully for him, bully for him,
He's sure to be the ladies' pet,
Bully for him, for him.

Chorus.

Bully, oh, bully, oh bully good song,
Bully for all, bully for all;
Join the chorus, and help us along,
Bully for all, for all.

A "Plebe" puts on his soldier's clothes,
Bully for him, bully for him,
Straightens his chin, and points his toes,
Bully for him, for him,
All day he's drilled, and marched, and flanked,
Bully for him, bully for him,
And then at night he gets well "yanked,"
Bully for him, for him.

The "Yearling" tries the rēckless game,
Bully for him, bully for him,
He's fond of hearing—"same at same,"
Bully for him, for him.
Bŭt when the fatal "Sixth" comes 'round,
Bully for him, bully for him,
He's weighed in the balance, and wanting he's "found,"
Bully for him, for him.

LIBRARY OF THE

The "Furlough-men," how jolly are they!
Bully for them, bully for them,
They throw their old grey clothes away,
Bully for them, for them.
If their furlough is short they take it ill,
Bully for them, bully for them,
But when they come back they have their "*Phil.*,"
Bully for them, for them.

Our "first class year," we soon pass through,
Bully for us, bully for us,
And then we don the Army Blue,
Bully for us, for us.
And when we've worn it just two years,
Bully for us, bully for us,
We're Brigadier-Generals of Volunteers,
Bully for us, for us.

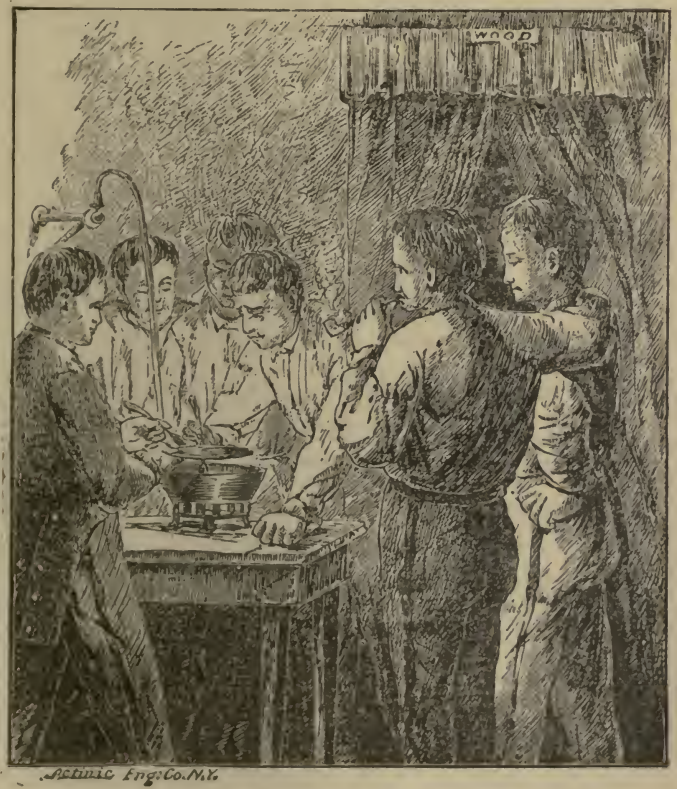
And now, cadets, my song is sung,
Bully for me, bully for me,
You know I'll fight before I run,
Bully for me, for me.
A very good health I wish to you,
Bully for me, bully for me,
If I wasn't on pledge, I'd drink it too,
Bully for me, for me.

A CADET "HASH."

On Saturday evening, a short time ago,
Three gallant cadets, both cautious and slow,
With eyes on the watch, went creeping around
A certain man's yard where chickens abound.

They thoroughly searched through briar and brake ;
But "nary" a fowl, cock, gobbler, or drake,
Hen, gosling, or goose, except in the yard,
Was seen by the three, which really was hard.

Especially so, as twenty or more,
Just inside the yard, and near to the door,
Were cackling aloud, and stalking around,
Or lying in heaps close by on the ground.



A CADET HASH.

But "Grey Coats," you know, a beautiful stock
Of patience possess ;—so down on a rock
They quietly sat, to wait for awhile ;
The murder would simply be "*fowl*," and not "vile."

Nor waited in vain, for just as the sun
Went down to his rest, all fiery and dun,
A gallant old cock, in majesty great,
With widely spread wings, flew over the gate.

He cackled, and clucked, and crowed, with a voice
That made the cadets look up, and rejoice ;
As loudly his song rang over the plain,
To summon his wives together again.

Straight onward he came, as haughty and grand
As if he alone was ruling the land ;
Now spreading his tail, and clapping his wings,
And feeling no doubt as great as a king.

But woe unto him, that crow was his last,
For one of our friends most cruelly cast,
Direct at his crest, a ponderous stone,
And true to its aim the missile was thrown.

The laws of the art he had studied in "Phil.,"
He knew just exactly the manner to kill ;
Then wonder no more, my friends, when you hear
How fowls on the Point so oft disappear !

They rushed to the spot, and captured the prey,
And under a cape soon stowed him away ;
Then hurrying home, they thought with delight
Of the fun they'd have in barracks that night.

When night had approached, and all was now still,
They went to the woods just over the hill ;
And gathered some shavings, splinters, and sticks,
And took from the pile an armful of bricks.

The bricks were arranged in parallel rows,
The purpose is plain, of course, I suppose ;
For just in between them the fire was then made,
And over the fire the frying-pan laid.

All this you must know was done "after taps,"
When other cadets were taking their naps ;
While over the door, and window beside,
A couple of quilts securely were tied.

All over the floor, these careful adepts,
Some blankets had laid to muffle their steps ;
This having been done, as quick as they could
They struck up a fire, and kindled the wood.

Then one of the three, who acted as cook,
Brought in an old bag, and from it he took
Some butter, and salt, black pepper, and bread,
And then the old cock, of which you have read.

How the cock was procured, you all have heard ;
The rest without leave, or license, or word,
They stole from the "mess," or "hived," as they say,
In tumblers and cups at dinner that day.

They mixed, at once, in a general mass,
The comforts above, then hastened to pass
This batch from the wash-bowl into the pan,
And blew up the fire with "Phil." for a fan.

It simmered, and stewed, and frizzled, and fried,
Till cook had declared—the boasting of pride—
"'Twas done to a 'T,'" and giving a grin,
He vowed 'twas the best he ever had seen.

Ah! there was a dream of revelry then,
As over the "hash" these jovial men
Did stand to inhale its savory smell,
And all went smooth as a marriage bell.

But hark! there's a sound! a rap on the door!
That faintly arises from the first floor.
"Didn't you hear it?" said one of the crew,
"Oh! nary a hear," said others—"Did you?"

"Why don't you listen?—*it is* on the door!"
And nearer this time, more loud than before!
The steps on the stair, all muffled, and slow,
Too plainly declare what's up down below.

Ah! there was a deal of scampering then,
As rushing about, these fear-stricken men
Endeavored to hide the signs of the fry,
Or "hash"—if you please—from the Officer's eye.

How vain the attempt! for one in his fright
Knocked over the lamp, and put out the light;
And cook let the dish containing the hash,
Descend to the floor, with terrible crash.

As this had destroyed all hopes of their feast,
They thought they would save themselves at the least,
So those of the room slipped into their beds,
And gathered the covering over their heads.

The others who heard, with deepest despair,
The Officer's step, close by on the stair,
Endeavored to hide somewhere in the room,
Hoping to escape from him in the gloom.

Two, under the bed, most skilfully slid,
And fancied themselves most carefully hid,
And all of the rest, some five or six more,
Secreted themselves in rear of the door.

All this was done, much sooner than said,
For fearfully near, the Officer's tread
Was heard in the hall, and all in the room,
Now still as the dead, awaited their doom.

Scarcely a moment had happened before
The Officer's hand laid open the door,
On gazing around, he saw what was wrong,
And searching the room, he "hived" the whole throng.

Nor must you suppose that this was the end,
For fellows thus "hived," most commonly spend
Their Saturday nights on sentinel's post,
To pay for the fun, and "hash" they have lost.

"GIRT SIMMER KOOK."

A story of "Girt Simmer Kook" I will tell,
Avec son ventre si gros.
Among the fair ladies he cuts quite a swell,
Avec son ventre si gros.

Oh! Heavens and Earth! his heart, how it beats,
Dans son ventre si gros.
When he says to the babes—"kiss 'Kook' where he eats,"
Avec son ventre si gros.

Of all brave actions the noblest are his,
Avec son ventre si gros.
And his face, oh! what a comical phiz!
Avec son ventre si gros.

"Yearlings," take head! when "Plebes" you pull out,
Sur leurs ventres si gros;
You'd better lie low, when "Kook" is about,
Avec son ventre si gros.

SCENE IN THE COMMANDANT'S OFFICE.

[Col. H—— seated at his desk. Enter Cadet G—— in arrest.]

Col. H.— "Well, sir!"

Cadet G.— "I have been in close arrest now, sir, for over ten days," and——

Col. H.— "I am not capable of considering your case, sir!"

Cadet G.— "I didn't suppose you were, sir, I——

Col. H.— "Silence, sir! Leave my office immediately!"

Cadet G.— "Certainly, sir, but——"

Col. H.— "No more words, sir! Begone!"

[*Exit G.*—]

DOMESTIC CALCULUS.

I often think of happier days,
Whilst sitting in my lonely room,
Of pleasant friends, with pleasant ways,
All "functions" of my early home.
While "*X*," the great unknown, remained,
No change came o'er life's sunny dream;
But once the "increment" unchained,
And like Aurora, fades the scene.
"*H*" means, not only coming care,
But stands for happiness, you know,
And when it equals "0," then
The "ratio's limit equals *WOE*."

A SECOND MUNCHAUSEN.

(The following is a copy of a letter, written by a cadet while in the hospital, who was suffering from slight indisposition, and, not knowing what else to do, picked up a catalogue of a "Female Seminary," and wrote to one of its fair inmates. He has since "kicked the bucket" in consequence of receiving no reply to his effusions.)

CADETS' HOSPITAL,
WEST POINT, N. Y, *Nov.* — 186–.

MISS D—

You will no doubt be greatly surprised at receiving a letter from an entire stranger, but under the truly extraordinary circumstances which control me, I hope you will pardon such a breach of etiquette on my part. You will see from the heading that I am at present an inmate of the hospital, and my only regret is that I am not in a "Lunatic Asylum," for there I could "while the fearfully weary hours away," in watching the eccentric performances of individuals more "looney" than myself; but under the existing circumstances I have been troubled with ennui to such an extent that I have been several

times tempted to "shuffle off this mortal coil," and thus bring my glorious military career, with all its troubles and pains, to a speedy termination.

As a last resort (and if this fails, the Lord pity me!) I thought I would write to some one of Eve's fair daughters, and see if I could, by some means or other, induce her to take pity on my forlorn condition, and send me some words of sympathy and condolence in this dark hour of trial and distress. * * * * * * *

Some weeks ago I had the misfortune to be violently thrown from my horse—a fractious beast—while endeavoring to jump a hurdle; in which pleasant exercise we are drilled every day. The horse I had that day was not the one I usually rode, and was one of the most unmanageable and vicious creatures in the stables.

I was urging him on at the top of his speed, when suddenly, as he neared the hurdle (which was eleven feet and four inches in height by actual measurement), the brute stumbled, and pitched me over his head with such velocity that I turned three complete somersaults in the air, going "heftily" over the hurdle, and striking the ground with such force that my feet were projected into the earth to the depth of six inches, notwithstanding there had been a hard frost the night previous.

I remained in that horrible situation for seven consecutive hours, although my friends made the most violent efforts to pull me out. Finding that I had become attached to the spot, instead of leaving me alone in my last agonies, my comrades gathered around me, and after smoking three fragrant Havanas, I mournfully whistled the plaintive melody of "The Ratcatcher's Daughter," and bade my brother cadets farewell. * * * * * * * *

Everything then became dark to me, and when I next recovered my senses, I found myself stretched out on a hospital-bed, with the nozzle of a pair of bellows in my mouth, and the handles in the hands of my affectionate "chum," who had, as he afterwards told me, been blowing away for twenty-three hours, to keep the breath of life within me. I feebly, but lovingly, winked my left eye—the only muscle I could control—at him, to have him desist from his labor

of love; but all to no purpose, and I was at last—having gained sufficient strength—obliged to bite three inches off from the brass end of the nozzle in order to attract his attention.

He at last refrained, and, to my great wonder, I have been slowly, but effectually, recovering, and I am now able to move slowly around with a pair of crutches. Ah! can you refuse to answer my letter after all my troubles!!

Smiling like a calm and placid oyster,

I am, ever of thee,

X. Y. Z.

THE VERY SORROWFUL NARRATIVE OF FRANK DAVENPORT.

HISTORY.

This "poetical effusion" was occasioned by the following circumstances: * * * A cadet had answered one of the many advertisements for correspondents that appeared in the *Waverley*, and had corresponded for some time with the "fair one" under the *nom de plume* of "Frank Davenport."

One evening while the battalion were at supper, a telegram was received for the above-named cadet, notifying him of the *demise* of his "anonymous spooney."

The despatch was handed to the Commandant of the mess-hall, who published an order to the effect that a despatch had been received for "Cadet Frank Davenport," and if there was any one in the corps who was corresponding under this name he had better call and get it, as it contained matters of importance. This subject created no little amusement, and a cadet (who, it is needless to

state, has since been found deficient in "Ethics") has immortalized the affair in the following lines. [The author of the illustrations was summarily dismissed also on account of the utter lack of "lines of beauty" in the sketches.]

As the feelings excited by this doleful tale are "moving" in the *extreme*,—reader! draw forth the snowy 'kerchief! and "if ye have tears prepare to shed them now!"

FRANK DAVENPORT.

"CANTO THE ONE TIME."

In which appears ye "courier at 'M.'"

'Twas eve. The dying sunlight threw
O'er roof and tower a sombre hue;
And in this solemn, weird-like light
Flitted the spirits of the night.
The wind was sighing o'er the hill,
The river's surface broad was still;
It glittered wild like flaming glass,
As the old minstrel climbed the pass.

Ye courier picketh his way up from "Gee's Point."

As sore of limb, and stiff of joint,
He wandered slowly up Gee's Point;
His blood was curdled by the breeze
That blew chill through "Flirtation's" trees.

He cometh upon a watch-fire.

The cadet limits all are passed,
And breathes he freer now at last;
But as the Library wall he turned,
A watch-fire close beside it burned.

He is challenged by the Supt.'s "Bum."

Up sprang a warrior clad in steel,
From crown of head to tip of heel.
"Thy name! bold 'Cit!' and hark ye! stand!
You're trespassing on Government land!"

He accompanieth himself on a brass band and singeth.

The stranger stopped, came to a "shun,"
And shivering like a guilty one,
He from his neck, where free it hung,
A brass band took, he played and sung.

THE SONG OF THE AGED MESSENGER OF WOE.

TUNE.—*Psalm of Life.*

"Though I sing in plaintive numbers,
Weary, wretched, though I seem,
Chilled, bereft of pleasant slumbers,
With ne'er a nap, or ne'er a dream."

He beareth sad tidings.

"Sir, you see in him before you,
Messenger of tidings sad;
E're a century slips o'er you,
Tell me where I'll find a lad."

He wisheth to find a youth.

"A young man unknown to me, sir,
Francis called, in gentle sport,
If among you he shall be, sir,
His name is Frank Davenport."
The minstrel paused, his song was sung,
He sank upon the ground;
The brass band fell from where it hung,
The winds blew coldly 'round.

The bold "bum." pitieth ye minstrel courier.

The warrior stern, to pity moved,
Surveyed the prostrate form;
And said, as his pale face he viewed,
"He's worn out by the storm."

The "bum." bloweth a hefty old blast.

From his broad, steel-encircled neck,
A whistle then he took,
And blew a blast so "heftily,"
The very building shook.

They lay ye prostrate courier kindly on a shutter.

'Twas answered. Hurrying men appeared,
The prostrate form they bore,

On past the chapel, o'er the walk,
Up to the guard-house door.

Leave we the messenger of woe,
He's all right now, I think,
"Poetic license" will I claim,
To take a healthy drink.

"CANTO THE TWO TIME."

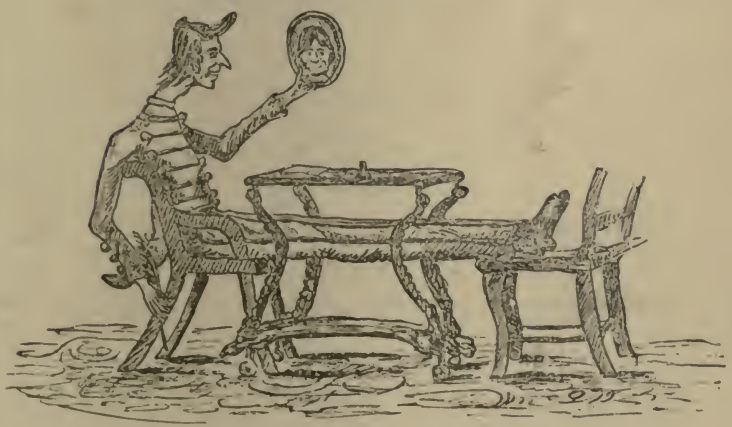
(SCENE—"Cock-loft room—Frank sitting at a table—gazeth on a miniature, he ruminateth.")

Ye writing in Sanscrit of ye Student.

AIR—*Wild Flowers. Lucia de lam-'em-well.*

"TO LADY."

"Dearest idol of my heart,
What sweet dreams my vision fill!
Ah! I only live for thee,
Fondly truly, love thee still."



"When I close my weary eyes,
'Tis thy radiant form I see,
Oft in agony I weep,
Doubting, love, thy love for me.

"Wilt thou keep thy plighted troth,
Still thy love for me retain?
Ah! my loved one, we shall meet,
Ne'er on earth to part again."

(An inspection of the above lines will prove that had Byron lived to behold them there had been an immediate "auto-da-fe" of the "spooney youth.")

A knock loud on the door was heard,
It opened shortly, wide;

In stalked the messenger of woe,
His brass band at his side.

N. B.—"CHANGE OF 'MEET-HER.'"

AIR—*Bingen on the Rhine.*

There was looking at each other, there were floods of salty tears,
There was in the young man's mind, a host of hurrying fears.
"I'm from a distant State, from some loving friends of thine,
Who live in Indianny, near the old Kentucky line.
Your name, sir, it is Davenport, or I am much mistaken,
A message now I bear you, from the one you've ne'er forsaken;

Upon whose lonely grave the pitying moon does shine,
Way down in Indianny, near the old Kentucky line."

TEARS, WEEPING, WAILING, AND GNASHING OF TEETH.

AIR.—*Horatius at the Bridge.*

The cadet's brow was sad, and the cadet's speech was low,
And darkly gazed the cadet on the area far below.
"Step out, sir, with your message, I have now but little time,
As I haven't 'boned' my lesson, and that 'Phil.' it comes at 9."

THE MESSAGE OF WOE.

"Werry dolorose, accent grave."

"I come from one who loved you in the happy days gone by,
A mild and radiant maiden with brightness in her eye;
A voice with music's sweetness in its silvery loving tone,
Who ever fondly cherished the hope, she's thine alone.
This angel now is smitten with the icy hand of death;
She called me to her bedside with her feeble gasping breath,
And placed a packet for you in this aged hand of mine;
The maid's from Indianny, near the old Kentucky line.

"'I charge you,' said the maiden, 'as you fear the hand of death,
Ne'er stop thou for refreshment, nor stop thou to take breath,
Nor stop thou to take liquor in that thirsty throat of thine,
Till thou dost this little service, this last request of mine;
Tell him his Sally loved him till she filled an early grave;
Tell him to seek me early where Ohio's waters lave;
Tell him to find my resting-place; my thanks will e'er be thine,
Said the maid from Indianny, near the old Kentucky line.

"'Tell him, with loving hand, to bedeck my funeral mound
With those dear violets, loved of old; perchance I'll hover round,
And listen to his heart sobs, as he weeps where I am laid.
I'll pray in Heaven for him, e'er his own loved Hoosier maid.
Tell him I'll unseen guard him, and watch around his head,
As he marches into battle with a firm and gallant tread.

For a moment let him linger at the little mound of mine,
Where I sleep in Indianny, near the old Kentucky line.'"

The speaker ceased, his tale was done,
But in his outstretched hand,
He held a little packet,
Tied with a silken band.

(*The agitation of Francis can scasely be expressed.*)

Poor Francis grasped the packet,
His breath came thick and slow,
As he oped the sad love token,
Of the days of long ago.
The contents of it simply were
A button and a ring.
If you'll believe me, gentlemen,
I've told you everything.

The ring was massive gold,
Wrought with a strange device,
One that often glittered
On a hand now cold as ice.

(*The button was a bell button ! !*)

The button was quite curious,
The kind that is called "bell;"
Poor Francis sniffled over it,
For he knew it very well.

(*He lamenteth her loss most emphatically.*)

"The button was once bright," said he,
"And once I had a love;
The button's tarnished now, and she
Has *vamoosed* up above.
Frail token to remind me
Of the happy days I've spent

With Sal!"--he dashed a tear away;—
'Poor girl!! well, let her *went!!*"

CANTO THE THREE TIME.

[SCENE.—Frank's room,—evening;—he sitteth on a chair weeping bitter tears.]

Doleful Music—"Ye Raven."

It was evening, sad and dreary; Francis sat alone and weary,
Thinking how the "molecules" sported in the fable days of yore.
Suddenly there came a tapping, an unearthly dismal rapping;
Well he knew 'twas Sally rapping on the window or the door.
Well he knew that strange sad call, sir,
Out he peered into the hall, sir;
Then he searched the room and alcove, careful, eager, o'er and o'er;
Suddenly he oped the casement, downward dived upon the basement,
Yes, upon the hard stone basement, all his brains were scattered o'er.

Slow and sadly thence they bore him, cast a table cover o'er him,
Bore up him, up, sir, to his quarters, on the fourth or "cockloft" floor.
Life indeed was all bereft him; on his bedding, sir, they left him,
Left him breathless, cold, and icy, in this world to rise no more!

(ELEGIAC STRAINS OF POE-ETIC MEASURE.)

"Nous Finissions."

Kind hands smoothed his place of rest,
Within a flowery glade;
Our country's banner wrapped his breast,
On that his pipe was laid.

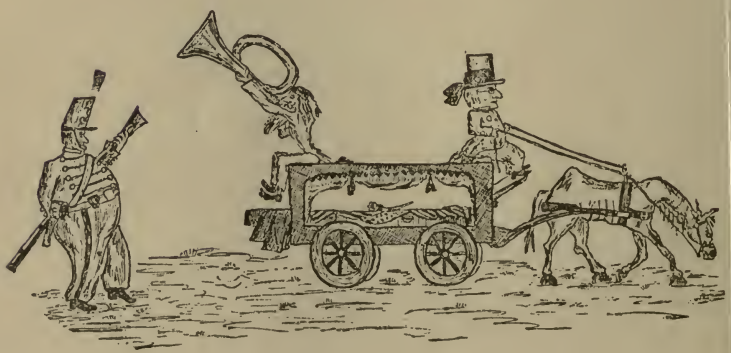
The stranger wandering in the glen,
Where hushed is every sound,
With curious eye may idly mark
The cadet's lonely mound.

If so, let silence rule the scene,
As o'er his grave you muse ;
Then breathe a prayer for him who sleeps
Beneath the lonely yews.

His epitaph was written as follows, by one who knew and loved him. A monument was raised by "hydraulic pressure" o'er his grave. The following was thereon engraved with a jack-knife by "Lan-Keys-Mith," who would often wander to the grave of poor "Frank," smoke his pipe, and ponder over the deep ingratitude of the Corps of Cadets :

EPITAPH.

"Here lies a youth to fame unknown,
He never wasted time to 'bone ;'
And if in life he journeyed still,
Would by the "Board' be 'found' in 'Phil.'"



THE GROCERY MAN.

[Not original in the corps, but a great favorite during the camp of 1864.]

In Brooklyn city there used to dwell
A "Gall" unknown to fame;
Her mother's name was Mary Ann,
And hers was Betsey Jane.
Every morning in the summer time
She crossed the briny "riv-i-ure,"
To a market where she sold fresh tripe,
And "sassengers," likewise liver.

There was a gallant grocery man,
McCloskey was his name;
His fighting weight was seven stone ten,
And he loved sweet Betsey Jane.
He was different from most "merch-i-ents,"
That lived in those days of "yo-i-ore,"
And provisions they were "plen-ti-ey"
In his little grocery store.

Now, this young man was as polite
As most young merchants are,
And his store was always "crowd-i-ed"
With damsels young and fair.
It happened that sweet Betsey Jane,
In love fell sick and "so-o-ore"
With this gallant young grocery man,
And his little grocery store.

McCloskey in return loved her
With all his might and main,
And swore that none should separate him
From his sweet Betsey Jane.

And Betsey Jane she also swore
She'd prove both kind and "true-wew-wew,"
And that no butcher's "clev-i-ure"
Should cut their love in two.

But McCloskey was weak "mindi-ed,"
And forgot the vows he made.
He deceived the poor young "dam-su-el,"
And left the grocery trade.
Then started off to "Jers-i-ey"
One day in the month of "Ju-u-une,"
And he hired a house in Erie street,
Where he keeps a gin saloon.

When Betsey Jane she heard this news,
She soon gave up all hope,
And stabbed herself like a hero bold
With a bar of Windsor soap.
Now, all young maids, a moral take,
And as I've said "befo-o-ore,"
Never fall in love with a grocery man,
Nor his little grocery store.

POETICAL EFFUSION BY A PLEBE.

It is well known that many a class
Has passed this place of fame;
But the "Plebes of '63" surpass
All others that ever came.

THE ARMY BLUE.

(*As sung by the Graduating Class of* 1865.)

We've not much longer here to stay,
For in a week or two
We'll bid farewell to "Cadet grey,"
And don the "Army Blue."

CHORUS.

Army Blue, Army Blue,
We'll don the Army Blue,
We'll bid farewell to "Cadet grey,"
And don the "Army Blue."

With pipe and song we'll jog along,
Till this short time is through,
And all among our jovial throng
Have donned the Army Blue.

CHORUS.

To Ethics, Mineralogy,
And Engineering, too,
We'll bid good-bye without a sigh,
And don the Army Blue.

CHORUS.

To the ladies who come up in June,
We'll bid a fond adieu,
And hoping they'll be married soon,
We'll don the Army Blue.

CHORUS.

Now here's to the man who wins the "cup,"*
May he be kind and true,

* NOTE.—The allusion to the "cup" has reference to the "class baby-cup," which was to be presented to the parents of the first male child of the class.

And may he bring "our godson" up
To don the Army Blue.

CHORUS.

Now, fellows, we must say good-bye,
We've stuck our four years through,
Our future is a cloudless sky,
We'll don the Army Blue.

CHORUS.

Rip, slap, bang, hurrah!!
Army Blue, Army Blue,
We'll don the Army Blue,
We'll bid farewell to Cadet grey,
And don the Army Blue.

EPITAPH ON "OLD L —."

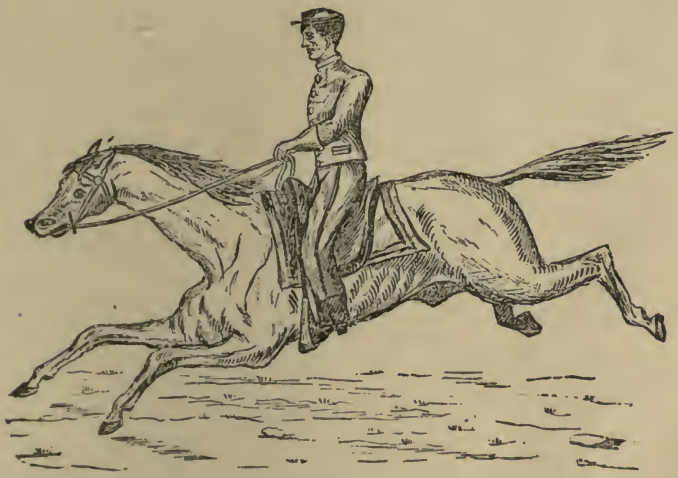
'Tis said that when Dante, that wonderful man,
Made conical sections of hell,
He included both sinners and saints in his plan,
But omitted a place for old "L—."
So he fastened a hook to the vertex outside,
Holding on by his fingers and toes,
On which he decreed that old "L—," when he died,
Forever should hang by his nose.

MY EQUESTRIAN EXPERIENCE.

Just out of the hospital, and about the most used-up man you ever saw. Been there three weeks from the effects of taking too much violent exercise in the riding-hall. Have had the most singular, and, at the same time,

the most terrible pounding that has ever occurred since the commencement of the Christian era.

Although, during the past few weeks, I have suffered like a martyr, I cannot help laughing when I think about it.



Our class commenced riding on the 1st of November, 1864. It is divided into four platoons, two of them riding one day, and the other two the next, and so on. There are about twenty men in each platoon, and we ride one hour each alternate afternoon. Last Wednesday my platoon went to the riding-hall, and *all* the scenes that were enacted there would be too killing to relate. I had been warned by several first-class men not to take certain horses, as they were the worst in the stables; but, with my usual luck, after looking around to find a sleepy-looking horse, I succeeded in getting one of those same abominable brutes I had tried to steer clear of. My feelings, however, were spared for awhile, for "ignorance then was bliss."

We all mounted in good style, and then the command "Cross stirrups!" was given. Before going any farther, I must explain a little. We had all understood that we were to ride simply with a blanket at first, but we found that our Riding-master was going to make us ride with saddles, and with *crossed stirrups*. That was something no "third class" had ever attempted before; and it is my opinion, soberly expressed, if you want a man's soul and body to part company, just place him on a hard trotting horse, with a "No. 3 McClellan saddle," with *no stirrups*, and set him going! If you find anything left of him when he stops—that is, if he *does* stop—it will be little less than a miracle. Well, we all mounted with the stirrups, and then, at the command, crossed our stirrups over the horses' necks, just in front of the pommels of the saddles, and started off. The brute (Reynolds) I was on, showed a decided inclination to stand on his ears, and on the tip end of his tail. He started off, however, at a walk quite respectably, but at the command "Trot! March!" "Oh! Then began the tempest to my soul!" (*I never fully realized the sense of that expression before.*) To my intense disgust, my horse was determined to get to the head of the platoon, and accordingly started off on one of the most *terrific*, *hard*, *swift*, *long*, *stiff-legged* trots that ever had fallen to my lot.

The saddle must be described. It was one of the same kind I had used in the Volunteer Cavalry, but in size plenty large enough for a man of "Daniel Lambert's" dimensions. In addition to this, it had been worn so confoundedly smooth and slippery by constant use, that it was just like glass.

The bare idea that a person of my size could keep himself within hailing distance of *such* a saddle, was perfectly absurd. In riding without stirrups, we have to hold ourselves on, by the pressure of the knees and thighs. When the old brute started off with such an infernal hard trot, I felt my insides travel up and down at the rate of a mile a minute, and I commenced striking the saddle like a rubber ball, bounding in spite of all I could do, as if I had been knocked on the head with a club, and struck the saddle only to bound up again. In addition to this graceful but eccentric movement, I rolled all over that abominable saddle, sometimes riding Indian fashion, with one leg over the saddle, and the other within six inches of the tan-bark. For a change, my head and his neck would meet in a most unexpected manner, and then I would travel backwards with indescribable rapidity. In spite of all the old beast could do, he did not get me off until the command "Gallop!" was given; but I was getting dreadfully bruised all the time.

When the command "Gallop!" was given, I felt relieved, for I *hoped* that I could get the brute into a gallop, but how cruelly was I deceived! for he immediately "*lit out*" with a gait that struck me dumb with terror. His preceding movements were like the motion of a cradle, compared with those I had yet to undergo.

The old hypocrite started off with three or four steps of an easy gallop, and just as I was getting accustomed to the motion, he would suddenly put in five or six "*licks*" of his hardest, stiffest trot. The combination was too ludicrous to be described, but oh! how I was suffering!

All this time I had not dared to raise my eyes, for my "gallant steed" occupied all my attention; but when, unfortunately, I did look up, the sight fairly made me roar with laughter, notwithstanding all my pain. There were ten or twelve cadets in front of me, and six or eight behind me, *bumping*, *rolling*, *climbing* around, all over their saddles, in the most ludicrous manner possible. You know "Misery loves company,"—and when I saw those other poor fellows jolted up and down like shuttlecocks, and knew they were catching it too, I laughed as I never laughed before. Any body would have thought me crazy, for I laughed and groaned, till the tears came into my eyes. But the laughing proved disastrous, for it used up what little strength I had left, and I felt that I could not stick on much longer. I knew I should have to fall off, but I did hate to be the first one thrown in our platoon. Oh! how I did wish that somebody would tumble off before me, for I was determined not to be the first one unhorsed. At last I saw one poor fellow tumble off, heels over head into the tan-bark, and I immediately followed suit. If my life had depended on it, I couldn't have held on another second. I struck flat on my back in the tan-bark, and the horse kept on with the rest. I did not get injured in falling, but I was very weak, and I knew if I ever got on again, I should not be able to keep in the saddle. As I got slowly up out of the tan-bark, the Riding-master yelled out—"Catch your horse, and mount, sir!" I stood still, and as the horses passed me, then at a walk, I caught my charger, and climbed up into the saddle.

No sooner were my stirrups crossed than that horrible "Trot! March!" was given, and at it we went. I did not get once around the hall before I tumbled off again. I staggered up on my feet, and the Riding-master, seeing I was nearly used up, told me to rest a few minutes before re-mounting. When I was ready to mount, he changed my horse, and gave me another which he probably thought would be easier for me, but this ugly brute ("Pandora," the most vicious horse in the stables), in addition to the eccentric qualities of the other horse, had a peculiar knack of twisting her whole skin, which made my head twirl like a top. While we were on a terrific gallop, she actually threw me over her head, and I struck my hip against the boards that are placed as a protection against the stone walls, and fell directly under her. I was not totally insensible, but I hadn't the power to move at first, it shocked me so dreadfully. The horse behind me would have stepped on me, but his rider—an excellent horseman—made him jump over me. As I lay there, the horses, one after another, either jumped over me, or shied to one side, and I hope I may never again experience such a terrible sensation. There seemed to be a perfect halo of horses' heels around my head, and I expected every second that one of them would go crashing through my skull. Pleasant thought, wasn't it? After they had all passed, I crawled painfully up on my feet for the third time, so completely knocked up that I could scarcely speak, breathe, or move. The old wretch of a Riding-master was going to make me re-mount for the third time, but I told him I had hurt my hip, and then he

let me go to the hospital. As soon as I went out of the hall, I felt a sort of faintness come over me, and was finally carried feet first to the hospital by two of the cadets.

I could not lie down with any comfort, neither could I walk, nor sit down. The inside of my thighs, clear down to my knees, was completely black and blue. Every muscle and nerve in my body seemed twisted out of place, and I only hope that no mortal will ever suffer as I did during the next week. I was rubbed with liniment, and by Saturday I felt much easier, and now I have entirely recovered, except a little stiffness in my back and hips. A little more exercise in the riding-hall to-morrow afternoon will limber me up some, I expect. Seven cadets were thrown in our platoon that day, and those who did stick on, suffered dearly for it. There is scarcely a third-classman who does not go walking around like an animated pair of dividers. It is one of the most cruel things that can be thought of, to be obliged to ride without stirrups for the first time on such perfect devils as some of those horses are. There were upwards of thirty who were thrown, and only three or four of them were injured —none severely. One had his foot stepped on in a playful manner by one of the incarnate fiends, mashing his big toe into a jelly ; but that was not of much consequence, as it has now recovered. Many were severely bruised, but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, it is impossible for a cadet to get hurt badly by being thrown in the riding-hall. The only way is to ride right through, and take the pounding and bruises, and get used to it. The remedy is a rough one, but the only one effectual.

I used to think in my younger days it was fun to go to a circus; but there is no necessity for a circus ever to come to West Point whenever the third-class commence riding, for then we have one of our own, in which each rider is clown, lofty tumbler, acrobat, and monkey, all combined in one. Before my class graduated, one cadet had his leg broken, and two others were rendered lame for life, by some of those same satanic beasts.

A DIABOLICAL EXTRACT.

Cadet! repent thee quickly of thy sins,
Ere yet thy final punishment begins;
Lest thou, alas! too soon the power mayst know,

Of "forces" not in "equilibrio."
Down to those depths which sun ne'er shone upon,
The "force of gravity" shall draw thee on,
And thou wilt find in sorrow and in pain,
That thy "inertia" will resist in vain.
"Sulphurous flames," anon, burst on thy view,
The "symbol," thou knowest well, is "*S. O.*$_2$"
And then with fear thy frightened eyes will see
Flames of that stuff we represent by "*P.*"
But one sweet thought may thy sad spirit cheer,
In that bad place, they drink their whiskey clear;
For strange although the statement seems to be,
There's no "*HO,*" although so "*HO–T.*"

CARMEN AD TERRY.

[The following was written at Richmond, Virginia, during the Rebellion, and is inserted in the collection by request.]

Terry, leave us, sumus weary;
Jam nos taedet te videre,
Si vis nos with joy implore,
Terry, in hac terra tarry
Diem *nary.*

For thy domum long'st thou non-ne?
Habes wife aut filios bonny—
Socios Afris, magis ton-y?
Haste then, Terry, military,
Pedem ferre.

Forte Thaddeus may desire thee,
Sumner, et id om., admire thee,
Nuisance nobis (not to ire thee),
We can span thee, magne Terry,
Freely—very.

Hear the Prex's proclamation,
Nos fideles to the nation.
Gone est nunc thy place et station,
Terrifier momentary,
Sine query.

Yes, thy doom est scriptum—"Mene."
Longer ne nos naso tene,
Thou hast dogged us diu, bene;
Loose us, terrible bull Terrier,
We'll be merrier.

Bid thy dulces Afros vale—
Pompey, Scipio, et Sally—
Seek some back New Haven alley,
Terry, quit this territory,
Con amore.

Sed verba tibi abituro;
Pay thy rent bills; et conjuro,
Tecum take thy precious Bureau;
Terry, Turner, Blue-coat hom'nes,
Ab hinc omnes!

MY PIPE AND I.

Now, my good pipe, I'll light thee;
And whilst the smoke-clouds rise,
I'll sit and dream, as slightly
They curl before my eyes.

In varied forms around me,
The blue wreaths turn and twist,
Expanding till they've bound me
In sparkling wavy mist.

Now Fancy spreads her pinions,
And waves her magic wand,
And gladsome, life-like visions
Spring up beneath her hand.

Anon she calls on memory
For scenes of by-gone days;
Or opens wide futurity
To our expectant gaze.

'Neath every clime she takes us,
From polar ice and snows,
Where winter's chill e'er shakes us,
To where the simoon blows.

Dear pipe, to thee we owe this,
For thou dost Fancy aid;
Yet, though ascetics know this,
Against thee they've inveighed.

Let those, then, who decry thee,
Themselves forbear thy use,
I still will love and try thee,
Despite all their abuse.

THE BILLY GOAT.

Two ladies, young and fair,
And of cadets a pair,
Were—I'll not say where.
One day in winter,
Round a bright fire they sat
Talking of this and that,
During their merry chat,
Thoughtless of danger.

Sudden, a noise they hear,
Slight it is true, but near,
As though some person were
With the door tampering.
Soon, wide it opes, to show,
With his face all aglow,
"Ned." with a goat in tow;—
Then what a scampering!!

"Maggie" cries—"Murder! fire!"
"Nellie" screams louder, higher,
Every misfortune dire
At the intruder.

No door nor window nigh,
No place to hide or fly;
What could they do, but cry
Louder and louder?

Still the goat onward hies,
Spite of noise, screams, and cries,
Fire flashing from his eyes,
Straight to "Miss Nellie."
"Cadets!"—exclaims she now—
"Do ye in trembling bow?
Will ye a goat allow,
Thus to tramp o'er me?"

No—that would never do;
Up to their feet they flew,
"Charley" and "Dunbar" too,
Facing the monster.
He, in turn, halts to see
Who the rash youths can be,
That would thus recklessly
Rush into danger.

Though goat in battle yet,
Cadet had never met,
In their lips firmly set,
Reads he their mettle.
Still he moves on again,
Butting with might and main,
Till he has cut in twain
Their line of battle.

Thinking the field now won,
Madly he dashes on;
"Nellie's" last hope seems gone,
When the goat falters;

Strength is of no avail,
All his mad struggles fail,
"Dunbar" has seized his tail,
"Roe," his long whiskers.

Stopped thus in full career,
Held both in front and rear,
"No night nor Blucher near,"
Yields he to numbers.
All his bold projects marred,
Banished the hotel yard,
Under strict watch and guard,
"Goatie" now slumbers.

"DADEGAN'S HIVE."

A flute's mellow notes, and a guitar were heard,
As "Dadegan" inspected, December the third;
"Ha! ha!" cried he, as he pricked up his ears,
"A good chance for a 'hive,' for one of my years."

So with slow cautious steps he sped o'er the ground,
Not caring a cent, though George Harris was "*found;*"
To the "Sixth Div." he strode—no reluctance he felt,
Though the music he heard would a savage heart melt.

The cadets stopped playing; "Dadegan," he stared,
Then doffing his cloak, his broad sword he bared;
With arm high up-lifted, and fire-flashing eye,
From "Dadegan's" broad bosom came forth this loud cry:

"Back to your beds" he cried;
Then as the torrents glide
From Mount Blanc's shaggy side
To the valley's destruction,

So down his broad sword flew,
Cleaving the air in two,
While his mad actions grew
Beyond misconstruction.

"Begone varlets! 'way from here,
Step out! sirs; don't you hear?
This music 'll cost you dear,
In 'extras' and leather;
For this you'll walk the plain
In wind, snow, sleet, and rain,
Till your limbs ache with pain;
No matter what weather."

He ceased; and o'er his startled hearers fell
A clammy dew that nought could quell;
While from the stairs, through the open door,
Might now be heard "Medorem's" snore.

Grouped in a circle, "Dadegan" round
They stood with eyes bent on the ground;
Pointing to one the finger of fate,
"Dadegan" said—"your name, sir, state!"

With form erect, with voice clear and bold,
This one replied—it need not be told
That his face became a little paler—
"My name, dear sir, is Charley Shaler."

The next who caught "Dadegan's" eye,
Was a strapping young fellow—and why
He's nick-named "Sedge," I declare that's
Too much for me; his true name's Pratt.

In his turn came unfortunate "Bricks,"
Fiddler's luck, less pennies than kicks
Fell to his lot; his last song's sung,
Hushed his voice, his guitar's unstrung.

No more he'll sing while free from quarters,
That sad lay, "Ratcatcher's Daughter;"
No more, no more our hearts he'll cheer
With the sweet notes of "Gay Cavalier."

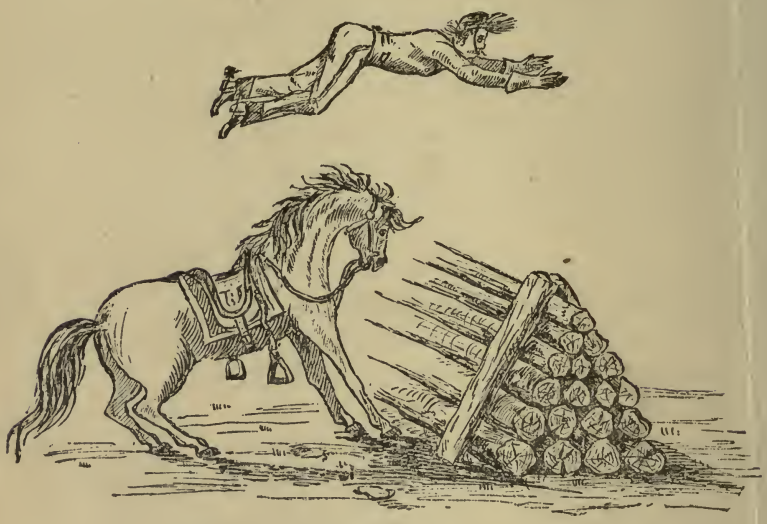
Thus through the band "Dadegan" ran,
He "hived" Wood and Wager; and Mahan
Has found ere this, or I'm mistaken,
That "1 P. M." don't save his bacon.

The last he caught was "round-head" Moss,
To paint his sorrow I'm at loss,
With downcast face did trembling stand,
A "*chunk of rosin*" held in his hand.

And thus by the aid of Luna's pale light,
In one rank formed squad, faced to the right,
With a solemn tread, all wrapt in gloom,
They followed "Dadegan" to his room.

NOTE.—The above was written in consequence of the "Amateur Cadet Band's" being "hived" by the Inspecting Officer one night "after Taps," while they were serenading in Barracks without permission. As a natural result, the entire band was reported and punished, and had all their musical instruments confiscated.

MEDITATIONS BY ONE TURTLE.



To think of that day on the plain
Causes my blood to curdle,
The day I did my elbow sprain,
When "*Burwell*" baulked the hurdle.

CAMP OF '66.

(Class of '67.*)*

For three long years we've been struggling through,
Vive la compagnie!
Studies in plenty, and drills not a few,
Vive la compagnie!
And now to the Camp we're hurrying fast,
Which, praised be the Lord! is surely our last,
The time flying quickly, it soon will be past,
Vive la compagnie!

The ladies' sweet smiles will quicken the hours,
Vive la compagnie!
On cheeks richly decked with youth's fairest flowers,
Vive la compagnie!
A hand snowy white gently rests on your arm,
The rosy lips whisper like leaves 'fore a storm,
While the eyelashes droop, and the cheek flushes warm,
Vive la compagnie!

The lights shine softly on bosoms fair,
Vive la compagnie!
On fairy-like robes perfuming the air,
Vive la compagnie!
On taper waists clasped in the galop's wild sweep,
While tiny feet hide, or now and then peep,
And bright eyes soften, and heart pulses leap,
Vive la compagnie!

As long as with hope and ladies we're blest,
Vive la '67!
What care we for drills, parades and the rest?
Vive la '67!
The pleasures are many, the troubles are *nix*,
So then let us all a brimming bowl mix,
And drink to the *Camp* of *Sixty* and *Six*,
Vive la '67!

"TE ROGAMUS."

Dear General, since you have held
Your sway paternal o'er us,
Your care unceasing has expelled
Aught that might fret or bore us.
You've built a Laundry for our use,
And put machinery in it,

Which has withstood a year's abuse,
And stands intact this minute.
In vain do grumblers fume and fret,
And swear by all that's holy,
That for some things they're waiting yet,
That whole things come back *hole-y*.
Of shirts too, spoiled by rust, they speak,
And collars limp and mouldy;
To pass in silence, "skins" each week,
For "lists" not as they should be.
We should not speak of trifles such,
Of course we should not, should we?
For wash-bills are not *twice* as much
As ere you built the Laundry.
The roads, the docks your skill has made,
'Tis not for us to mention;
Although in them you have displayed
Both talent and invention.
So we'll pass on to something which
Assumes more vast importance,
Than dock or bridge, than road or ditch,
Or any mere convenience.
'Tis known that woman since the day
When simple father Adam
By mother Eve was led astray,
And ate the fruit denied 'em,
A pest to man has ever been,
Beguiling, by her beauty,
The priest from prayer, the saint to sin,
The soldier from his duty.
Against an enemy so fair,
What could we fellows do,
But lavish buttons, hearts, and hair?
At least we did, till you
By opposition, wisely stern,

To "permits," hops, flirtations,
The wily fair ones caused to mourn
O'er wasted fascinations.
After a benefit like this,
Conferred without our asking,
To ask for more must seem amiss;
But still your kindness tasking,
Dear General, I must crave one
More mark of love and favor,
To crown what you've already done
And make us yours forever.—
In former times you know we could
Have *water* "ad libitum,"
To bathe as often as we would,
And gas "ad infinitum;"
Until you judged that lights should all
Be doused before eleven;
And that one bath a month in fall,
Would be sufficient often.
But as for near a fortnight now,
The bath-rooms have been shut up,
There soon will be a jolly row,
Unless more water turns up;
For though we love not "dry-baths" less,
When other things are equal,
Once in awhile we must confess,
A "water-bath" seems needful.
Now, General, if you'll permit,
We'll offer a petition,
Hoping the plan that we submit
Will meet your quick decision;
To draw us from our present fix,
And render water handy,
The Officers need only mix
Less water in their Brandy.

"MOTHER GOOSE, No. 2."

A—stands for Almy, whose nick-name is "Jake,"
Whose soldierly longings his back they did break.
B—stands for Bassel, or otherwise "Dad,"
A liking for fish-horns and nozzles he had.
C—stands for Campbell, alias ole "Legs,"
Who is naught but a shadow from his nose to his pegs.
D—stands for Davis, jocosely called "Jack,"
Who hasn't much hair, and that isn't black.
E—stands for Eckhart, though "Buck" 's his nickname,
Who can ride a slow horse with the aid of his mane.
F—stands for Farragut—jolly old "Bricks,"
Who sings little songs, and his guitar often picks.
G—stands for Griffith, whose hair's made of wire,
Who can pick every lock, and yell at a fire.
H—stands for Heintz, who at "Buttermilk Falls,"
For unlawful objects oft uselessly calls.
J—stands for Horatio Ap Morgan Jones,
Who is famed in the Corps for "Division o' platoons."
Let L for Lomia, the foreigner stand,
Whose baritone voice your applause will command.
M—stands for Mahan, who does nothing but toot,
Day in and day out on his confounded flute.
O—stands for Osgood, who on furlough, when asked
If he'd had any "extras," said "he'd walked off his last."
P—stands for Pitman—familiarly "Pit,"
Who has a large nose, and thinks he's a wit.
R—stands for Rogers, both "William" and "Bob,"
"Will" 's some on back hair, "Bob's" nose is a snub.
S—stands for Schenck, who dances with grace,
With his eyes gently closed and a smile on his face.
T—stands for Thornburgh, whose yarns are far-fetched;
In believing them all, one's conscience is stretched.
W—for Wood, now brings up the rear,
Whose bass-viol's groans are awful to hear.

A LAMENTABLE BALLAD.

Being ye true historie of what misfortunes befell one "Muss-Shed."

(*By his Widow.*)

"Muss-shed" was a gay young bummer,
Never will you find a rummer,
Though you search for many a summer.

In dreams I think I see him yet,
A handsome swallow-tailed cadet,
Whose coat had e'er the neatest set.

Whose buttons many fair ones prized,
Whose cruel arts caused many sighs,
And dimmed many a pair of eyes

With tears, whose jewelled lustre shone
On him unmoved, the while his tone
Was careless of their hopes o'erthrown.

And often through the mazy dance,
Revolved this "Muss-shed's" striped pants
Like the rude rustic contrivance,

Whose use we know, and that right well,
But which I don't intend to tell,
Rather I'll force my thoughts to dwell

On "Muss-shed's" sad, unhappy fate.
Ah! woeful tale, do I relate!
All lonely is my widowed state!

Poor "Muss-shed" wouldn't "bone his Chim."
It's mysteries were dark to him,
And so his chance was pretty slim.

"Low-Rain's" voice sounded in his ears,
His "*hardly*" filled his soul with fears,
While his dry tones were full of sneers.

And though he wrote reactions o'er
The black-board, thus to prove his lore,
And though he mentioned every ore

That e'er was dug from out the ground,
Or picked from off the Earth's fair round,
Misfortunes all his efforts crowned.

The Adjutant, with dreary shout,—
"Muss-shed! deficient!" soon read out,
And "found" he was beyond a doubt.

The buoyant hopes of three long years,
The painful struggles, doubts, and fears,
Were ended then, when on his ears

That sentence fell. All joy was fled,
He wished himself among the dead,
This same unfortunate "Muss-shed."

With frenzied steps he sought the river,
And though the cold caused many a quiver,
It was not fear that made him shiver.

'Tis said, that while he pondered there,
He sighed a sigh, and breathed a prayer;
But unto this I will not swear.

But if he did (I wish I knew),
The sigh was for his love so true,
The prayer was for the trusting few

Who money unto him had lent.
How often had their bills been sent!
How few of them will get a cent!

He paused not long upon the brink,
But plunged down boldly in the drink;
His gravity did make him sink.

There, 'midst the dank weeds, prone, he lies;
The light has vanished from his eyes,
And never more will he arise.

Although he's gone, my "Muss-shy" friend,
And whilst I mourn his awful end,
This thought shall peace and solace send,

And every present joy enhance ;—
Next summer thro' the mazy dance,
I'll whirl in "Muss-shed's" "demmy" pants.

THE RAVING.

Once upon a morning dreary,
Whilst I pondered sad and weary,
Over the remains of cooking,
And the grease upon my floor,
Suddenly there came a tapping,
As of Kent or Piper rapping,
Rapping on my chamber door;
Only this and nothing more.

What I said I will not mention,
When I heard a "Stand attention!"
Coming from my chamber door.
Up I jumped, nor word did utter,
As with many a sniff and splutter,
Came the giant form of "Forest"
Gazing on my greasy floor;
Lord be praised 'twas nothing more.

And behind him came a creature,
Human as to form and feature,
Whom I recognized as "Jay-Key,"
Gazing, too, upon my floor.
Then I heard this creature vicious,
Putting on a smile malicious,
Mutter—"You've been having cooking!
That is what has greased your floor!"
"Only this, and nothing more."

"Yes," said Forest, "I can smell it,
'Tis so plain that one can tell it
By the odor of the cooking,
And the grease upon the floor."
Then his spirit burned within him,
And he said to "Jay-Key"—"Skin him!
Skin him for the smell of cooking!
Skin him for a greasy floor!"
"Yes," said "Jay," and something more.

Then he looked around him brisker,
Came the horizontal whisker,
In the middle of my floor.
And he waved his right arm proudly,
And he said to me more loudly,
"Sir! by what authority,
Did you cook and grease your floor!
Tell me! Is there nothing more?"

Then he said with look aggressive,
And with twist of head expressive,
"Put him on as Orderly,
Orderly for one week more!"
"Yes," said "Jay-Key," "I will do it;
This young man shall surely rue it,
Rue the day that he had cooking,
Rue the time he greased his floor,
He shall serve for one week more!"

Then they left me in my sadness,
Musing o'er the deed of madness,
Thinking of the smell of cooking,
And the grease upon my floor.
All my nights are turned to mourning,
Visions stern of "extras" dawning
On my tearful, blinded vision,
Cause me pain forever more.
That is all—there's nothing more.

THE FAMOUS BILLIARD-TABLE.

To any one who may be inclined to scoff at the idea that there is any thing famous, or even extraordinary, in the following sketch, I will merely say—that any person, who knows of the severe discipline of cadet life, and the enormous penalties one has to pay for the breach of any orders, or regulations, will appreciate the impudence of the cadets who dared to violate orders in such an open manner. Games of all kinds,—cards, dice, billiards, etc., being prohibited, the Tactical Officers were always on the lookout for any violation of the order, and gloated with satanic glee whenever they could catch any unfortunate delinquents.

During the winter of 1865 and '66, certain members of the Second Class conceived the brilliant idea of starting a Billiard Club, and accordingly wrote on to "Griffiths," a well-known billiard-table manufacturer in New York, and had a nice carom-table, eight feet by five, made, paying the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars for it.

It was accordingly sent up to Garrison's Station, addressed to one of the inhabitants to lull suspicion—having the appearance of a piano nicely boxed up. About 12 o'clock on the night after its arrival at Garrison's—some half a dozen cadets "hived" Mr. Bratt's ox-sled, drew it down the hill, over the river on the ice, and brought back the

VIEW FROM GARRISON'S.

billiard-table safely to Barracks. Some two weeks previous, we had bribed an old coal-heaver, who tended the furnaces in the cellar under "C" Company's quarters in the Barracks,—not to know any thing which might occur in one of the coal-rooms; and accordingly had cleaned it out nicely, put up a stove (the fuel was easily had), boarded up the window, and filled it in with tan-bark to deaden the sound of the balls, put in a card-table, some half a dozen chairs, four kerosene-oil lamps with reflectors, a supply of pictures on the walls, pipes and tobacco, a keg of cider, a barrel of crackers, and a whole cheese;—

all the surroundings of a "first-class" billiard-room, excepting spirituous liquors—we being "on pledge" at the time. As I said before, the billiard-table arrived safely, was taken down into the room, mounted on two carpenter's horses, and levelled; and we started in full blast. The officers, in going down to the mess, frequently heard the click of the balls, but could not account for it, until three or four months after, when the check, which had been given to Mr. Griffiths in payment for the table, very mysteriously came into the hands of the Treasurer of the Academy, and set them all to thinking.

They found out that the cadets had a billiard-table *somewhere*, but *where* they could not ascertain,—so careful were the cadets in going to and from the billiard-room. Many an unsuccessful search did the officers make for that table, even going so far as to search some houses in the vicinity of the Barracks, but never dreaming that it could be in the coal-cellar.

The ladies at the Post heard of it, and teased and tormented the officers unmercifully at their inability to catch the cadets and confiscate the table.

Each cadet on joining the Club paid a fee of ten dollars; so our Club increased in numbers and in wealth, though I think it was confined to about thirty members.

Many a match-game of billiards did we have in the small hours of the night, when we were supposed to be in our beds, dreaming of "molecules and eclipses."

During the summer encampment of 1866, the table was little used, but during the fall, and the first part of the winter, we enjoyed its privileges on the sly, to the great

detriment of our "Engineering," and had no end of fun. As all things temporal must have an end, so our billiard-table was destined to be confiscated by the harpies in blue uniform. One night in November two or three cadets left their rooms in "undress uniform," consisting of drawers, slippers, and dressing-gown, for the club-room, and, unfortunately, passed through the sally-port just ahead of two officers who were returning from the mess. The officers, instead of halting the cadets at once, followed them with cautious steps, thinking they might get a clue to the detested billiard-table, and "hive" them all red-handed. Slowly and silently they followed the unconscious cadets down into the basement under the "6th Div.," and waited in the dark at the entry, while the cadets went through the hall and gave a mysterious knock on the door at the other end. The door opened, a flood of light streamed into the passage, the click of the balls sounded sweetly on their ears, and sounds of many voices reached them. The door closed, and the officers were in the dark again.

They held a whispered consultation as to whether they should make the descent at once, or defer it until all the officers could get together, and see the fun.

They finally decided to put it off until the following night, get all the officers of the post, and make the descent together. Little did those officers think that they, *in their turn*, were followed by a solitary cadet, who suspected something was up, and kept as close to their heels as he could without being seen.

He had the benefit of their consultation, and as soon as they left the basement and went home, he came to the club-

room and electrified us all by the account of our narrow escape, and telling us also of the certainty of a descent the following night.

A meeting was called of all the members of the Club the following morning, and it was decided to make a virtue of necessity, and yield in a handsome manner. So the room was put in good order, the lamps cleaned and lighted early in the evening, a good fire started in the stove, the balls spotted on the table, and a note addressed to the "Tactical Officers on duty at the Academy," was folded and laid on the table; the door was closed and locked, and we all withdrew in good order.

The note read as follows:

"We, the members of the Billiard Club of the First Class of the Corps of Cadets, desire to present this billiard-table, with all its appurtenances, to the officers on duty at West Point, as a slight token of our gratitude to them, for the generous courtesy displayed by them towards us, in allowing us for so long a time to enjoy the privilege of the Club. The table was manufactured in New York nearly a year ago, and the room furnished at our own expense. From that time to the present we have freely indulged in this amusement, and we cannot but feel most grateful to you for your generous forbearance. Hoping that you will be pleased to accept this little token of regard, we are,

"Very respectfully yours,

"By Order of the Committee."

We learned afterwards, that shortly "after Taps" on that night, the officers assembled at the rooms of the Officer-in-charge, and proceeded in a body to the basement, all of them, no doubt, chuckling at the idea of not only confiscating the table, but also of "hiving" fifteen

or twenty cadets, and placing them in arrest. Several knocks on the door meeting with no response, the door was burst open, and they found themselves the *recipients* of the very table that they had so long tried to confiscate! One can imagine their mortification at being so completely outwitted by the cadets.

Shortly afterwards the table was presented to the wife of the Commandant of Cadets. The authorities could get no clue as to who the cadets were, and the matter was dropped; but the officers for a long time were twitted by the ladies at their grand failure in "hiving" the cadets.

WHERE HUDSON'S WAVE.

Where Hudson's wave o'er silvery sands,
  Winds through the hills afar,
Old Cro' Nest like a monarch stands,
  Crowned with a single star.
And there amidst the billowy swells
  Of rock-ribbed, cloud-capped earth,
My fair and gentle Ida dwells,
  A nymph of mountain birth.

The snow-flake that the cliff receives,
  The diamonds of the shore,
Spring's tender blossoms, buds, and leaves,
  The sisterhood of flowers,
Morn's early beam, eve's balmy breeze,
  Her purity define;
But Ida's dearer far than these
  To this fond heart of mine.

My heart is on the hills, the shades
Of night are on my brow;
Ye pleasant haunts, and quiet glades,
My soul is with you now!
I bless the star-crowned highlands, where
My Ida's footsteps roam,
Oh! for a falcon's wing to bear
Me onward to her home.

"KEEN" FROM THE MESS.

[SCENE.—Officers Mess, Christmas Eve, '66.—"Dad" and "Bobby" "taking a smile."]

* * * * * * * * * * *

Dad.—"Did you call for water, Bobby?"

Bobby.—"No; just the contrary. By the way, 'Dad,' do you 'savoir' why Mr. Gifford is like necessity?"

Dad.—"Why? Because—because—great Scott! I could not guess if I should try till—till—Mr. Swigert should graduate."

Bobby.—"Well, because he knows *no law!*"

[*Collapse of "Dad."*]

FORT PUTNAM.

"EXPERIMENTS."

AIR.—"*I wish I were a baby.*"

Oh! Bartlett used to love us,
His lectures were so nice,
He gave them always once a week,
And sometimes had them twice.
Then when the morning bugle blew,
And clouds came o'er my brow,
He'd say—"Let's have experiments!"
Why don't he do so now?

CHORUS.

I'd rather be a laborer,
Working by the hour,
Than "bone" these "old mechanics,"
That treat of "force and power."

He used to think so much of us,
He'd gather us around,
And show us all his queer machines,
With cords and wires round.
He'd talk and lecture to the class,
Explaining *why* and *how*,
While we dozed on without a care;
Why don't he do so now?

CHORUS.

I'd rather be a laborer,
Working by the hour,
Than "bone" these "old mechanics,"
That treat of "force and power."

N. B.—Apropos of the above—

"What is the difference between an author and a Second Classman "boning his Mechanics?"

ANSWER.—"One *fills* his *book*, and the other *books* his '*Phil.*'"

"AITCH EM BEE."

A new chemical compound discovered and analyzed by Cadet "ETONAX."

SYMBOL.—"Aitch Em Bee."

Has no equivalent.

Gaseous—of a dark color, and very explosive.

Has a great affinity for alcohol, with which it combines in great quantities.

Of great tenacity and importance.

Common names for it:
- Old Harry,
- Forrest,
- The Black Prince,
- The Horizontal Whisker.

Methods of detecting its presence.

1. Blow a fish-horn in the area of barracks.
2. Go through the manual at drill *carelessly.*

It abounds in large quantities at West Point, and was first found by Professor Church in a substance called Mathematics.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

It has been the custom at West Point for the past few years to have "Private Theatricals" once during each winter. In years previous this was more of a "minstrel show;" now, without intending to say anything at all detrimental to the tastes of the Corps in those days, we thought it would be rather more elevated and refined if we could get up some theatricals; so, long before December commenced, we wrote to a theatrical publisher, who sent us an innumerable lot of plays—heavy tragedies and side-splitting farces; and then we had great sport select-

ing the proper ones. A Committee was appointed to read over all the plays, and endeavor to combine good taste and sound judgment in choosing suitable ones. After casting some aside because they were too "heavy," and others because of the great number of female characters in them, they at last decided on the two following, which are given with the "original cast" in the programme below:

Private Theatricals,

GIVEN BY THE

U. S. CORPS OF CADETS,

AT WEST POINT, N. Y.,

IN THE FENCING ACADEMY,

SATURDAY EVENING, DEC. 29TH, 1866.

Positively the only Appearance of this Great Troop!!!

DOORS OPEN AT 7:30. ENTERTAINMENT TO COMMENCE WHEN WE GET READY.

Stage Manager and Director.....Cadet MAHAN.
Musical Conductor.....J. ELSON.

OVERTURE.....ORCHESTRA.

I.

THE MELANCHOLY DRAMA OF

LEND ME FIVE SHILLINGS.

(DURING THE PERFORMANCE OF WHICH NO LEVITY WILL BE ALLOWED IN THE AUDIENCE.)

Mr. Golightly.. { *In whose pockets metalliferous deposits do not obtain, and who is spooney over Mrs. Major P.* } .....Cadet SARTLE.

Captain Phobbs.. { *Largely interested in the Crosby Opera House scheme* } ....Cadet RUFFNER.

Captain Spruce..(*Who "pines" for a majority in the V. R. C.*).Cadet W. E. ROGERS.

Moreland, a young Artist. { *Not an "N. A."—but by no means not of "any" account*..... } .....Cadet WAGER.
Sam.....(*A mendacious Milesian, who knows what's what*) ....Cadet RODMAN.
Mrs. Major Phobbs. { *Relict of the late lamented Major P., who left her rather a "gneiss" (nice) thing in the way of "rocks" (un-stratified)*... } .Cadet O. E. WOOD.
Mrs. Captain Phobbs. { *Who recklessly squanders Capt. Phobbs' $1,500 a year*..... } ....Cadet HODGSON.

MUSIC.....ORCHESTRA.

II.

I. Quartette.....Cadets HEATH, W. E. ROGERS, WAGER, O. E. WOOD.
II. Fancy Dance.....Cadet FARRAGUT.
III. "Spirito Gentil".....(*from Opera of La Favorita*).....Cadet LOMIA.
IV. Fancy Dance.....Cadets S. R. JONES and FARRAGUT.
V. Quartette.....Cadets HEATH, W. E. ROGERS, WAGER, O. E. WOOD.
VI. Flute Solo.....Cadet MAHAN.
VII. Fancy Dance.....Cadet S. R. JONES.
VIII. "O! Lisbona!"....(*from Opera of Don Sebastian*).....Cadet LOMIA.

MUSIC.....ORCHESTRA.

III.

THE MISCHIEVOUS NIGGER.

(*NO DISRESPECT INTENDED TO THE MASS. LEGISLATURE.*)

Anthony Snow.. { *The aforesaid irrepressible Contraband. Not a candidate in the recent election*..... } .Cadet MCCALLUM.
Colonel Flutter...(*A benign, but slightly apoplectic old gentleman*)....Cadet CRANSTON.
Mons Fripon .....(*A French Barber, in love with Mrs. Morton*)...Cadet FARRAGUT.
Jimmy Ducks, an Irishman.. { *Something of a Fenian, but more of a "Fanny-un"*.... } .....Cadet RODMAN.
Mrs. Morton.....(*A widow, and mother of twins*) Cadet O. E. WOOD.
Fanny Nibbs..... { *A model nurse. (Every family should have one)*..... } .....Cadet HODGSON.

MUSIC.....ORCHESTRA.

N. B.—Those of the audience who wish to weep may draw handkerchiefs, provided they are out of debt. During the intermission between the Second and Third Parts, officers will be allowed to go down to the "Mess," provided they do not take any undue advantage of the permit. Members of the Corps not on pledge may partake of pea-nuts during this intermission. Persons not able to procure seats, can have the privilege of bowling Ten-Pins in the Gymnasium.

The plays chosen, then the trouble commenced, assigning the parts.

Smith couldn't take the part of "Moreland, the young Artist," because his hair didn't curl, and all young artists were supposed to have curly hair. Brown couldn't take the part of "Mrs. Major Phobbs," because his voice was too deep, and then, you know, he didn't have enough style. White couldn't act "Mrs. Captain Phobbs," because he was too infernally tall, and, then, his complexion was too dark. Robinson was too painfully thin to take the character of "Mrs. Morton," as the "mother of twins." Short's nose was too long for a female, and, besides, his hair was red. Long having been "found in French" the previous year, couldn't be expected to act "Mons. Fripon," "the French barber."

Right here, let me give all amateurs a bit of advice—if you have a good, energetic Manager, you will be sure to succeed. We *had* a good Manager, and consequently we had the parts assigned at last without any ill-will. We rehearsed nearly every afternoon after 4 o'clock, in one of the Barrack-rooms, and by the middle of December we knew our parts perfectly. About a week before the Theatricals came off, we were all busily engaged in building a stage, fixing curtains, foot-lights, &c., in the "Fencing Academy," using the little room where "Tony" keeps his foils, gloves, and ponderous broadswords, for a dressing-room. Here was where the abilities of our Manager came into play. He built the stage—constructed it so that the front of it was a perfect ellipse; he put up the curtains, arranged the furniture,—was here, there,

and everywhere. Without him we should have failed most egregiously. Then, what a rummaging around the Post for costumes, &c.! We remember the cadet who represented the character of "Mrs. Morton," "the mother of twins," going down to the "Dutchman's" and vainly endeavoring to borrow a couple of the "Frow's" babies, knowing, with her numerous progeny, she would not have missed them; but she was afraid "dose caddets would hurt dem," and very wisely refused to loan any of her offspring. He was consequently reduced to the necessity of manufacturing two immense rag babies out of some old artillery pants, painting their faces on white cloth, in a very artistic manner. Two cradles were hired of a junk-dealer in Highland Falls. (Strange to say, there was not a cradle to be found at the Post, in consequence of all the children having been brought up "in arms.") The squalling of the brats was performed by two "Plebes" behind the scenes. The dresses of the female characters in the first play were really excellent;—"Mrs. Major Phobbs" being resplendent in real diamond rings, massive gold bracelets, chains, etc., and a rich green satin dress with a long train. "Mrs. Captain Phobbs's" low-necked dress was decidedly *au fait*. Japanese switches and chignons were borrowed from some of the ladies of the Post, to adorn the heads of these beautiful females. Carmine and whiting took the place of rouge and pearl powder. We are fain to smile when we think of the entertainment of the previous year, when a cadet, who was acting the part of a dashing young lady, felt that the waterfall—which was fastened to the back of his head by an elastic—began

to slip, and when, in the course of the play, he was obliged to faint gracefully away, great was his mortification, and greater still was the uproar and laughter of the audience, when the unlucky *coiffure* came down, and rolled slowly off the stage among the orchestra. * * * * * "Mrs. Captain Phobbs" rendered herself so fascinating that one of the officers, who, no doubt, had paid frequent visits to the "Mess" during the evening, expressed a strong determination to go behind the curtain and kiss the aforesaid "Phobbs," but was deterred by his companions as being detrimental to the interests of the service. "Mr. Golightly" was admirable, as he always was in any part he undertook. Our "French Barber" was capital; no wonder that the "lone widow" was fascinated by his attentions, and his generous present of a bottle of "Bar's grease." "Antony Snow," the "irrepressible contraband," was, without exception, the "*star* of the evening." All the characters were admirably sustained. Having been a participant myself, perhaps I may not be considered an impartial critic, but the audience were very enthusiastic, and their continued applause seemed to inspire us with unwonted vigor, and we certainly did our "level best." The songs and dances were inspiriting, and well executed.

The small dressing-room presented a motley appearance; here stood, before a 12-inch mirror, a figure, to all appearance that of a beautiful young female, busily engaged in putting on the complexion (an art only known to the fair sex and ourselves); while close behind this fair form stood an elderly and very adipose gentleman, who was trying to make the hooks and eyes meet, now and then

giving vent to an expression very like an oath, as a hook or an eye would break; there sat the "Captain's charming wife," in white skirts, buttoning up her boots, while the "French Barber" was holding her dress ready for her to jump into. Another cadet was trying to edge in front of the glass to see the effect of the burnt cork and the woolly wig; the "Irishman" painting his nose a cherry-red, and giving a rakish tilt to his hat; the "Captain" waxing a fierce moustache; "Mr. Golightly" putting on an exquisite pair of kids, *and so throughout*, as our worthy Professor would say. It was, indeed, a motley group—a crowd of at least twenty cadets in a room ten feet by twelve. The cadet who enacted "Mrs. Morton" was obliged to dress in such haste, after singing in a quartette in his cadet uniform, that he forgot the waterfall entirely; but having on a bonnet it was not noticed, as he was especially careful to always present a front view.

The ladies of the post were all very kind, lending us such articles of their wardrobes, household furniture, and other worldly goods as we needed.

They do say that some of the cadets were privately instructed how to swing their dresses gracefully, and get the proper bend in walking. Be this as it may, the whole affair was a perfect success, and all of us look back to those days with pleasure.

THE ALCHEMIST.

There was a bold chemist, "Old Rat's Eye" the great,
For composing reactions he ne'er had his mate.
(HS) made him fat, and (HO) made him lean,
And this jolly old chemist could never keep clean

Chorus.

With "Miller" and "Fowne," he would do you up brown,
And bundle you off to your own native town.

It is said that when "Rat's Eye" was once on a drunk,
He mildly remarked to a volatile skunk,
"Some people object, but my dear little baste,
I assure you the smelling is quite to my taste."

A cannibal dread was this alchemist gay,
He'd chew up four men at the black-board each day;
Another on questions he'd playfully tackle,
And grind the poor boy till his phosphates would crackle.

With "Induction" he put you in very queer holes,
This "Gymnotus Electricus" with opposite poles;
With his negative head, and his positive tail,
He'd floor you "as cold" as a man with a flail.

An "azotized group" was this festive "Old Rats;"
He dissolved not in ethers, in oils, nor in fats.
He'll be glad when the time comes to slip this world's cable,
And pass into compounds a little more stable.

Down in that region which people call Hell,
They understand "Thermo-Electrics" quite well.
But the Devil will "fess," when "Rat's Eye" the sly,
Says—"*minus* or *plus*, Mr. Devil? and *why?*"

THE CADET'S SUNDAY.

When the last faint light of the sun sinks down
  In the grave of Saturday night,
And the outer world at the thought of rest,
  Feels a measureless calm delight,
The weary cadet, with a burdened heart,
  Falls to sleep oppressed with sorrow,
To think of the manifold cares that wake
  With the reveillé gun on the morrow.

THE CHAPEL.

For him it brings but a greater train
  Of evils than all the week,
And he sighs to think how oft in vain,
  With a reckless waste of cheek,
He has sued at the Surgeon's stony heart,
  With a fearfully put-on dejection,
But never succeeded by craft or art,
  In "wheatoning" the Sunday Inspection.

He thinks of his gun with its dirty breech,
  Of his bayonet spotted with rust,
Of his belt-plate's dark and murky phiz,
  And his cartridge-box covered with dust;

Of the screw-driver lost, and tompion flown,
Of the beard on which he doted,
And he mutters aloud, with sorrowful tone—
"To-morrow I'll sure be reported."

He gazes around at the cob-webbed walls,
At the floor all covered with grease.
(It was done last week, one night "after Taps,"
When he had with some comrades a feast.)
He longs for the day when, a gay graduate,
His charming young sweetheart he'll marry;
With neither a musket nor room to keep neat,
He'll ne'er dread the frowns of "Old Harry."

But these are all trifles; the heaviest blows
The depths of his misery search,
And the worst of them all is that long ordeal—
Those endless two hours at the Church,
Where his soul, like a criminal, sits in the stocks,
And suffers a tiresome par-boiling,
While he lists to the organ's horrible tone,
And the Minister's lifeless drawling.

A Corporal sits at the end of your seat,
With his watchful prying eyes,
Who like a hyena does hungrily gaze
At his certain trembling prize.
Through all the "long prayer" he bows down his head,
O'er a prayer-book seeming to pore,
While he only seeks to "skin" the first man
Who makes the least sound of a snore.

The grey-coated victims all yawning, save one,
Who, seeming to be a good man,
Is trying to hide "The Illustrated News"
By a prayer-book held in his hand;

While the musical fellows up in the choir,
All smile at the fruitless labor
Of a "Plebe" below, who is trying to wake
With a pin, his drowsy neighbor.

The spruce young officer there with his "spoons,"
The older one too, with his wife,
The dignified "Prof.," the quiet old maids,
All nodding as if for dear life.
But *we* must sit still, and be patiently stewed
Like a pot-full of "Mess-hall slumgudgeon,"
Because if one "cuts it," he's sure to be "hived,"
And the "Supt." gets into high dudgeon.

"Six days shalt thou labor, and do *all* thy work!"
And I think that Moses did best,
When he added below, by way of respite,
"From work on the Seventh thou shalt *rest.*"
But the High Priest of old would open his eyes,
And consider it very poor jesting,
If he could be present and see us enjoy
The military manner of resting.

Now our Chaplain says—and I'm not making fun,
Be sure that I mean not to scoff—
"That in Heaven they follow the golden sun
From its rise to the setting thereof;
With nothing but service in church every day,"
If it's true,—with a thousand regrets,
I must candidly say in sorrowful truth,
That Heaven is no place for cadets.

THE BIG MENAGERIE.

AIR.—"*Forty Years Ago.*"

Attention! all you dismal "Plebes,"
While the story I relate,
Of how I chanced to fall into
My present lost estate.
A moment only dry your tears,
And listen unto me,
For I'll describe the way we live
In this big Menagerie.

Ah! well can I recall the time
When once I was a "cit,"
And all the hours crept sweetly by,
I wish they did so yet;
But I panted then for martial fame,
And thought that it could be
Found nowhere else, unless I came
To this big Menagerie.

And so upon the First of June,
I reported, wild with joy,
To think that life would surely be
Henceforth without alloy;
For, a "stunner" in my native town,
I vowed I'd easily
Upon my muscle go right through
This big Menagerie.

But, oh! my bold defiant pluck
Oozed quickly all away,
Before I had a soldier been
For more than one long day:

They put me through a course of sprouts,
From which I could not flee,
And made me view the darker side
Of this big Menageriē.

And when with "Prelim." safely passed,
They marched me out to camp,
On weary errands far and wide,
For old cadets I tramp.
With squad-drill nearly all the day,
And police constantly,
I wish I'd ne'er enlisted in
This big Menageriē.

The first time that I went on guard,
The night was dark as pitch,
They took my gun, and then threw me
Right in Fort Clinton ditch;
"The Corporal!" I called aloud,
But not a step came he,
And thus I learned another dodge
Of this big Menageriē.

All day I scrub, police and drill,
Till trouble makes me weep,
And when the day is o'er, I am
Denied the boon of sleep;
But all the night lie tremblingly
From taps to reveillé,
Because I know I will be "yanked"
In this big Menageriē.

My ancient joy of "spoonying,"
Is all knocked into smash,
And pleasures all concentered are
In eating Mess-hall hash;

For should I meet a lady-fair,
I dare not speak,—for she
Would know that I was but a "Plebe"
In this big Menageriē.

They call us "beasts" and "vile reptiles,"
And goodness only knows,
I'd rather be a kangaroo
In one of the Circus shows;
For all the *real* animals
Are happier far than we,
For they know not what "squad-drill" is
In their Menageriē.

The lions, tigers, bears, and wolves
Can never feel our woes,
For who e'er heard of an elephant
Depressing his great toes?
And e'en the little monkeys are
All happy, light, and free,
And carry their heads just as they please
In their Menageriē.

But soon this Camp will end, and then
My troubles will be o'er,
I'll drop the "beast" from off my name,
And sing this song no more;
But where'er I roam in years to come
On land or on the sea,
I'll ne'er forget the time I served
In this big Menageriē.

A GENUINE CADET HASH.

(*By one who has been there.*)

Never having seen an account of a "cadet hash" in print, I think it is my duty to bring before the public a true *un-greased* statement of the manner in which the hungry "yearlings" prepare their midnight banquets.

"To go back to *first* principles," as Prof. Church would say, let me first explain the term *hash*. Probably no other word in the English language has such a world of meaning as the simple word "hash." It is a complete mystery! Webster defines *hash* to be "minced meat, or a dish of meat and vegetables chopped into small pieces, and mixed."

In boarding-house parlance, it means a mixture of cold meat—be it canine, feline, or "*tender-line*"—and vegetables warmed over for breakfast, being the refuse of yesterday's dinner. Now, to a cadet, when he gets a "bid" "to come up to my house to a hash after Taps," the word *hash* means a supper of roast chicken, or an oyster stew, a dish of taffie-candy, or a cup of chocolate and toast, a lot of cakes and pies from the "Dutchman's," or a basket of grapes and apples from "Kinsley's," two or three dozen hard-boiled eggs, or a genuine meat and potato hash. As the principle is the "*same* throughout" [*vide* French] I will describe the latter. Generally a rainy Saturday is selected, and all the fellows in the "cockloft" assemble in my room immediately after the return of the Battalion from dinner, and disgorge.

From under the overcoat of one cadet, appear two loaves of bread; another opens the breast of his overcoat, and takes out two tumblers full of butter, packed in and covered with a piece of bread; a third brings to light three or four tumblers packed full of pieces of roast or corned beef; a fourth rolls out from between the lining and the outside of his cape, at least half a peck of boiled potatoes with the skins on; a fifth produces pepper and salt in abundance; a sixth contributes a few extra plates and forks, although we have already in a box stored up in the chimney, at least a half dozen plates, knives, forks, spoons, cups, saucers, and tumblers, that we kept constantly on hand for such occasions.

All of these provisions the cadets had "*hived*" from the mess hall, at dinner that day, and the crockery in my chimney was only the debris of previous hashes.

These articles having been carefully deposited on the floor, I empty all the dirty clothes out of my clothes-bag, and place in the bag, very carefully, all the component parts of our midnight hash, and hang the bag up again in the alcove.

The dirty clothes I'll leave on the floor, as it is Saturday afternoon, and I won't get "*skinned*" for room out of order, and besides some of them will be handy in wiping the dishes after they are washed for the night.

When "Taps" sounds off, my room-mate and myself temporarily retire, boots and all, and when the Inspector of the Sub. Div. comes around, we sing out vociferously, "All in!" but before he has had time to get fairly down stairs, up we jump, let down the window from the top

sufficiently to catch a blanket over it, up it goes, and no possible chance for a light to be seen in our quarters; over the transom on the door, a table-cover folded is just the thing.

We wait a few moments in the dark, until all the fellows have come softly along the hall to our door, and have been admitted, when we boldly light the gas and proceed to business.

If you look carefully at the small ventilator in the chimney you will see a piece of string protruding; unfasten the piece of string, and let it slide slowly through your fingers, and down the chimney comes our pet cooking-stove, which, with the box of crockery is kept up the chimney, out of the way of the officers. Our cooking-stove is especially made to be used with gas; one end of a long rubber tube fits snugly over the gas-burner, the other end opening into a perforated iron plate, which forms the bottom part of the stove. A match touched to that, and a clear, blue flame extends over the whole surface; over the frame-work sits the pan in which we propose to make a hash that would put "old Bratt" to shame. The wash-bowl, having been carefully cleaned out, is made the recipient of the pieces of meat and potatoes that two cadets are busy in cutting up, seated on the floor, with pipes in their mouths, while a third is engaged in peeling the potatoes.

As the crowd in our room is larger than our cooking-pan will accommodate, we shall have to make two messes of it.

One cadet is busy cutting the loaves of bread into slices,

which another spreads with butter, to save time, as it is no joke to undertake it *after* the hash is cooked, as all are too ravenous then to do it for any one but themselves. My room-mate fills the cooking-pan from the wash-bowl, places it over the gas on the stove, and it commences to cook. Ye gods! What a delicious aroma arises! It is incomparable!

Look at the business-like way the cook puts in the butter and the seasoning! His having been "*found*" in French is all that prevents him from being an excellent French cook. A little more stirring, a trifle more of salt,—and the first mess is done.

It is taken off the stove, and, according to "*Kepler*," it takes just two-thirds of a minute to transfer it all to the plates of those cadets who have succeeded in crowding up to the table, to the detriment of my pet corn.

A second, and a third panful is cooked. Is there nothing that will satisfy these hungry devils?

Just my luck! There is one more man than I have spoons and forks;—never mind, I'll give him my spoon, and take the shoe-horn. I don't mind the associations, and, besides, it is just the size of my mouth. There! I have cooked all the hash there is, and the bread and butter is all gone.

Now, let's all take a good square smoke! Everybody has brought his pipe; but, singular coincidence! no one thought of bringing any tobacco, but it is all right, there is "*dead-loads*" of smoking tobacco in the clothes-press. The Academy clock has just struck twelve, and still they linger. * * * * * * * *

Just my luck! There is "Kent's" step on the lower stairs! I can hear his sword rattle! Good heavens! what a scattering! Out goes the light!—over goes my table, hash, crockery, and all, on the floor!—open goes the door, and out go as many cadets as can squeeze through at once! Up comes the Officer-in-charge, two steps at a jump! bull's-eye lantern in hand, stalks into my room, to find my room-mate and myself fast asleep (?) in bed!—not a soul else in the room!—only a chaotic mass of dishes and hash on the floor, and my name as Orderly staring him full in the face. After ineffectual attempts to awaken us—[it is astonishing how soundly cadets do sleep!]—he stalks out of the room. The next evening at parade, I hear my name read out for—"Cooking in quarters, after Taps;" "Cooking utensils in quarters;" and "Tobacco smoke in quarters, after Taps;" all of which combination results in my "walking *extras*" for the next six weeks.

DESCRIPTION OF CAMP LOOK-OUT.

The Corps of Cadets, under the command of Colonel H. M. Black, pitched their tents near the edge of "Round Pond" on the morning of August 12th, 1869, after marching from Camp McPherson in a heavy rain-storm.

During the encampment the members of the First Class were instructed in practical engineering by Col. Michie and Lieut. Sears, of the Corps of Engineers, making several mounted reconnaissances and surveys through the

country, at the same time establishing signal stations on high peaks, and making a judicious application of their knowledge in this department, by successfully transmitting messages to and from Camp. They also opened communication with the Point by telegraph, sending and receiving messages during the entire encampment.

The Corps was instructed in target-practice and skirmish drill, so that, at times, the hills surrounding Camp presented a girdle of fire that might have aroused the admiration of a veteran, or the apprehension of a recruit.

Fishing, boating, and bathing were the pleasures of the

Camp, not to mention the welcome society of the ladies, whose presence lent a charm to an otherwise dreary prospect. Ever grateful will be the remembrance of the Corps of those who, with unequalled kindness, made the recollections of "Camp Look-out" the dearest of the Camps of '69. "Spoony Point" records many scenes other than those afforded from its crest, which were of unsurpassed beauty.

"Long Pond," several hundred feet below, presented to the enraptured gaze, its placid surface, environed by lofty and rugged hills clothed with rich foliage, making one of the loveliest views that can be found anywhere in the country.

The Corps struck their tents, and returned to Camp McPherson on the 23d of August.

OUR ALMA MATER.

Where Hudson pours his silver flood
  In chorus grand along,
And Cro' Nest's rocky-seamed sides
  Re-echo e'er his song,
Dear Alma Mater's walls arise
'Neath fairer than Italian skies,
  And brighter scenes among.

Four years! a little span of life,
  A little space of time,
I lingered in her ancient halls,
  Wooed by her scenes sublime.

The brightest joys that youth can bless,
Or early manhood know,
Smiled on me in the dear old place,
In days of "Long Ago."

THE ACADEMIC BUILDING.

Dear Alma Mater, lovingly
On thy fame-lighted brow,
I lovingly my tribute leave,
And breathe a blessing low;
May glory gild thy honored age,
Thy sons e'er worthy be
To guard thy name with loving care,
And dying, honor thee!

BEGGING PARDON OF THE MOUNTED SERVICE, ETC.,

Pork is the food of the young Dragoon,
Is easily carried—can be cooked soon,
And once I saw
It eaten raw
By that "broth of a boy," the young Dragoon.

Pork is the food of the young Dragoon,
Who, outside of fort and demi-lune,
As he carries no gun
Takes things "as they run"—
Yes, easily kept is the young Dragoon.

He "raids" far and wide, the young Dragoon,
His spurs keep time as he hums this tune,
Conspires with "nigs."
To capture pigs,
To get pork for the food of the young Dragoon.

Bearing in mind the services of mounted troops in their foraging,
"*May they ever save their bacon!*"

SELAH!

[*The great unknown.*]

FOURTEENTH OF APRIL, 1867.

Two years ago this day,
Blind treason struck the blow,
Aimed at the noblest in the land,
Laid Abram Lincoln low.
A hush went o'er the land;
We felt a gathering gloom,
Clouding the sunny day of Spring
We laid him in the tomb.

Time winged his ceaseless silent flight,
Full bitterly we thought it o'er,
That Spring would smile on us again,
But we should see his face no more;
The kindly face that never frowned
Whene'er his cause the poor man plead,
The quiet smile, the honest heart,
Are gone; his memory's dear instead.

The Ship of State, whose helm he held
With firm and skilful guiding hand,
Now helpless floats 'midst angry waves,
And fails to reach the promised land,
We miss our pilot—dear old Abe,
How dear to us we never guessed,
Until this day—two years ago,
We laid him in his place of rest.

Green be the grass that o'er him waves,
As green his memory ever be,
Until we meet him in the land
That smiles beyond the silent sea.
In the fair cycles yet to come,
His name shall shine on History's page,
All other glorious names among,
The grandest, brightest of the age!

BON VOYAGE.

[*To a lady travelling in Europe.*]

Well! off at last, and so, mignonne
Your mind is set on travel.
No penitent to Rome you go,
Your gaiters free of gravel;
Huge trunks are packed, your mind is racked
And on the raging main
You sail until the "*douaniers*"
Shall catch you in the "Seine."

Don't leave a single thing unseen,
Or else friends will upbraid you—
Then, dear! come back and show the goods
Their milliners have made you.

A Paris hat! a dainty thing,
I'd set a premium on it,
If I could see your charming face
Within that self-same bonnet!

I fear you'll climb the highest Alps,
Sweet one! beware a tumble!
And when you peep in craters deep,
Lookout the brim don't crumble!
The Earth brings forth some loveliness,
But it could not repay
Our loss, if you were "*fused*" my dear,
In such a horrid way!

High art, of course you will do up,
You like that sort of thing.
Go to "La Scala," nod applause
When fair Italians sing.
Bring pockets full of pebbles
From gentle Shakspeare's tomb,
And any other "little tricks,"
For which you may find room.

Of course, you'll be quite Gallic
In speech and accent too;
Before you come to us again,
What lots of work we'll do!
We'll study French and learn the verbs,
So as to be "au fait;"
To understand "quite à ravir,"
And when you're "désolée!"

Beware the Counts and horrid Dukes!
The Chevaliers also!
Those "Blue Beards" of the Continent,
Oft steal our girls we know.

They marry some great man of rank,
And naught to us remains.
Come back! and take a Cavalry man!
And go out on the Plains!

"Come back!" like the Scotch chief of old,
Who bawled across the water,
To that famed-erring-truant child,
"My daughter!" "Oh! my daughter!"
We'll double on his offer make,
And with our hearts right merry,
We'll give an awful roll of bills
To bring you "o'er the *Ferry.*"

You've ta'en the sunshine all away
From him who loves you best,
Forgetting that the dawn comes not
That way—but *to* the West.
Bring smiles from sunny Italy,
And roses from the Rhine,
Come back—and hear me pledge again,
The vow of old "Ich Dien."

MY OLD REVEILLÉS.

You may talk of your gaiters as much as you please,
Their beauty, their elegance, comfort and ease;
But of all the shoes that e'er shoemaker made,
Not a word that is better, of them can be said,
Than cadets will say, and they'll not say it to please,
But from pure honest love for their "old reveillés."

In long years ago they have seen their best day,
And tho' full of holes, I'll not throw them away,
But fondly will cherish, though the "uppers" wear out,

And the "soles" are all ready to "sail up the spout,"
For no shoes in the world can possess so much ease
For my poor tired feet as my "old reveillés."

Some people may scoff, and at sight of them jeer,
But I cling to them still for old memories dear;
They covered my feet when a Plebe in distress,
And into my "yearling year" helped me to press;
They've lasted me well, and if Fate decrees,
I'll wear them forever—"my old reveillés."

And at last when "old Patrick" shall come in and say,
"I'll take all the rimnants that ye'ez thrown away."
And bear the old rubbish to the pile down below,
Along with the rest in the dust and the snow,
You'll see them there lying, those wonders of ease,
Sad, lonely, neglected, my "old reveillés."

Others and newer will take their old place,
And with plenteous blacking shine smiles in my face,
My feet may look smaller, feel better (perhaps),
But in the sweet slumbers that come "after Taps,"
Foremost and fairest of all visions that please,
Will be happy fore-shadowings of my "old reveillés."

CONUNDRUM.

(Perpetrated at the Private Theatricals, 1868.)

"Why is the Drawing Academy like a Christmas box?"
Answer: "Because you see 'Weir' [*we're*] always there."

YE SPOONEY MAN'S LAMENT.

AIR.—*Flying Trapeze.*

Sung by Cadet "Bay Borgur" at the Theatrical Entertainment New Year's Eve, '68.

CANTO I.

"In which he bewaileth the fickleness of his fair charmer."

Oh! once I was spooney, as spooney could be,
Enslaving all hearts erst so happy and free,—
But faithless the fair one who doted on me,
Enchained by a rival I hate.
She said she would die, her affection to prove,
I vowed everlasting, my love,—
She called on the earth and the blue vault above
To witness her constancy great.

CHORUS.

"In which he enlargeth upon the attraction of chevrons, dancing, and the gift of gab."

He'd glide through the dance with an air fu'l of grace,
His form tall and dapper, exquisite his face,
His glibness and chevrons of shining gold lace,
Have captured the heart of my "spoons."

CANTO II.

"In which, trade in bell-buttons and ribbons doth prosper."

Ah! then to the Hops this vampire did come,
So sleek, and of hair-oil distilling perfume,
He gazed at my spoons, as she entered the room,
Her constancy fled like a dream.
Old gloves, fans, and roses, and bell-buttons too,
They'd trade, and they'd send billet-doux,
He'd flaunt at his button, a ribbon of blue,
Of impudence he was the cream.

CHORUS.

CANTO III.

"Which hints at 'foul play,' or the disappearance of fowls to that bourne whence no fowls return · also toucheth upon his feelings on observing said disappearance."

She'd send to the Guard-tent, a jelly of fowl,
He'd gobble it up, and for more he would growl,
He looked like an angel, but ate like a ghoul,
He'd fill himself when he'd a chance.
I 'gan for the blood of my rival to crave,
To gain her I'd work like a slave,
Or desolate sink in an untimely grave,
And will to a Plebe my white pants.

CHORUS.

CANTO IV.

"In which he reverteth to his feelings, on being cut at the Hop by his cruel deceiver.

I went to the Hop, for I knew she'd be there,
I dressed in my best with the greatest of care,
She came; and sure never was being so fair,
She smiled as I joined in the dance.
Alas! for the rest I remember too well—
It harrows my feelings to tell,—
Shame! agony! rage! all my bosom did swell,
I ne'er shall forget her cold glance.

CHORUS.

CANTO V.

"The tragedy. He forgetteth that people sometimes have corns. Also maketh an original remark on the heat of the evening."

I trod on her dress, and destroyed yards of lace,
I said "A warm evening," she laughed in my face,
I tripped o'er her toes, and oh! matchless disgrace!
I dragged her along in my fall.
I stammered—"An accident, will you forgive?"
She said—"You are drunk, as I live!
You'd better go home, or else learn to behave,
You're only disgracing us all!"

CHORUS.

CANTO VI.

"Desperation of the Cadet. Considereth he had better go to bed. He alloweth another to stand in his shoes."

I rushed from the room, but looked back as I fled,
He was whispering soft, while she hung down her head,
I hurried to Camp and went straight to my bed,
I knew that she laughed in her sleeve.
In dreams I was racked by the pangs of despair,
With morning—I banished all care;
My Hop-shoes and gloves now another doth wear,
I never have danced since that eve.

CHORUS.

MORAL.

[*Not sung.*]

With chevrons and brass, much your charms you'll enhance,
Don't go to the Hop-room unless you can dance,—
If you cannot talk nonsense, Lord pity your chance,
They'll think you are drunk as a fool.

[A warning to all youths afflicted with the Divine afflatus, not to "run a light after Taps" in order to write poetry. If you are discovered it will give "three extras," as I can testify from experience, having been "hived" while writing this]

Don't sit up too late, e'en a poem to write,
The gas is not good, and you'll damage your sight,
It may pay to compose, but it won't *re-pay* quite,
For "Extras for light after Taps."

Grand Entertainment,

TO BE GIVEN AT THE

ACADEMIC BUILDING, WEST POINT, N. Y.,

FEB. 31st, 1870,

BY THE

Celebrated and Renowned Akkademic Board.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. OPENING CHORUS—"The Elephant now goes 'round".....WHOLE BOARD.
2. BALLAD—"Jerusalem, my happy home".....MAUD DEKIL.
3. BANJO SOLO—"Hunkey, Dinkey, Darby Ram"..... .....PHRENSH.
4. SPANISH DANCE.....DISH ANNON.
5. SONG—"Cruiskeen Lawn".....PETE CHUR.

(The Board will now be divided.)

PART II.

1. CLOG DANCE—"Juba".....WE ERR.
   (*Prof. Wrench will pat for the "juba."*)
2. SONG—"To make me a chemist, my parients did try".....KENT RICKS.
3. SPARRING MATCH.....(Light Weights)....DEN KNEE and BAR TELLET.
4. SOLO—"Whiskey punch is a very good thing".....BLACQUE.
5. SONG—"Soluble"—"hardly!"..... .....LOW RAIN.
6. Prof. CHER. ERTCH will indulge in a "Demonstration" towards ANN YELL, who, being a linguist, will give him a "motion of *translation*."
7. WALK AROUND AND SET-TO.....WHOLE BOARD.

BUTTONS ON THE BRAIN.

By Bonnybel.

'Twas night in the Highlands;
No sound could be heard,
But the sweet, drowsy twitter
Of some dreaming bird.
God had placed in the heavens
His glorious lamp,
And her rays in their beauty
Shone soft o'er the camp,

Where deep silence brooded,
Except for the sound
Of the sentinel's tread
On his wearisome round,
And his hourly call,
Which on our ears fell—
"Number One! two o'clock;
All's well! All is well!"

The echoes awakened,
Far over the hill,
Took up the sweet words,
And repeated them still;
For what could disturbance
So peacefully quell,
As that call in the midnight,
"All's well! All is well!"

But hark! in the distance,
What sounds do we hear?
Strange jingling and discord,
That grates on the ear;

While fast o'er the plain,
With a rush and a whirl,
That left us quite breathless,
There came a young girl.

Bell-buttons were strung
All over her dress,
Bell-buttons adorned
Each fair golden tress;
A string of them hung
From her round arms so white,
And encircled her neck
With their glitter so bright.

She stood there before us
Like some elfin fay,
And we waited in silence
For what she would say;
While she jingled her buttons
In evident pain,
And they jingled in time
To her mournful refrain:

"Know, all you cadets
Who heartlessly sleep,
While I my lone vigils
Unceasingly keep,
I'm the sprite of your buttons,
That glitter so gay,
Big buttons have stolen
My reason away.

"And when one is taken
With buttons on brain,
No earthly physician
Can restore them again.

Now listen awhile,
As one after one,
My buttons all tell you
The mischief they've done."

She paused; and we listened
To each tale so sad,
That had ended in driving
This fair maiden mad.
Some on flirtation
Were given away,
While strolling along
In the twilight gray;

And some in the spoony room
Were tenderly given,
With glances and sighings
That made earth a heaven;
While the lights burn blue,
And our hearts all thrill,
At low-murmured words,
Though meaningless still.

Hand-claspings, low-whispered
Vows still to be true,
When the cadet shall have doffed
The grey for the blue;
And the moon looking in
Makes a holier day,
And illumines the room
With her silvery ray.

A sound of a cannon!
"Why! is this a dream?"
I looked wildly around me—
No maid to be seen;

While musing repentant,
I vowed ne'er again
To be the sad cause
Of buttons on brain.

A voice broke the silence:
'Just wait till I see
Where Cadet Blank is,
Or where he should be."
And round the tent corner
Of Company A,
'Shoo-fly" bolted in
With the dawn of the day.

NOTE. — "Shoo-fly" is a name given one of the officers; a universal favorite in spite of his cognomen.

YOU AND I.

We walked together down "Flirtation,"
You and I, that summer day;
The birds in the branches above us sung,
And our voices in merry laughter rung,
We were as joyous as they.

We talked together on "Flirtation,"
You and I, that summer day;
With mirth on our lips and gladness at heart,
The coming fate that would hold us apart
Casts no shadow in our way

We sat together on "Flirtation,"
You and I that summer day;
While the south wind wooed the tall tree-tops,
And the river murmured by the rocks,
Were we less glad than they?

We lingered together on "Flirtation,"
You and I that summer day,
Until the beautiful day was dead,
And the sunset glories—amber and red
Paled to a sombre gray.

We parted sadly on "Flirtation,"
You and I in the twilight gray,
Lips clung to lips in a mute farewell,
And I knew the light had faded as well
From my life as from the day.

The lesson I learned upon "Flirtation,"
Darling! from you that summer day,
I've not forgotten this weary while,
And I still repeat, with a tearful smile,
The words you taught me to say:

"We will sit together on 'Flirtation,'
Another, brighter summer day,
The river will always murmur its song,
And the soft wind whisper the boughs among,
And I will be true as they."

"So *I* am waiting upon "Flirtation,"
For you to come some summer day,
The river *does* murmur the same sweet tune,
The trees are kissed by the breezes of June,
Will you be less true than they?

OLD BENTZ THE BUGLER.

And lo! I heard a bugle sounding, and behold! a small number of men in gaudy raiment appeared, and straightway they turned their eyes eastward, and the angel whispered—"These are they who are the Second Section, and they go forth unto the 'fession,'" and then the bugle ceased, and they marched on to the eastward, singing:

Oh! once we "fessed coldly" the whole hour through,
And "Old Snifty" raved, while Kensel looked blue,
But nary a problem could we go through,
Try it as much as we choose.
We 'gan for "Old Snifty" to cultivate hate,
And rēckless in "Descriptive" we grew;

We cared not a curse for June and our fate,
Though he thought that we shook in our shoes.

CHORUS.

Oh! we "fessed" through the stuff with the greatest of grace,
With its "lines," and "projections," and "points," on the trace,
"Broken" or "dotted," or "full" as you face,
They have made spider-webs of our brains.

SOME OF THOSE BRIGHT IMMORTAL SOULS THAT WERE NOT BORN TO DIE.

AIR—*Captain Jinks.*

The Supe am I, "Oughld *Jenner Alpie,*"
With "extras" I am somewhat free,
"Confinements," too, I think to be
Good training for the Army.
When weighty matters do befall,
Do befall—do befall,
Full well *I think nor act at all,*
'Tis a way we have in the Army.

My name's well known, 'tis *Profmai Han,*
Cadets I "find" whene'er I can,
I think it is the safest plan
To keep them from the Army.
Boorish Americans are they all,
Are they all—are they all,
"They don't do so in France at all,
"They work for the good of the Army."

Old *Barte Let,* I, a wizard dread,
Full of "conundrums" strange, my head;
I cause an "Impact" when I tread,
And "culminations" charm me

Your "tuppeny Math." I do despise,
Do despise—do despise,
In "Azimuth" I roll my eyes,
I teach for the good of the Army.

Old *Sniff Tea*, I, and all in vain,
The cadets of my "Math." complain,
I'm short and pussy, cross, and fain
Would keep them from the Army.
Study they won't, and they'll all be "found,"
All be found—all be found,
I'll see them safely homeward bound,
But they shan't get into the Army.

Old *Hanks*, my name, a chemist, I
Teach also of Geology;
The cadets much my patience try,
Their answers wild alarm me.
"*Ah! very good!*" we'll put them through,
Put them through—put them through,
And if we chance to "find" a few,
'Tis all for the good of the Army.

I'm *Pop Pea Phrensh*, as you'll perceive,
Gothic, though Saxon, I believe,
My "Goose-tracks" did the cadets grieve,
I'm Chaplain in the Army.
All the things that mundane are,
Mundane are—mundane are,
Sprang at first from the "Stem Root Var,"
And this I impress on the Army.

I, *Kerr Knell Blacque*, command the Corps
I sometimes show cadets my door,
And bid them use it too, before
I oust them from the Army..

LIBRARY OF THE

I drill them daily on the plain,
On the plain—on the plain,
I'll turn them upside down again,
Before they get into the Army.

Old *Dadigan*, I, of Company "K,"
I "skin" in quite a playful way,
Your "cap-string" you must keep out of the way,
If you would gain the Army.
I chase cadets all through the hall,
Through the hall—through the hall,
Be careful! or I'll tell you all,
You'll never get into the Army.

I'm *Jay Keekay* of Company "E,"
Into your clothes-bag I will see,
There's nothing can be hid from me,
Because I'm in the Army.
I'm five feet high, but a huge man I,
Huge man I—huge man I,
I early took to the trade of spy,
When first I went into the Army.

I'm *Sand Deesee*, a rider gay,
A handsome fellow, so they say,
I'm young and peevish in my way,
Too early in the Army.
The "yearlings" admire me when I ride,
When I ride—when I ride,
I've loved my shadow by my side,
Since first I went into the Army.

I'm *Jah Kee Aitch*, of Company "G,"
A "spooney man," as you may see,
But thinking is too much for me,
Although I'm in the Army.

I sit in my tent, and smoke and rock,
Smoke and rock—smoke and rock,
Of brains, I have but little stock,
For an officer in the Army.

Re-Act-Shuns is my family name,
I thrive on "chlorine, smoke and flame,"
To be "*insoluble*," I claim,
No noxious drug can harm me;
Strange creatures wait my beck and call,
Beck and call—beck and call,
With "*Schlicter*," chief and head of all,
My bidding to do for the Army.

I'm *Jay Seead Dums*, Engineer,
The greatest man that teaches here,
I fill cadets with mortal fear,
I'm Captain in the Army.
Dignity high is enshrined in me,
Enshrined in me—enshrined in me,
Caustic, my speech, as speech can be,
I'm wiser than *all* of the Army.

Honest Old *Braughte*, it is my name,
And swindling cadets is my game;
Redress for this they cannot claim,
They're not yet in the Army.
I feed them just the same as of yore,
Same as of yore—same as of yore,
I'll raise their board ten dollars more,
Before they get into the Army.

MORAL.

Lives of great men all remind us,
We may make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us,
Foot-prints on the sands of time.

Foot-prints, that perhaps another
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, may take heart again.

THE BEAUTIES OF THE DEMERIT SYSTEM.

[Taken from "Cadet Life at West Point," a volume written by a late Officer of the Regular Army.]

* * * * * * *

I will devote a few pages to whatever may suggest itself on the subject of the Demerit system and my experience thereunder.

The principal of the punishments to which cadets are liable, are expulsion, suspension for one year, extra guard duty, confinement to quarters, and to light or dark prison. But the more immediate penalty is the *demerit*, a certain number of which are entailed by each reported and unexplained violation of the regulations. In my day [1854] two hundred was the limit for an entire year; this limit passed, the result was dismissal. A recent regulation which makes the limit one hundred for six months, has essentially changed and improved the former. The number registered against a cadet for any particular offence depends upon the nature of the offence—its grade. If, for instance, it be disobedience of orders, mutinous conduct, sitting or lying down while on post as sentinel, these being among the most serious of military offences, he finds opposite the charge in the Black Book at the Adjutant's office, a registration of eight or ten *demerit*. For

trifling in ranks at parade, or elsewhere, perhaps half that number; while a single one is the penalty of a "late" or an unbuttoned coat. The aggregate of these decides his standing on the *conduct-roll* at the end of the year, or at graduation, when the class rank is determined. As much importance is given to this subject, in the determination

BUTTERMILK FALLS.

of the graduating rank, as to one of the most important branches of study—mathematics, natural and experimental philosophy, or engineering.

The various offences, moral or military, committed each day, whether noticed by the cadet officers whose duty for the time being may compel them to report the offender, or by officers of the army, are all transcribed in the delinquency book (the most interesting object ever shown

to visitors at the Point), and published to the battalion, after parade, on the evening of the following day. The excuse for an offence, if the delinquent has any, and in some cases when he has not, is presented, in writing, according to a prescribed form, to the Commandant. Should he deny its validity, an appeal lies to the Superintendent, and, in extreme cases, to the Secretary of War. If the report is not removed, it is finally "registered," and the number of demerit corresponding to its grade is placed opposite, as heretofore explained. Should the importance of the offence seem to merit further punishment, it is inflicted by order of the Superintendent.

I have preserved, and will produce from my diary, a list of the delinquents, and their offences, published one evening soon after we had gone into winter-quarters. The visitor to West Point can hear this evening, and every evening until the dissolution of the Union, the same formula of delinquencies published with little variation. But these same names, or most of them, have passed away, and the Military Academy will know them, alas! no more forever. No more popular speaker ever addressed an American audience than our Cadet Adjutant—if the undivided attention of his listeners were any criterion—when enumerating our military faults. His clear, shrill voice is still ringing in my ears, and two hundred and twenty armed men were incorporeally suspended from his lips as he said—

"DELINQUENCIES FOR —TH SEPTEMBER, 18—."

Bender:—Inattention at drill, P.M.

Same:—Laughing in ranks at same.

Bonnett:—Highly unsoldier-like conduct, sitting down while on post as sentinel, 9.20 P.M.

Same:—Coat unbuttoned, and hat off at same.

Same;—Book in possession at same.

Bedlam:—Orderly, allowing loud talking in quarters after Taps.

Same:—Ungentlemanly conduct, throwing a piece of bread at another cadet in mess-hall at supper.

Bachbeiter:—Neglect of duty as file-closer; not reporting files for talking in ranks at parade.

Buttler:—Bottle of liquor in possession, 11 and 12 P.M.

Blower:—No light in quarters at inspection by sentinel, 7 P.M.

Beauté:—Collar not neatly put on, and belts dirty at inspection of guard.

Same:—Shoes not properly blacked at same.

Buckett:—Wash-bowl not inverted at morning inspection.

Cruper:—Cap out of uniform at parade of riding platoon.

Congee:—Absent from quarters without leave, and more than half an hour, 7 and 8 P.M.

Dulbrein:—Neglect of mathematical studies on 2d.

Same:—The same in French on the 3d.

Dickie:—Out of uniform, wearing a standing collar, 8 A.M.

Hopper:—Losing step, and thereby creating confusion in ranks, marching in from parade.

Knickotine:—Pipe in possession, 8½ A.M.

Liner:—Not keeping dressed while marching in review at guard-mounting.

Leggett:—Marching at double quick time, without command, returning from Academy, 3 P.M.

Lear:—Not keeping eyes to the front at breakfast roll-call.

Pilgarlic:—Hair too long at inspection, A.M.

Same:—Not neatly shaved at same.

Parley:—Talking in ranks while marching from dinner.

Pyret:—Using profane language in area of barracks, 7.50 A.M.

Pillsbury:—Positive and wilful disobedience of orders, not taking medicine prescribed by the surgeon.

Rankanfile:—Visiting, 11½ A.M.

Same:—Unsoldier-like conduct, concealing himself in the fireplace to evade the officer of the day at same.

Tombey:—Gross carelessness, dropping his musket at drill.

Trim:—Corporal of the guard not answering promptly the call of sentinel No. 4, while battalion was at dinner.

Westcott:—Out of quarters with coat unbuttoned, 11 and 12 A.M.

Zerôt:—Neglect of French studies on 3d.

To review some of these offences, for which, or similar ones, we were, some of us, every day reported, we perceive that Cadet Bonnet is, indeed, in trouble, for there's evidently no excuse for him.

The plea of sickness or exhaustion will be unavailing, since, in that case, he could have called the corporal, been relieved from duty, and gone to the hospital.

He will be favored with a liberal number of demerit for each of the three reports, and will have a comfortable time of it, if he has a taste for that kind of exercise, in walking extra "Saturdays" for the next three months. Mr. Knickotine will lose his splendid meerschaum, get half a dozen demerit, and perhaps two "Sundays." Mr. Congee, as he is a cadet-officer, will be punished, besides receiving six or eight demerit, by having his *chevrons* taken off. He will go into ranks again as a private, much to the secret satisfaction perhaps of those, myself included, toward whom he has heretofore done his military duty rather too well. But we of the Fourth Class had been in the habit of looking up to officers of the First Class with that degree of awe and veneration, that we thought it sacrilege to see him sent into ranks side by side with us, and the sleeves of his coat as bare of gold lace as ours.

It is to be hoped that Cadet Pillsbury will show in his excuse some palliating circumstances; for, otherwise, it will require stronger medicine than that he threw away, to save him. Physicians in *civil* life are not generally over-indulgent under circumstances like these, and it is too much to expect that an *army* surgeon, whose prescription was backed by all the military power of the Government, would write a favorable and relenting endorsement on Pillsbury's excuse, whatever it might be. This case, as good luck would have it, turned out to be one not for a military tribunal, but for casuists.

After P., being interrogated, had confessed to the surgeon that he had not taken the medicine (a couple of powders, nothing more nor less), and had been reported for it, his room-mate quietly informed him of the mistake he was laboring under, for he had unknowingly taken them as the victim of a practical joke played by informant. The medicine was doing its duty on the digestive organs of the accused, even though against his will, and, under those circumstances, what was to be his punishment for not taking it?

The Attorney-General has not yet decided, and P., in the meantime, escaped unscathed, and has never suffered from the dyspepsia since.

Mr. Buttler—there's no hope for him. He was caught just as he was creeping up-stairs on his return from "Benny's," and was ordered in arrest on the spot. He will be tried by a court-martial, and as the proof is conclusive, and the regulations on this point very explicit and otherwise similar to those of the Medes and Persians, will

be dismissed. The punishments of the others will be lighter. These, my predictions, all proved correct, as the archives of the institution will show, except in the case of Cadet Buttler, where I was much too fast. It appeared afterward that Buttler had entertained a hearty antipathy against the officer who commanded that company, and sought some method of annoying him; which, by the way, was rather an unequal game. He lived with a cadet-officer, and they were permitted to have a light after Taps.

It was between eleven and twelve o'clock on the night in question, and they had not yet retired, when the still night-inspection was faintly heard on the lower floor. Buttler had a junk bottle full of oxalic acid that he used for cleaning his cap trimmings. He immediately threw on his overcoat and forage-cap, ran out into the hall and made a slight noise on the stairs as of one stealthily and hastily ascending, and then returned to the room and seized the bottle. The officer's ready ear had detected the noise, and he immediately passed by two of the rooms on the second floor and ran up the next flight of stairs. When he opened Buttler's door, the room-mate of the latter was just in the act of setting two tumblers upon the table, while Buttler himself was drawing the cork, being still in cap and overcoat. Their apparent consternation at this sudden interruption was perfect, and so too was the air of triumphant severity with which the officer remarked that Mr. Buttler might consider himself in arrest, and then walked out taking along the bottle of acid. It so happened that the officer was to be absent during the entire

next day, and as he now had but a short night, at best, for sleep, he went to bed without once thinking—a lasting monument to his sobriety—to examine the contents of the bottle. The next morning he sent in a report of what he done to the Commandant, and departed; and it was not until after his return, on the following evening, when the report had been already published, that he tested the value of his prize.

There was at the time of this seizure another cadet concealed in the room, and it finally turned out that Buttler's sudden expedient was not, after all, an entirely extemporaneous affair, and that his dislike to the inspecting officer had not been his only motive. The occupant of the room directly beneath had run the risk of paying his friends overhead a nocturnal visit, and they had just been discussing the probabilities of an inspection when the footsteps were heard in the hall below. They had already, though only half in earnest, mentioned the possibility of diverting the officer's attention by stratagem, should he have progressed so far in his inspection before being heard, that the visitor could not safely return to his room ere the inspector approached it.

The plan they had named worked charmingly. For the officer, now that he was on the third floor, completed the inspection of that, as well as the fourth, before he returned to inspect the two rooms he had omitted on the second. When the way was all clear the delinquent crept back to his quarters, and when the officer returned thither, was in bed and in a wonderfully profound slumber.

As there is something in that list of delinquencies that

refers pointedly to the writer of this article (Rankanfile), he was not a wholly disinterested listener to their publication. I was not taken at all by surprise when the first report was read, but had not anticipated the second. For, however remote from pride may have been my feelings when detected in that hiding-place with my head up the chimney, I did not imagine it would be deemed dishonorable to attempt the avoidance of the enemy by such discretion. My ears were regaled with the expression of the Superintendent's opinion on this subject, when, at the end of the following week the "list of cadets for punishment" was published, and a handsome compliment was paid to Cadet Rankanfile's trustworthy vigilance as a sentinel, he being assigned to a much greater amount of guard duty than fell to the lot of those cadets who were less reliable in that important duty. At the time of the offence I had stepped for a moment into another room on the same floor with my own, and occupied by a class-mate, when I heard the rattle of the officer of the day's sword as he ascended the stairs. The standing fire-board, which was required to lie flat on the hearth, and the evident confusion of my friend, betrayed me. * * * * * * * * * * * I will close this discussion with a reference to the effect this subject of demerit is made to have in the determination of the class-rank of graduates.

The final arrangement of the graduating class in order of general merit is determined by a careful and accurate consideration of relative proficiency in all the studies of the entire course as well as their deportment, both moral

and military, during their series of years. These studies have a relative value in this computation; as, for instance, engineering, philosophy, or mathematics, count *three* each in the scale, wherein chemistry, ethics, or infantry tactics, count *one and a half*, while French, drawing, geology, &c., count but *one*. But the point I am now aiming at is, that the graduating merit in conduct is determined from the demerit list as I have explained it, and is not only made equal in value to the highest branch of study, but, as it extends through the whole course, it is in reality worth more to him who shows a good account therein than the most important of them all. I shall not attempt to show that there can be more than one opinion on the subject of good conduct, as the expression is generally understood, or that any excellence, however splendid, in scientific attainments, can compensate for a blemish here. But when we reflect that the moral deportment of a cadet may be unexceptionable, and still, from a recurrence of some of the most important reports I have enumerated, his demerit list may be swelled beyond the limits of a "good conduct" roll; when we reflect, I say, that such an one must make room, in the final assignment to duty, for one who is much his inferior in natural capacity and academic excellence, but who is more fortunate in the other particular, it seems that these things are susceptible of a change "without manifest injury to the service."

A late President of the United States once said, while in office, that the fact of an unlucky spot being found on the white trousers of a cadet who has a good capacity, will hardly affect his efficiency in building a fortification,

testing a piece of ordnance, or charging the enemy in battle. True, these offences, the spotted trousers, the soiled gloves, the confused police of room, the levity while on duty, can none of them be overlooked. Perfect discipline and the formation of precise habits of order require that they be punished; but must such delinquency be necessarily charged to the account of the intellect?

However, older men than I have, by indefatigable industry, and under the authority of the War Department, brought this whole system of instruction to its present degree of perfection. It is for such rather than for me to suggest the means of obviating this imperfection, should they acknowledge it to be such.

The present is said to be the most effectual method of punishing carelessness and keeping the cadet's attention fixed on the final object to be obtained by the long and arduous course. I shall not *advise*, for it would embarrass me to think that the War Department or the Military Academy were coming to these pages to seek counsel, but will here record one of many suggestions that have from time to time been made in connection with this subject. It is to make some local and immediate disadvantages the penalty of every ten or twenty demerit received, and to fix the semi-annual limit at such a number that, by a sufficiently strict attention to duty on the part of the cadet, and a careful examination by the authorities of each registered report, the limit need not be passed. Let it be perfectly understood (perhaps such is the case at present) in the corps that the penalty of exceeding that number is expulsion without hope of favor

—a prompt and irrevocable expulsion. The effect of moral or military misconduct going no farther, in the day of diploma presentation, genius would take its accustomed seat. Thus would he whose attainments were greatest be rewarded by an assignment to congenial duties where close mental application is the business of the day, while another less studiously inclined would be employed on more active service.

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THE DAILY ROUTINE.

To explain the daily routine we had now commenced, we will start with a wild spring from a sound slumber, five o'clock A.M., at the summons of the morning gun, and the simultaneous tap of the drums, that calls us to the *reveillé* roll-call.

About six minutes intervene between the time the music begins and its ceasing, which latter is the signal for the already-formed companies to be called to Attention, when all must be in ranks or at their posts. The roll-call occupies but one or two minutes, as the orderly sergeant of each company has committed to memory the list of names, so as to be able thus quickly to run through it. Practice has already accustomed him to notice, in the meantime, all lates, absences, and every violation of military decorum, and to observe whether the other non-commissioned officers in the line of file-closers behind the company do their duty in reporting such delinquencies. Adequate means are also employed to prevent the possibility of one cadet answering to the name of another who may be absent. The result is transmitted through the

four captains respectively, and the cadet-adjutant to the officer of the day, who seeks the absentees, if there are any such. (The latter officer, at the end of his twenty-four hours' tour of duty, certifies in writing to the Commandant, that he has faithfully discharged all the duties of his office, as prescribed by the "Military Academy Regulations.") At half-past five, the cadet captains and lieutenants make an inspection of the rooms in their respective subdivisions. The police of each room must then have been completed, and everything in order. As the regulations prohibit any cadet from having "a waiter, horse, or dog," they must themselves perform all the sweeping, folding of bedding, etc. Nothing now interrupts study until the drum for breakfast roll-call at seven, except the surgeon's call, beaten at half-past six, when those who are sick repair to the hospital to receive their requisite medical attendance, and to be excused by the surgeon from the performance of such academic or military duty as they are, by reason of such sickness, incompetent to perform.

After the breakfast roll-call, the battalion is marched by the senior cadet-captain, in column of platoons or companies, to the mess-hall, whence it returns after the lapse of about twenty-five minutes. Guard-mounting occupies the time from half-past seven till eight o'clock, which is a season of recreation to those who are neither "marching on" guard, nor "marching off." At eight, the bugle calls to quarters, from which there is no "release" for five hours. All those sections of every class that recite at this hour now assemble at the class-parade, where the rolls are called under the direction of the new officer of the day;

and they are marched to the recitation rooms by the section marchers, who report to the Instructor, as they have already have done to the officer of the day, the result of the roll-call. At half-past nine the bugle recalls these, and summons the other half of the entire corps to the class-parade. These return at eleven, and then the recitations in all the most important studies are finished for the day. The signal for dinner roll-call is beaten at one P.M., and an hour is allowed for dinner and recreation. At two the recitations begin again, and at four the academic building is deserted. The recitations from eleven to one, and from two to four, being less important, only occupy an hour each. There is now a long release from quarters ; a drill occupies about one and a-half hours, a season of recreation ensues, and dress-parade takes place at sun-down. Supper succeeds, which being followed by thirty minutes of recreation, the bugle again calls to quarters and study. Tattoo is beaten at half-past nine, and at ten the taps, when—the beds having been spread since tattoo—lights are extinguished and all cadets in bed, except the cadet officers who inspect the rooms to see that this regulation has been promptly observed.

The guard, being of the same strength, and divided into the same number of reliefs as when in camp, walk post only while the battalion is absent at meals, drill, or parade, and during the hours of evening study. Each sentinel makes an inspection of all the rooms on his post, and is held responsible for all noise and absence from quarters of those who are under his temporary supervision. This daily routine varies in no important particular during

the academic year, but the studies of each class as they are successively finished are exchanged for others. Other military exercises at certain seasons of the year take the place of infantry drill, and during the winter there is no drill at all except the cavalry exercise in the riding-hall in study hours. The hour for retiring is, while in Barracks, always the same; but *reveillé* sounds at half-past five during the months of March and October, and at six during the winter months and November. The recitations in the section-room are conducted with the same degree of formality and precision that characterizes the other duties of the day, but not to the prejudice of an unrestrained interchange of opinions between the Instructor and the cadet, on all the points of the subject under consideration. After the report of the section-marcher, and when each has taken the particular seat that belongs him, a number of cadets, say four or five, are successively sent to the black-board. Each, as he is called, takes his place in the centre of the floor, faces the Instructor, assumes the position of the soldier, receives the enunciation of his proposition, and then, turning to the black-board, writes his name at the top, and begins his work. While they are thus occupied with the chalk, another is called upon the floor, and questioned in the lesson of this or the previous day. This one is, on the succeeding days, called on "demonstration," and not again on "questions," until every other member has been, in like manner, questioned.

Each of those at the board, when ready, takes the pointing-stick, faces about, and stands erect, holding the pointer in the hand nearest the board. When called upon

to recite, he states what he is required to do, and proceeds to the demonstration, or declares his inability to perform it, in which latter case he is rewarded with a "That's sufficient, sir," and makes room for another. The merit of each recitation is registered in accordance with a scale of marks ranging from zero, in the case of total failure, to three, which is the maximum.

So accurately is this record intended to be kept, that it varies by single tenths with every shade of error. The marks for each week are posted, on the following Monday, in a conspicuous place where they can be seen by all concerned.

It is from the average of these marks, combined with his success at the examination, that the standing of each cadet in January or June is determined.

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SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF BENNY'S.

"Benny Haven's, Oh!" has been so long an important adjunct of the other important institutions of West Point, that the memory of any *young* man runneth not to the contrary. The proprietor of this little retreat, and after whom it was named, was once established within the Government lines where for a long time he dispensed his good cheer of flip and buckwheat cakes in comparative secrecy. But a relentless Abstraction drove him at last from the public limits, and from what had been to the reckless and the daring of the earlier cadets, classic ground; and with heavy heart he left the ideal protection of the Stars and Stripes behind him, and pitched his tent in the tame and un-

romantic security of a private domain. And there even unto this day sits the old man under his humble roof down by the water's edge and beneath a rugged cliff a mile below the Point, mourning those days of chivalry when his poetic name was the soul of song, and the toast of twenty gallant knights that sat at his midnight board. But even unto this day his hermitage is not a social desert, though the barriers between it and the barrack-prison have been made too strong, by more modern discipline, to be passed by any save the most daring.

For from the councils of both war and State have come, and are coming, back in frequent succession the bravest and wisest, gray-haired veterans making a last pilgrimage to Benny's sylvan shrine. He recognizes their every feature and quotes from every page of their cadet history, and decks the entertainment with the vintage of a century gone.

It was a bitter cold night in the holidays that were closing the old year, and we sat around the fire that crackled its merriest Christmas carol on Benny's hearth. It was nearly eleven o'clock, and Ned (my room-mate) and I had just arrived; the other five of the party having preceded us by a few minutes. We were confident of there being no night inspection, and had left our rooms soon after the "all in" at Taps. The flow of old and holiday wine, the still more genial flow of Benny's paternal soul, and withal the audible and welcoming somersaults of the buckwheats, punctual to the hour, preparing in the next apartment, bade avaunt to the hobgoblin of discipline.

"Fill up," says Ned, "fill up *and*" (the signal for every voice)—
"Stand up in a row,
"For sentimental drinking we're going for to go,
In the army there's sobriety, promotion 's very slow,
So we'll cheer our hearts with choruses at Benny Havens, Oh!"

* * * * CHORUS * *

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"There comes a voice from Florida, from Tampa's lonely shore,
It is the wail of gallant men, O'Brien is no more;
In the land of sun and flowers, his head lies pillowed low,
No more to sing *petite coquille* at Benny Havens, Oh!"

* * This last verse was sung with due solemnity and all uncovered. Our host, with that same pipe whose stem was proportionally as short as himself, and one of the invariable emblems of his identity, contracted that horizontally expansive countenance, that always appeared to have just made a treaty of peace with all mankind in general, and all reckless cadets in particular, into a preponderance of vertical dimension, drawn downward by a sincerely heavy heart, as he listened to this affecting tribute to the memory of one whose virtues he knew so well. We gathered around him and listened to a new edition of the stories of other days—an ample store, to which the events of each year have added a long supplement. Before our little group had again relapsed into mirth under the influence of wine, tradition, and song, the gravity of the older offenders of the party, to our shame be it said, was not unfrequently disturbed by the nervousness of Cadet E——, a fourth-class man, who had never until to-night even crossed the prescribed limit, and much less ventured so far from duty as now. In spite of his assumed gayety,

what would poor E—— not have given to have been even now studying his mathematics in his own quiet room, as he had never studied before. As he sat among us and strove manfully to appear as much at ease as the rest, we enjoyed not a little diversion in watching him as he involuntarily started at every sound from the interior apartment and every rustle without, imagining it the footstep of an officer.

After Benny had finished his half dozen cadet legends, we resumed our song, the threescore stanzas of which, when sung with a proper observance of the military decorum which the sentiment and the place demanded, always occupied an hour and a half more.

"May the Army be augmented, may promotion be less slow,
May our country in the hour of need be ready for the foe;
May we meet a soldier's resting-place beneath a soldier's blow,
And space enough beside our graves for——"

"The devil and Tom Walker!" (if the reader would know why Mr. Thomas Walker's name is so often lugged into such uncomplimentary connection, I can only sympathize in his curiosity without the ability of a satisfactory explanation) cried a cadet of my own class, who, just arriving, burst into the room, and without saying another word, intimated by gestures alone that there was danger brewing in our immediate vicinity.

"We are all dead men!" cried the Plebe.

Benny, like an old veteran who had seen many years of just such service as this, was as cool, lending a hand here and there to "speed the parting guest," as every old soldier should be in the moment of hot action. My skates

lay at my side, and I caught them up and ran to the ice. And a truly military pair they were ; for every buckle and strap, as if conscious of danger, flew to its place in a moment, and almost before the sound of the first alarm had died away, I was gliding, swift as the wind, up the river alone. My room-mate, for the first time in his life, was taken at a disadvantage ; for, as I learned afterwards, his skates had been mislaid, and he was compelled to follow without them.

The fourth-class man had not taken off his at all, thinking he would thus be better prepared for an emergency ; but the ponderous articles struck some obstacle as he was leaving the house, throwing him to the ground, and before he could regain his feet he was recognized by the two officers who had followed my class-mate down the hill from Cozzens'.

The others, except one, had come down by land, and, as the snow-crust was not strong enough to sustain one's weight, they had followed the road, leaving it only at such times as it seemed absolutely necessary. These left by a secret path, and took to the woods in order to reach the road by the shortest route and lose the least possible time in reaching Barracks. For the first thought now was, after eluding the vigilance of these officers, that the latter would proceed immediately to the Point and state the circumstances to those officers who were on duty at the Barracks, when an inspection would reveal the absentees.

When I arrived at Gee's Point, opposite the Barracks, I had occupied so little time in coming up, that should

our pursuers take horses at the Falls to forestall us by an nspection, I was now in ample season to be in bed and in safety. But I felt the greatest concern on account of the others, and as it seemed to me that Ned (my room-mate) would never be caught except by the inspection, I tried as I ascended the hill to invent some expedient whereby it might be delayed until he and the others had arrived.

There was a secret grotto, partly natural, partly artificial, near my path, known only to a few even of the cadets, where contraband articles were sometimes deposited until a convenient opportunity was found of transferring them to Barracks. I lost now no time in visiting it, and found a box which it proved had been placed there by the "old pirate" for some cadet, but which one I knew not. But I very readily concluded that this was not the time to be over-punctilious in matters of etiquette, since, whoever the owner might be, our interests were his own; so I knocked open the box, and removing all its contents, laid them in a corner, with the exception of a bottle, which I thought it necessary to sacrifice to the public weal. After filling the box with rubbish, I nailed it up again, and taking it, the bottle, and a piece of candle from the cave, I started with all speed for the road that skirted the crest of the hill and led to "the Falls below."

Selecting an eligible spot, I dropped my cap (after tearing out my name from the lining) about two yards from the road, and made tracks, as of one in haste, to the shelter of a thicket and ledge of rocks near by. Having

lighted the candle and fixed it beyond the reach of the wind, and so that its light should be faintly but surely discernible to any one that might pass, and leaving near it the box, marked in pencil "Cadet X Y Z," I went a little further and left the bottle of champagne on the snow. Then, being unincumbered, by means of trees and bare rocks, I succeeded in getting back to the road without making any return tracks in the snow.

How long this little *ruse* may have succeeded in delaying the officers, I know not; but every moment was precious, and I had the consolation of finding out afterward that they passed the guard about half an hour after I had stolen by, bringing with them the cap and the bottle, and that a servant was sent soon afterward for the box. I had hardly reached my room when Ned arrived, covered with perspiration in spite of the frost, and so breathless as for some time to be unable to speak. We immediately detected something wrong about the appearance of our room, for my bed, as well as the floor, was covered with black spots, apparently of ink. But we immediately retired, and lay awake at least an hour awaiting the inspection.

Nothing was heard, however; but at reveillé, all our companions of the previous night were placed in arrest, and we expected that each succeeding moment would bring with it an order to the same effect for us. The day wore off, the evening publication of delinquencies took place, and still our names did not appear, though the others were reported for being absent from their quarters at inspection after Taps; and Cadet E——, for being off limits.

We had been told in the morning that inspections nad been made in all the companies during the time we were gone, and that the absence of all our companions had been detected. Why not ours? All were as much surprised as ourselves at this miraculous escape. Our safety, however, was become a well-authenticated fact; and the next day but one, Ned, who was orderly of the room, having been reported for having floor stained with ink, even wrote an excuse, and successfully, stating that some time or other, during the absence of us both, the ink had been upset by an unknown person, and neither of us knew, or could know anything about it. * * * * * The reason that we were not "hived absent," I did not find out until two or three years afterward.

It seems that Tom (a class-mate and a very dear friend) learned that there would be a night inspection, and knowing that we were both absent, deliberately made up his mind to save us, even at the risk of being detected himself. So, after Taps, he went to our room, made a *dummy*, which he put in Ned's bed, and was about to get into my bed himself, when he reflected that his hair being very light and mine being black, the officer would detect the imposition, and on the spur of the moment, seized the inkstand and saturated his hair with the contents, which acccounted for the ink stains on the floor. The *ruse* was a success, and, fortunately, the inspecting officer went through our division before he did Tom's, which gave him time to clear out and reach his own room, wrap a towel around his head, and retire before the officer came around. Tom afterwards told me that he had a tough time of it,

getting the ink out of his hair, and for weeks after the scrape, the cadets tormented him for using hair dye ; all of which he bore good-naturedly without giving them any satisfaction whatever.

WEST POINT.

Where proud and free the Hudson flows
  Above the Highlands grand,
And in its placid bosom shows
  The charms of Nature's hand

CHURCH OF THE HOLY INNOCENTS.

Enthroned upon the rugged breast
  Of gently sloping hills,
West Point, in regal beauty dressed,
  Smiles o'er the mountain rills.

Here, where the rippling, flowing tide
  Reflects the sunset's gleam,

And shadows on the mountain side
Weave oft a fairy dream;
What mem'ries cluster 'round each hill,
"Gibraltar of our land!"
Where "Cro' Nest" and "Fort Putnam" still
In silent grandeur stand.

Historic spot! made holy ground,
And consecrated land!
Where sacred records still abound,
Of Freedom's valiant band
Of heroes, freemen, soldiers brave,
Who, at their country's call—
From tyrant's yoke of shame to save,
Gave freely life and all.

Where Washington! and Lafayette,
Kosciuszko, Putnam, Howe,
With Knox, and Wayne, and Greene, have set
Their seal on honor's brow.
* * * * * *
Where Arnold's treason filled mankind
With scorn for treachery;
And André's fate to all his kind,
A warning e'er shall be.

How oft (as now) in by-gone years
Have youthful footsteps crossed
These well-worn paths—while hopes and fears
Their souls in conflict tossed;
How oft hath Love's divine control,
In sunny days of yore,
Thrill'd with a rapturous bliss some soul
That knew not love before.

Ambitious dreams, and yearning hope
Of honor and renown,

A future fair and bright could ope,
Undimmed by sorrow's frown.
* * * * * *
What recollections gather fast!
What visions wander by,
As down the vista of the past
We gaze with earnest eye.

Where now are all the forms so fair?
The hearts that nurtured here,
Beneath their "Alma Mater's" care,
Passed out with hope or fear,
To share life's conflict, toil and pain,
To struggle in the race;
The meed of praise or fame to gain,
And fill a hero's place?

Ah! some have lain their armor down,
Their warfare quickly o'er;
They wear, we trust, the victor's crown
Where strife can come no more.
Some on the dazzling mount of fame
Stand high, with record bright;
On honor's scroll engrave their name
In characters of light.

And some—alas! 'tis sad to think,
From honor turned away,—
At treason's poisoned fount to drink;
And wandered far astray.
* * * * * *

Some scaling still the mountain high,
The golden prize to win;
The conflict fierce, and danger nigh,
But strength and hope within.

Toil on, ye brave, with steady aim,
And bid all tempters flee;
With truth your guide, a noble fame
Your sure reward shall be.

And oft, as o'er some cherished place,
Fond mem'ry loves to dwell;
The scenes of youth and joy to trace
And weave her magic spell;
Amid the purest, fairest dream
Of home and peace to thee,
The days at fair West Point shall seem
A blissful memory.

MRS. R——, *Nov. 24th*, 1870.

MY FIRST HOP.

By Cycloid.

On that fortunate evening which precedes the exodus of the Corps of Cadets from Barracks into the long-anticipated and highly-colored camp, that happy evening when one looks back upon the past or forward to the future with equal complacency, I sat in my room by the window—that old tower window—enjoying the stimulo-sedative fumes of an excellent cigar.

Watching the blue spirals as they rose and dissipated in the air, I fell into an argumentative reverie, wherein I put to myself the *pro* and *con* of a question, which at that time I held to be of signal importance.

My cigar and reverie ended, as all cigars and reveries must; I felt convinced of the excellence of both.

I rose, cast the stump into the darkness, and said to

my faithful mirror, "This yearling camp I will be a spooney man." Weeks fled away; the Fourth of July passed and the first hop, before I gathered nerve to make my *début*. I wandered to the hop-room every night, and still my courage fell as my color rose; yet in spite of my consciousness of qualification (for I was a handsome man)

MARTELAER'S ROCK.

I could not get away from the crowd of bashful yearlings around the door. My mortification was intense to see classmates walk with well-bred *insouciance* upon a lady's skirt, and disintegrate, without an awkward blush, a damsel's fan, and whisper nonsense in her ear; while I, possessing hands, feet, and tongue, could only cling to the pillars with the first, denying myself the pleasure of exhibiting the artificial smallness of the second, and the persuasive powers of the third. After many days of unrest I unbosomed my soul to my friend and tent-mate Pensezamoi,

who was famous as a lady's man, and had often rallied me on *mes affaires d'imagination*, This obliging individual "would be delighted" to introduce an unsophisticated, seized my hand and congratulated me on my wise resolution, and promised to present me at the next hop to Miss McDiamant, who was the belle of the Point. This fair lady had several good points; danced divinely, and it had often been my occupation to watch her from my post at the door, as her delicately perfumed skirts were spread in the whirl of the Redowa, or rested with that *grace dans repos* which she alone had the secret of. I had moreover listened in a first-classman's tent, after taps, to the glowing spooney men as they talked of the divine waltzes and galops, till finally I succeeded in conquering my bashfulness and other insipidities which I felt belonged only to a Plebe. The fatal night swung around, and I prepared myself nearly irresistible. The only blemish I was cursed with—a charming pimple—was neatly covered with court-plaster, and I was so scented with musk, that I learned afterwards some of the cadets were lifting up my tent-floor, and poking under it with sticks until tattoo. I had also committed to memory some scraps of poetry "à la Byron;" but it is needless to dwell on such trifles as these. I was presented to Miss McDiamant by Pensezamoi, in the following ever-to-be-remembered language: "Miss McDiamant, Mr. Cycloid—Mr. Cycloid, Miss McDiamant."

Old conventionalist as I now am, I can never forget the transcendent bliss of that moment; that my heart was where my tongue should be, I knew; and the flattering

blush of her cheek, the quavering tremble of her tones, and finally the quiet self-possession and subtle dexterity with which she assumed the conversation, and turned it upon an indifferent subject to relieve us both, was miscalculably enchanting.

The subject was the weather, but congenial spirits and sympathetic intellects soon cross the conversational desert and fall upon refreshing oases. So with a melting glance which seemed to bring the peach-bloom to her cheek, she said, "Oh, Mr. Cycloid, I nearly carried you off the other night." This referred to an occasion when the aforementioned skirts, deploying all over the floor as usual, had suddenly wound around my worse than useless legs, and gyrated me like a top into society about a movable axis. How the simple reminiscence affects me now! My legs still turn in the same place; my inertia is again disturbed, and I feel the thrill which that contact generated! "Nearly," said I, with a world of meaning in my tone —"entirely, rather, legs, heart, and soul!" "Ah!" sighed she, "you are a *real* cadet!"

At this my spirit nearly exhaled, for to be called a "real cadet" is the height of a spooney man's ambition—it is to call him Prince, Colonel, Commandant, or—to a Thanksgiving dinner. My feeling of success was now assured, and it would have been a contradiction of Scripture had not my pride received a fall—and alas! I fell. Pensezamoi, who was always making *bon-mots*, came up with one of his infernal puns, and said to Miss McDiamant: "I suppose so engaging a young lady as yourself is already engaged?" While she was still blushing rosy

red, I, like a blundering idiot as I was, presumed that now was my time or never, for a "*keen*," but some gibbering fiend must have been at my brain, when I said, "Yes, she has just come out of an engagement, don't you see the shot-holes in her?"

The scarlet that suffused her cheek, and the anger that rose in her eyes at this, terrified me; but what was my agony and despair when I perceived by the wrathful fire in her complexion, that she was slightly, very slightly, marked with small-pox. I could only smite my hands together and murmur, "Shot-holes!—oh! I didn't mean ——." When I opened my eyes she was gone.

RECOLLECTIONS.

FORT BOISEÉ, *Dec. 12th*, 1870.

According to my promise, I give some of my recollections of some old officers of the army whom I knew as cadets, or in the service. All the pointed stories have been repeated so often, that to try to renew them now would be much like writing as original the "Old Joes" of Harper's Magazine. But as a story does not always require to end with an absurdity, or a joke, some few anecdotes can yet be found, and as good as any one to begin with will be this of Cadet ULYSSES S. GRANT, once known as "Uncle Sam," and likely to continue in history under that name.

He graduated about the 18th of June, 1843, in a rather less than usual number of classmates, but containing many who have been highly distinguished since.

We had heard of Grant's riding, and when the class was called to exercise before the Board of Visitors, the riding-hall was crowded with spectators.

After some very fine exhibitions of horsemanship, our riding-master, Herschberger, called out a dragoon who stood erect, holding one end of a pole at arms' length above his head, the other end against the wall, and the pole horizontal, and then quietly signalled Cadet Grant to ride over it. He started "York,"—a famous jumper of that class,—galloped slowly around, and coming up very deliberately, the horse poised on his haunches an instant, forefeet in the air, and sprang like a cat. I never saw a horse and man so high in the air before, but, in an instant, he cleared the pole, coming down with a tremendous "*thud.*"

His rider was fully equipped as a cavalry officer. One such shock would have seemed enough for one man in one day, but the ladies seemed so delighted, that presently a "repeat" was called for, and the same thing was attempted four times more. Once he carried the pole up on his knees as he rose, but the other three leaps were as good as the first. *York* was a magnificent chestnut-colored horse, seventeen hands high, and the strongest *quick* horse I ever saw.

He would not tolerate an inferior rider, and sometimes would drop such a one, and go through the rest of the drill alone, never mistaking a movement nor misunderstanding the word of command.

H. R. Herschberger, our riding-master, was a superb horseman, and his command of a horse was remarkable.

Every horse in the squadron knew and obeyed his commands. Once, when I stopped to pick up little "Dr." Edwards' cap for him, and so fell behind, as I started to join the platoon, my horse "Hunter" (a mate to "York") fancied it would be a good joke to run away with me. He was carrying me, involuntarily, at a tremendous pace, towards a precipice below the Hospital, when Herschberger discovered my trouble, and in his stentorian tone commanded "Halt!" "Hunter" obeyed the command sooner than I could, for though I was leaning back to pull, I nearly went over his head.

Herschberger married, shortly after I left the Point, a lady who had, as he said, "twenty thousand a year, *for one year*," and retiring from army life, lived, let us hope, happily ever afterward.

The class of '43 were relieved from duty, and the usual "Graduates' Stag" laid off on the pavement from old South Barracks to the mess-hall. The candles were all stuck down and lighted, and everything going on well, when "Selden" suddenly raised the question, "Where's Uncle Sam?"

As he could not be found, a committee consisting of "Wackford," "Tar River," "Nancy Sykes," and "Moddle," started for his room in North Barracks "No. 9," where Grant was found alone, in the dark, with his heels on the mantel-piece, blowing a cloud.

"Come, Sam," was the cry, "what the deuce are you staying here for, when the stag-dance is going on?"

Puffing a volume, he deliberately replied: "Oh! let me alone, boys! I have been hiding this old pipe ever since

I came back from furlough. It has been my secret and confidential friend for two years, while it was forbidden; and now that the time has come when I can smoke it without walking 'two extras,' it don't taste as good as I expected."

I met Grant as a Second Lieutenant, about four years afterwards, on the Plain of Peroté; when he invited me to stop and dine with him at a little spring. I had nothing. and he had only one egg, which he divided and gave me the big end. * * *

I do not recall many peculiarities of SHERMAN, but one thing has often recurred to me in connection with his march from Atlanta.

In 1845, Lieutenant Sherman was stationed at Augusta Arsenal, Georgia. He occupied a great deal of his leisure time in travelling by stage between Augusta, Atlanta, Milledgeville, Macon and Savannah, with the ostensible object of examining the public lands of Georgia, which, it may be remembered, were placed in market that year. As he has a wonderful memory, and good topographical eye, it is highly probable that the knowledge of the country obtained at that time was of the greatest value to him afterwards in the famous march to the sea. A charming young lady of Savannah described Lieutenant Sherman to me at that time, much as follows: "He is so ugly that he is positively handsome; he can do anything,—paint pictures, write poetry, or talk politics,—and every word comes out like a brickbat, hard enough to knock you down." In 1846, Lieutenants Sherman, Ord, and Halleck went in the transport "Lexington" to California. Now,

they are the only ones left in service of the six officers of that expedition, and all are General officers. In 1849, Lieutenant Sherman was on his way, mule-back, to Monterey, California. He met a party of seventeen men, who had run away from Company "F," 3d Artillery, but did not know that they were deserters. A few words to each caused them to turn back and follow him to town, where an old Spaniard asked him if it did not occur to him that so many deserters, all armed, might have easily shot him, and made their escape. "Upon my word" said he, "I never thought of that! But it makes no difference now."

In 1868, I met the lady who, in 1846, had been so much impressed with the handsome-ugly Lieutenant Sherman. She referred to him as "that frightful, destructive, revengeful Attila of the North, who could not forgive the Southerns for chasing him out of Louisiana." When I asked her if they had just reasons for chasing him out, she pouted (she was still pretty on a pout, besides being a widow), and said "of course we had." So, if General Sherman never knew why he left the South as a fugitive, to return as a conqueror, he must ask the pretty widow.

One more about Sherman. While commanding Company "F," 3d Artillery, he ordered a garrison court-martial upon an old fighter of his, to whom he had frequently lent money. He approved of the proceedings, and was next day coolly informed that he had himself precluded the possibility of payment by stopping one month's pay. As Sherman at that time had expensive duty and small pay, it is probable that his comments were forcible.

That same old soldier who was tried proved afterwards

a brave Indian fighter, and, continuing to seek danger, enlisted in the Second Infantry. After several actions, during which he counted "three," he swallowed too much Colorado water, which acts like emery on the system, and I buried him "with his boots on."

Continuing the story of the officers who rounded the Horn in 1846, brings HALLECK next. Without any intention of trespassing upon Dickens' phrase: "He is a very remarkable man, sir." My first knowledge of him was in the winter of 1845, when he was offered the sum of three hundred dollars to deliver a set of lectures before the Lowell Institute upon "Military Subjects." The price was in those days considered extraordinary. We waited for the result, which appeared one year after in "Essays upon Military Art." The book satisfied everybody, although it is said that the author has since tried to suppress it as unequal to his best capacity. Undoubtedly that book made him, years afterward, a Major-General. It was for many years borne upon the muster-rolls of companies, and if read now might almost amount to prophecy.

The subsequent attempts of Lieut. Halleck, as a poet, were not successful, and he applied himself to the study of law, in which he accumulated a large fortune.

His work on International Law has become renowned, and is now considered as an authority.

It should be mentioned here that there was a large engagement, with about equal forces, in Lower California, at a time when success almost insured predominance on the Pacific coast. Halleck, as a volunteer, commanded one company, and, at a critical moment, flanked the

enemy, charged bravely, and drove the Mexicans, who were hotly pressed in front, from the field. The victory was complete. He was brevetted Captain for this fight. Benton, now dead, always gave full credit to Halleck for this affair. Success was necessary; repulse was extermination. * * * The stories about Captain Ord, when I first knew him, made him almost as great a hero as Robinson Crusoe. Personal anecdotes about him were abundant, but when I met him I found that there was no self-assertion about him. The story of his rescuing his First Sergeant, who was shot through both hips, and bringing him out safely through a fire of deadly marksmen, had been told me, and the Sergeant (Lynch), who lived to be a Lieutenant-Colonel, never missed his chance of telling how his life was saved; but I never saw the full manhood of Ord until he passed through Benicia, on his way to San Francisco.

Of course the wildest and least valuable man of Company "B," 3d Artillery, was drunk. Just before the steamer came, this unfortunate staggered and plunged overboard into an ebb-tide of six knots an hour. Hardly had he struck the water, before Captain Ord plunged after him. They emerged together, Ord holding the man by the back, and grasping one of the piles of the wharf. Confusion everywhere, and the right thing forgotten.

I ran back on the wharf and produced a ladder. It was very cold, but Ord, whose teeth were chattering, would not release his hold of the man until he had fastened a rope around him.

Then he took hold of the ladder, and both were drawn

up. He went into the wharf-house, changed his clothes, and then ordered the man to be confined in the guard-house for being drunk.

In the close personal combats that the Northern Indian wars of California produced, the cool courage of Ord always resulted in success.

Probably no officer of the army has encountered greater personal risk, for he has always forgotten danger; yet he was only severely wounded once. * * * *

Early in 1856, while the Kamiakin's war was raging in Oregon and Washington Territories, Lieutenant PHIL. H. SHERIDAN, 4th Infantry, distinguished himself by rescuing the garrison at Cascades. It is too long a story to tell in such a "sketchy" paper as this, but the act showed so many qualities of the educated soldier, especially quickness in plan, and boldness in execution, that it gained him the well-deserved plaudits of all the old soldiers of the Pacific coast. His success was perfect, and the men who owed their lives to his daring, afterwards helped to give him that reputation which caused the President to make the fortunate experiment of appointing him a Brigadier-General of Volunteers.

The action at the Cascades was not his only trial, but it was so well done that a pitched battle could not have added much more to his reputation.

* * * * * I am getting into the predicament of the Divinity student, who, during a vacation, in a class meeting, being invited to "lead in *pra'-ar*," did so to a considerable extent, and finally had to confess that he "did not know how to wind the darned thing up."

So I will just add a few old soldier anecdotes, some of which came from my grandfather, who was an old "Revolutionary," and some from my father, who was a "Partisan," and believed in Jackson.

They were old stories when "my folks" heard them, and if they have been "improved on" since, I would not dispute the squatter title.

When "our army" was operating in Flanders, considerable amusement was caused by the requisition of a young captain of pioneers, who asked for "sixty men, thirty feet high, to lay a marsh-bridge across a quicksand about twenty-five feet deep!" he, having been promised by his General any assistance that he considered necessary, if he would only accomplish the work. [*From the Gentleman's Magazine. London*, 1776.] This is sufficiently shocking! But what will you think, when I tell you that the original proposition of "Captain Bobadil and his twenty 'sworders,'" was seriously made as a method of extirpating the Turks in Transylvania. This was about the year 1620, and the proposition was made by an Englishman named Smith, who proposed that each day he and his twenty picked swordsmen should go out and fight an equal number of Turks, until they were all exterminated; Smith, and his twenty men, being such experienced fencers that they were always sure of victory. You will feel relieved when I add that this ingenious volunteer was not *John*, but, Thomas Walsingham Smith. It has always been a source of gratification to reflect, that had he lived in this time, he would have signed himself T. Walsingham Smith. But he did not. Let us be duly thankful! * * *

During the Peninsular war, one of Picton's men, a hardy Irishman named Pat Geraghty (pronounced *Garrety*) called on General Picton, after his famous "kick at the shell"—(a story so often told—the duplicate of which did not fortunately occur on James' river), and asked for three months leave to visit his wife. Picton replied: "Why, Pat, I have not seen my wife for five years!" (He had buried her about five years before, although Pat. did not know it.) Och! yer honor," says Pat., "Biddy and I is not one of them kind!" *He did not get his leave!* * * *

I lost some valuable books in the South in 1862, and therefore cannot give you names and dates for some old stories that I have often laughed over. I think the following is in the "Peninsular Sketches," but it may be in "Traits of Travel in Spain"—no matter:

A wounded Highlander in a Portuguese hospital was comforted by a Sister of Charity, who after "bathing his brow," and refusing him a glass of Farintosh, tried to read to him an English newspaper. The patient Scot listened to a wonderful account of a great victory *said* to have been gained by Spanish troops over the French, and then inquired, "Is that signed by General Cabrera?" But this was hardly an original tale. Something like it is related in the first war of Charles XII. * *

One of Prince Rupert's horsemen was called to account for a soldier of his troop, who was accused of plundering. He denied it, of course, eulogizing the general conduct of his men, and calling one up at random, asked him, "Have you stolen anything to-day, you rascal?"

"Nothing but this little pearl necklace, please your Honor," was the reply. "There!" said the Captain of the Troop, triumphantly,—"My men *may* steal a trifle, but they won't *lie*—No, Sir! They *won't lie!!*"

The Duke of Wellington's army, contrary to the general historical representations, possessed very little discipline in the American sense, of obedience to orders, waiting for officers to direct, patience under fire, submissive endurance of loss in the beginning of battle, restraint in victory, understanding of the meaning of a movement, and working individually towards the accomplishment of that understanding. The Peninsular army always plundered both friend and foe—always broke ranks, and refused to form in mixed companies, to meet renewed attacks, which luckily they seldom had to oppose.

I was about to tell a story illustrative of this want of discipline, but a friend here calls my attention to the remarkable contrast presented by Scott's army in Mexico; so let us delay, to recite the story of how Cerro Gordo was won.

Santa Anna, the bravest and best of all Mexicans, had posted about 14,000 good soldiers, of whom 11,000 were said to be regular troops, in a perfect and strong position at Cerro Gordo. The only defect of his position was that if he succeeded, he could not pursue, nor cut off Scott's retreat. But I shall not discuss the battle, I only wish to show how General Scott prepared for the fight.

He summoned every battalion commander to his headquarters, and explained every movement that he should undertake, and the relative positions of all the regiments

—the time of attack—the time when he hoped the enemy's line would be carried—what the troops were to do when their work was done—what troops were to join in pursuit—and what the remainder were to do. He then gave general directions as to treatment of prisoners, depending upon how much provisions and tents might be captured; and dismissed those commanders, with permission to make all arrangements for their own commands.

The battalion commanders immediately called in all their commissioned officers, and gave them full instructions relative to the whole plan of battle.

Company officers freely informed their sergeants and corporals, and the next day the battle was fought, every man in the ranks knowing as much about it as the General had told the day before.

The result exceeded General Scott's calculations as to time, but fulfilled his prophetic orders.

Now, let's go back to the Peninsula. The passage of the Douro was a good thing, but afterwards, although the fight was so trifling, "The Duke" found half a dozen sturdy soldiers sitting safely in an old brick-kiln.

He rode up, and somewhat anxiously asked them—"My men, are you wounded?"

"No, your Honor," was the reply.

"No! and by ——— you don't intend to be, you damned scoundrels!" said he: "and he made them get up and go forward," says the matter of fact historian. * *

When Frederick the Great first invaded Silesia, his orders were very strict that all private property should be respected.

In the course of the campaign a woman came to one of his Colonels with a complaint that his Orderly had seized her chickens. Of course the Orderly was called to account, when he excused himself as follows:

"Colonel, there is no man in the army who respects and obeys your orders better than I do; but these are Austrian chickens and do not sympathize with us. So I first remonstrated with them, and then seized them." * *

But you will get tired of hearing the origin of the many "original anecdotes" of the civil war. All had their counterparts in the days of old. There are some things, however, that were never printed, and this is one of them:

"Extract from the minutes of Proceedings of the City Council of Q—bia, S. C., on the 27th of April, 1868.

"*Resolved*, That the Council learn with regret that Lieut. Col. J. R. E., 8th Infantry, U. S. A., is relieved from the position of commanding officer in the city; that his impartial administration, and his kind and conciliatory manners, have justly gained the respect and goodwill of this community, and that the City Clerk convey to him in an appropriate letter, an expression of the kind feelings which we entertain towards him."

The Appropriate Letter.

"Lieut. Col. J. R. E., U. S. A.

"Dear Sir,—It affords me great pleasure to be the medium of conveyance of a resolution (No. 167) which passed the City Council last night. I also avail myself of this opportunity to enclose the bill of the city against you for water from the city water-works up

to date, amounting to one dollar and twenty-five cents ($1.25), which please remit, and oblige,

"Your obedient servant,

"John P. McMann,

"*City Clerk.*"

Here's richness!

I would like to tell you lots of stories, but writing them is not like talking them. I never was good on a written article, as is needless to remark, but as a spoken article, I will say with eyes uplifted, across the continent—

"*K'lar-hoy-um!*"

THE ENGINE NOZZLE.

Among the wildest men in my class was Cadet G——. His propensities for deviltry were unparalleled, as was also his good luck in never getting caught in any scrape. At the same time he was very studious,—always in the "first section" in everything,—and when we graduated, he received a commission in the Corps of Engineers.

While we were "Second Class-men," and nearly crazed with "Azimuths" and "Lunar Culminations," no wonder that we should have our "loony periods," and many a night, "after taps," did we rout out the officer-in-charge with our "disturbing forces."

After puzzling our brains during study hours in the evening over our Phil. lesson, some dozen of us would casually meet on the porch of the Barracks after taps, and endeavor calmly to discuss some knotty point in the lesson; but all in vain, for G——, backed by "Dad" and

three or four others, would suddenly send a tenpin ball (taken from the bowling alley) bounding along the porch amongst us, at the same time setting up a tremendous yell. We could not do less than return the ball, and the result would be a regular "*Phil. riot*," which was only ended by the sudden appearance of the officer-in-charge.

Occasionally, for a change, we would fill "Old Patrick's" iron buckets with coal, and then gently roll them down the iron staircase, making enough noise to awaken the "seven-sleepers." One night G—— suggested that we should all buckle on our sabres, letting them hang down, and then, dividing up into parties of three or four, go quietly up to the "cockloft" of the various divisions, and come tearing down the iron staircases, our sabres clanking, and all yelling at the top of our voices.

This succeeded beyond our wildest anticipations, for the party of which I was one had just rounded the staircase on the second flight in the "Fourth Div." when we ran into, and almost knocked down, Col. K——, who was making a night inspection.

We four received our merited share of "demerit" and "extras," but G——, the prime mover of the affair, was not caught.

We never yet failed to awaken the officer-in-charge, and generally we were successful in not getting "hived." I remember one night in October, 1865, there was a lunar eclipse about eleven o'clock, and as we were all heavy on lunar eclipses, we were in duty bound to see the thing come off.

Full half of my class were out quietly looking at the

moon, when suddenly from the top and sides of the "old dial-stone," in the centre of the area, there appeared one of the finest displays of fireworks I think I ever witnessed. I am of the opinion that I should have enjoyed it more had it not been for the frequent explosions, and the dropping of bell-buttons amongst us. As usual, on all occasions of ceremony, the officer-in-charge put in an appearance, and I did not stay to see the result, but I learned afterwards that the display was the combined efforts of G——, "Dad.," and "Tip.," who had made use of some powder-cartridges that "Dad." had hived at artillery drill, and had manufactured some diabolical compositions, using a lot of bell-buttons filled with powder for shells. It was a complete success, and no one was caught. But all this has nothing to do with the engine nozzle. Yes, it has, too, for these little pleasantries were merely *avant-couriers* of the affair with the engine nozzle. For about a month we had been engaged almost every night in some kind of deviltry, and it seemed as though we had made use of every expedient that it was possible to devise for the annoyance of the officer-in-charge. It was a critical moment! One night, as usual, about twelve o'clock, we were "owling" around in drawers, slippers, and dressing-gowns, seriously meditating a night assault on the cadet officer of the day, when G—— suddenly suggested that we should break into the engine-house, back of the guard-room, and "hive" one of the nozzles, and then blow the church-call in the sally-port.

G—— thought that it might possibly inspire some of the Professors' families with the idea that the millennium had

come, and that the Angel Gabriel was blowing his last trump. It wasn't long before we had picked the lock, and found one of the nozzles belonging to the fire-engine.

We fastened the door again, and proceeded in a body towards the sally-port. There was quite a little discussion as to who knew the church-call best ; G——, being a minister's son, had the preference.

The nozzle was too heavy for one man to hold and blow at the same time ; so one of us, I forget who, rested the nozzle on his shoulder, and G—— filled his lungs and commenced.

Great heavens ! What a solemn sound !—and such an echo ! It was simply grand ! G—— tried it again. It would have filled "Old Bentz" with envy, could he have heard those mournful strains.

On the principle that "enough is as good as a feast," and furthermore with an eye to using our improvised bugle again on the next propitious night, we refrained from any further *refrain*, and slowly retired, hiding the nozzle under a pile of coal in one of the cellars.

The next morning there was the tallest kind of a row. The man who had charge of the engine-house reported to the Commandant that the engine-room had been broken into, and one of the nozzles stolen ! It was of no use to ask questions, or to hunt for it. No one knew anything about it ! We kept low for two or three nights, until the row had blown over, when we went out, and G—— blew the church-call again in the sally-port, calmly and deliberately.

Once was enough for that night ; we did not dare try

it again. The Commandant, the next morning, called up some of the wildest of the "yearling class," and told them he suspected they were at the bottom of it, and that if he found out who it was that was engaged in it, the severest punishment would be the result; but they all honestly and stoutly denied it.

It was very natural that the Commandant should have thought the "yearling class" had perpetrated the joke, for generally they are the most reckless class; but in this case, it was the dignified (?) second class, and he never once dreamed that they were guilty of such a boyish freak. Some few nights after this, G——, with his usual audacity, treated the residents of the post to another dose of church-call at midnight, and cleared out in time to save himself. This was too much!

The Commandant the next morning published an order, that if he should find out who it was that blew that nozzle in the sally-port, he would turn him over to the civil authorities in Cold Spring, and have him tried for house-breaking.

We all concluded that the last (h)air had broken the camel's back, and that a repetition would certainly result in capture and disgrace; so, one night in the wee small hours, two or three of us suspended the offending nozzle by a string to the Academic staircase, where, next morning, it was found slowly vibrating in the wind, with a board covered with white cloth nailed above it, and the aggravating words—"KI-YI-YI!!!" printed on it in large black letters.

All attempts to find out the perpetrators proved una-

vailing, and we have often had a good laugh over this scrape.

"REVIEWING THE CAMPAIGN."

That love and war are strangely similar, no one, wearing the scars of either, it is said, attempts to deny. Most certainly, the soldier turns with strange readiness to the campaign of love, but not always is it that victory crowns honest effort. The shattered warrior shows "how fields were won," but the story of defeat is seldom honestly told. The facts may be admitted, but disastrous campaigns are seldom given in detail. At times, however, the unsuccessful warrior, with sad regret, recalls the time when victory smiled delusive for awhile and then deserted his beloved banner.

TROPHY GUNS.

To the baffled besieger of the fairy citadel of lovely woman's affections, those introspective periods are fearful ordeals.

The faithful pipe was my sole companion on one sum-

mer night when I leaned out of my window in the "Eighth Div.," and gazed on the grand old stars that had silently swept over that far land in the East where the "Little one" had journeyed. The quiet of the summer night was broken only by the faint rustle of the forest, and the singing river far below carried away my thoughts on the silvery flood of memory far beyond the whitening foam that marked the cruel reefs whereon Hope was wrecked, and on the great gulf-stream of affection, were drawn by some grand affinity to the storied land where the little feet were resting for a brief time on the great Highway of Life.

I went over a siege again in my mind, and a fair star that I had often watched with her was low in the west, and the skies beyond the sleeping hills in the east were brightly hinting at daybreak before I had fallen asleep to be haunted by a mocking dream that the fortress of her heart was mine, and a firm, yet welcome, "military rule" was therein established.

Ah! no, I never can forget
That May-day, with its dreamy splendor;
I fancied in her eyes I saw
A challenge from the fair defender.
I fear that nothing from the charge
Of slight deceit can really save her;
The promise of her brightening glance.
Was sure "a fair field and no favor."

The challenge answered quickly was,
For prudence whispered unavailing,
I saw that I had "broken ground,"
Thus "regular approach" entailing.

The lovely garrison did then
"Reserve's" strong works man to defend her,
While on her sweet cheek blushes red
Hung out their flag of "no surrender."

I often parleyed with the foe,
And fun's brisk pickets were untiring,
While now and then, with heavy guns
Of sentiment, I opened firing.
'Twas Greek and Greek, the fight grew warm,
I saw that she would give "no quarter,"
I schooled my soul to gallant deeds
And "feats of arms," or nothing shorter.

The siege crept on; the fighting brisk;
It deepened into reckless dashes,
In "hand to hand encounters" we
Were wounded oft by wit's bright flashes;
And many were the shots that told,
They made me wince beneath my armor;
But, Hamlet-like, I had "a touch,"
I do confess—I did not harm her.

I called a council dire of war,
There Passion, wild, "assault," was crying,
While "patient siege" cold Reason urged,
And "hot pursuit" on signs of flying.
When morning broke, my mind made up,
I rallied all my broken forces,
In grand review, inspected all,
And thought on many different courses.

At last, resolved on "night assault,"
I seized a chance that promised fairly;
The struggle followed, brief and sharp,
Then for a time I prospered rarely.

The moonlight showed me on her cheek
The roses whiten into ashes,
The splendid eyes were turned away,
Tears trembled on the fringing lashes.

The hour was fraught with victory sweet,
Truce followed, brief, yet how Elysian!
Siege ended, and the garrison
Surrendered with but one condition.
Allegiance future seemed secure,
"Parole d'honneur" was gi'en and granted,
Love's colors glowed in dimpling hues,
Where bright defiance first enchanted.

Ah me! the time seems very long;
The peace that smiled was ruthless broken,
And scars that cover aching wounds,
Are now my victory's barren token.
A lone heart asks of her to-night,
Where peace and honor e'er attend her,
To wonder if she prides herself
On victory by "betrayed surrender."

X. Q. M.

OLLA PODRIDA.

There are various little incidents that come to my mind on closing this volume that cannot well be placed under any particular heading. Though unconnected scraps, some of them may prove interesting to those who still remember their Alma Mater.

I can never forget "old Patrick," the kind-hearted old Irishman, with his "good marnin', gintlemin!" as he came into my room in the morning to empty the buckets, and

occasionally making the remark: "Ye use a power o' wather in th' cockloft, gintlemin!"

Patrick is one of the janitors or policemen of the Cadet Barracks.

There are three of them employed, and they police the Barracks daily, scrub floors, and empty the slop-pails; they are *worked harder* and *paid poorer* than any of the employees at the Academy. They are always ready to do

CADETS' MESS-HALL.

a cadet any kindness, and many a pleasant chat have I had with them.

Patrick is now well advanced in years, having been employed there over thirty years. He has known nearly all the graduates in the army, when they were cadets, and you cannot mention an officer's name to him without his replying: "Oh! yes, sir! I know'ed him well; a fine gintlemin he was, too; he was short like, wid sandy hair; a fine gintlemin, he lint me foive dollars onst."

One morning while Patrick was clearing out the lower

hall in the "Eighth Div." he found a whiskey bottle behind the staircase, on the floor, with a little whiskey still left in it.

Let me say, right here, that Patrick had a way of talking and singing to himself while engaged in his work, and whether, on the morning in question, he soliloquized from the force of habit, or because he thought some one might be near him and overhear him, I cannot say. Patrick looked all around to see if any one was observing him, and then, taking up the bottle in a loving manner, remarked in his droll way: "Phat is in the bottle I dun no!" Slowly he pulled out the cork, smelled of the contents, and, looking around again to see that no one was near, said to himself, with a tone of surprise, "Be the powers, it's whishkey; I'll t'row it out!" and then deliberately placed it to his lips, and drained it dry, put the empty bottle in his pocket, and went about his work, humming a tune to himself with a virtuous air, as if he never had seen a drop of whiskey in his life. It so happened that a cadet on the next floor overheard Patrick's soliloquy, and saw him "t'row it out." It wasn't long before every one in the corps heard of it, and quizzed old Patrick unmercifully about the "whishkey."

* * * * * *

Bentz, the bugler, was one of the "characters" at the Point, and, in addition, the finest bugler in the Service. He has blown all the bugle-calls there for over thirty-five years. He has now delegated that position to his son, who was taught at an early age the mysteries of the "pugle." Old Bentz knows all the officers of the army

that have graduated since 1830, and no graduate ever returns to West Point without having a chat with Bentz.

He was a regularly enlisted soldier, and every time he re-enlisted he would generally celebrate the event by getting a little "elevated." On those occasions the notes from his bugle were not always clear. One of his re-enlistments happened during my stay at the Academy, and his endeavors to blow the "call to quarters," in the evening, were very ludicrous. One of the cadets sung out, "Bentz, what is the matter with your bugle?"

He replied, with a very solemn face, "I dink somepody 'as put nails in my pugle, or dey 'av feel it mit rocks!" So, whenever the bugle-calls were not blown as well as usual, we would say he had "nails in his pugle."

* * * * * *

There come to mind some ludicrous explanations that were written and sent in to the Commandant's office by cadets who were reported for various offences.

When we were "Plebes," Cadet R——, of my class—who afterwards resigned—was reported for "raising hand in ranks at squad-drill."

It seems that R—— had raised his hand to brush away a wasp that was trying to effect an entrance into his ear, and thought it very hard to be reported for such a natural motion. He had been frequently told to write all explanations *very briefly*, and I think he hit the nail on the head when he sent in the following:

"*Offence*—Raising hand in ranks at squad-drill.

"*Explanation*—Bug in ear.

"Respectfully submitted."

* * * * Cadet Y—— was once reported for "not holding sword properly at guard mounting;" the offence having been committed by Cadet A——.

Y—— said nothing when he heard the report read out, although he knew it was an error, but went quietly up to his room and wrote the following:

"*Offence*—Not holding sword properly at guard mounting.

"*Explanation*—I am not used to holding swords; having been a cadet private during my entire stay at the Academy, my only guide as regards the duties of an officer, is, by watching the movements of the First Class officers; and their styles of holding swords are so different as to leave me entirely in the dark as to the proper manner. I have always tried to hold my sword correctly, but concerning the offence stated above, I cannot say positively, as I was not there at the time, having marched off guard two days before, and not having been on since.

"Respectfully submitted."

The official interview between Y—— and the Commandant, shortly after, can be readily imagined by those who have "gone through the mill." * * * *

One more, and I am done with explanations:

Cadet B—— was reported for being "absent from breakfast roll-call," and in his explanation stated that he "was in the '*Acoustic Shadow*' at the time, and did not hear the drum."

The Commandant sent for B——, and told him that he would remove the report, but that "when he had anything of the kind the matter with him again, he must go to the hospital and get excused by the Surgeon".

* * * * * *

Just before the January and June examinations come off, the "Immortals" (*i. e.* the lowest section) of each class, but more especially of the "Plebe class," feel considerable anxiety as to the result of the coming examination, and doubting (*very rightly*) their inability to get through. Many a poor fellow, who, during the year has not been very studious, thinks *if he only knew* what subject he would have at the examination, he would be able to pass the ordeal. At such times, the most daring of the "Immortals" will spend most of their time, prying around to discover the list of subjects that are to be given out.

Let me explain a little about the method of distributing subjects.

The Instructor of each section in a class, shortly before the examination, places on separate bits of paper the most important subjects of the course he has been teaching, and shakes them up well in a hat; then takes the list of his section, and drawing out one of these papers at a time, places opposite each name the subjects drawn, thus distributing the subjects impartially, without favor or affection.

Instructors who have been there any length of time know the propensities of cadets to "hive their subjects," and, accordingly, take all necessary precautions to defeat them. Once in awhile, however, they are overreached, as I will show.

During the January examination in 1865, before the "Immortals of the Plebe class" were called up, one of their number, Cadet R—— (who left at the end of the second year, and afterwards obtained a commission in the Infantry), found out in some way that the Immortals' list of subjects in Math. was kept in his Instructor's desk in the examination-room. All attempts to bribe the janitor of the Academic building failed utterly, he being a perfectly upright man.

One night, after having previously collected a huge bunch of keys, and equipped with a dark-lantern, Cadet R——, with one or two others, made an assault on the Academic building, and, finding a window that was not fastened, they succeeded in getting into the building.

The examination-room was in the third story, and thither they proceeded slowly and cautiously, not doubting but that one of the keys would fit the lock of the door; but not one of the twenty keys would answer. After a short consultation, they procured a rope, and ascended into the garret, and succeeded in raising a trap-door, used as a ventilator in the ceiling of the room below.

R—— was let down into the room, and, finding the right desk, tried all his keys on the lock, but to no purpose. What was the surprise of his friends above (who were watching his movements with a great deal of interest) to see him deliberately turn the entire desk bottom upwards on the floor, and coolly go to work taking out the brads that held the bottom of the desk, and soon he was hauling over the papers that it contained. The list found, he copied it, replaced all the papers as he had found them, righted the

desk, was drawn up, the trap secured, and they made their escape to Barracks.

After the "Immortals" were examined, it was remarked, "How exceedingly well they all recited!"

On the approach of the June examination in '65, the Immortals all looked to R—— to help them out. One day while the battalion was at dinner, and most of the officers had gone down to the mess, R— thought it a good time to inspect Lieutenant A——'s room on the third floor in the angle, and hunt for subjects.

There are two staircases in the angle, leading to the officers' rooms; the front one being mostly used. R——, not being sure that Lieut. A—— was out of his room, went to the foot of the front staircase, and sung out:

"Oh! A——!"

"Hallo!" was the response.

"Have you been to dinner?"

"No, not yet," yells A——, not thinking it could be any one but an officer.

"We'll, hurry up," replies R——; "I'll go on ahead!"

"All right!" says A——.

R—— then retired, and as soon as Lieut. A—— came down stairs the front way, he went up the back way, and his search among papers and books resulted in the capture of the list of subjects, and at that examination only one of the Immortals was "*found*," and that was because the victim, who had been at the foot of the class for a whole year, and naturally stupid, could not remember his subject, even after he had learned it.

Shortly before the January examination in '66 swung

'round, R——, who was nearly "found on demerit," concluded he would resign, and accordingly sent in his resignation, and was awaiting its acceptance during the examination.

Although R—— was not interested in the coming examination, he volunteered to help his old friends—"the Immortals"—out of their predicament. Col. W—— was the Instructor of the Immortals of the yearling class at that time, and a judicious investment of currency on the Colonel's negro servant resulted in the servant's allowing R—— to take his place the following morning in making the fire, blacking boots, etc., in the Colonel's room.

Reveillé at that season of the year was at six o'clock, and it was hardly light enough at that hour in the morning to distinguish a person's features at a short distance; so, R——, disguised as a negro, went up to the Colonel's quarters, and proceeded to discharge the usual duties of a servant, at the same time hunting around for the list of subjects. He lighted the gas sufficiently to see around the room, and taking the Colonel's boots, sat down near a trunk (the only unexplored article in the room), to blacken them. The Colonel was in bed fast asleep in an adjoining room, with the door partly open, but happening to awake, and seeing, as he supposed, his servant, he cried out in a sleepy tone, "What time is it, Robert?" Without a moment's hesitation, R—— responded in a disguised voice, "Quarter past six, sir!" and the Colonel, murmuring "all right," was soon asleep again. R—— then "went through" the trunk, and found his reward in the list of subjects all made out.

After copying it on a piece of paper, he replaced the original in the trunk, put down the lid, did a little sweeping, and then went out, returning to his room without being seen.

Robert never revealed a word of the affair, and it would never have been publicly known, had not R—— himself, after his resignation, told Col. W—— the whole story as a good joke.

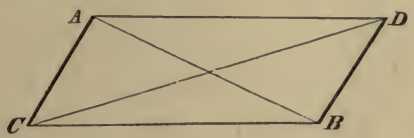
The examination was all over then, and it was such a daring deed, and so well contrived, that the Colonel forgave both R—— and his own servant, and never reported it.

On an occasion, in the spring of the year, when the cadets usually go out on the plain to practise their studies in surveying, by taking the angles of the lines of the Parade ground, etc., with the theodolite and compass, one of the cadets in the "veritable Ben Ewell's" section, "hooked off"—as the phrase then was—and took a survey of the river for fish. Having caught several small fish, he returned in time to be detected by the Instructor of the section.

Seeing his dilemma, he approached the Instructor—who was very fond of a pun—with his little string of fish. The Instructor sharply demanded of him where he had been? The cadet answered: "I have been *angling*," and holding up his fish, said, "You see, sir, it has all come out in *perches*."

It seems that in the text-book on Geometry in the theorem that "the two diagonals of a parallelogram mutually bisect each other" (the author relying probably for his justification of his tautology on the Declaration of Independence), the word "*bisect*" was left out by the printer. Cadet B——, known in his cadet days as "Perfect B——," made up a demonstration to fit the dilapidated annunciation of the text-book, and palmed it off on another cadet notorious for his dulness.

Drawing the figure on the black-board, the cadet proceeded to make his demonstration:



'Let the line A B and C D be the diagonals of the given parallelogram. Now since they *are* the diagonals of a parallelogram, they must of course be parallel, and, moreover, two parallel lines having a common point (putting his finger on the point of intersection, can never meet; for if they could, all angles being equal to two right angles, it would be contrary to the hypothenuse, which is absurd!"

During the Florida war, and while General Clinch commanded in the Peninsula, the increasing proportions of the Indian troubles led to the President's calling out the Florida militia with a certain General Call as their leader.

At the dinner-table one day in the mess-hall, those who had not read the news discovered that there was some excitement, which in those days was a rarity. The cadet, who was known as "Pun ——," on being asked what was the news, said that there had been a general *clinch* among the Indians, and the President had made a general *call* on the militia.

OUR LAST NIGHT IN BARRACKS.

(A Cadet Reminiscence.)

Damon and myself had long agreed that we would spend our last night at the Academy in solemn watch, and that a grand "war smoke" should make the occasion memorable. Many times in the dull and dreary winter which heralded in that happy spring, did we commune touching this crowning festival of cadet-life. The altar of Friendship was to be garnished for the affair, solemn memories were to be invoked by the drowsy nicotean incense of the cherished pipes. I shall never forget how the symptoms of approaching graduation became more and more alarming. The albums, the class-rings, the last series of text-books well thumbed, heads crammed in all possible nooks with various details of knowledge, the "equations of interior space" of our respective crania rudely violated,—these were potent signs. Yet felt we, with peculiar force, when "D" Company "moved out," that we would return no more to the dear old "8th Div."

The slowly shifting scale of Time and cadet-rank had lowered us from those bare and lofty apartments "au

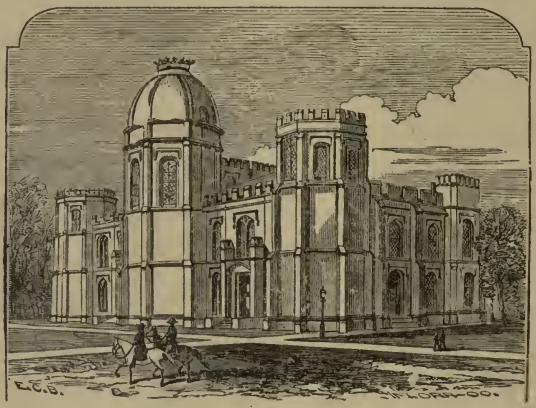
quatrième," which first as Plebes we inhabited, until a bright and sunny room, "stylish and select" as cadet quarters could be, bore upon its door two neat cards, as follows:

DAMON,	PYTHIAS,
Insp. Sub. Div.	Cadet, Lt. & Qr. Mr.

Here had we been happy; here had the many vicissitudes of cadet-life found us together always—heart and hand. In friendly communion we had here exchanged thoughts, feelings, and fancies. Here had we nightly struggled with our "Phil.;" here had we drawn those singularly foolish-looking demilunes and outworks attached to reliable-looking forts that bristled on the "double elephant." Here had we slowly drawn from grammar and lexicon, those faint hints of the Spanish language—alas! as little Castilian as was our New Jersey commissary soap. It (the soap) was Andalusian enough in looks, an 'delusion was it in quality, for the alkalies of America "raised our hide" as Mark Twain would say; and in this connection let me remark that our Spanish did as much for our worthy Professor of that melodious tongue. Here had occult culinary operations been carried on in triumph, uninspected Christmas Boxes had been gayly gobbled, and it was of this classic corner of Barracks that it had been happily said, "all noises could be heard, all occupations found going on, save those connected with Science, Literature, and Art."

This remark may be qualified if one will admit "the manly art" to the charmed circle of "sciences;" call

Wilkes' Spirit "literature," and give culinary operations the dignity of "art." This hallowed region, the domain of the intellectual Free Lances of the Corps, was very dear to us, with all its potent faults. The "bad boy, Jim,"



THE CONSERVATORY AND LIBRARY.

flourished there in striking contrast to the "good boy, Sam," at t'other end of the Barracks, whose perfections were nauseous to us of "D." So it *was* an epoch of note, this Hegira, the last of the "moves," and we marked it as a Red Letter day, for when we left "D" Company it was only to leave the Corps. The temporary occupancy of that Barrack wing by the expected "new cadets"—*our Plebes*—demanded certain renovations; hence the move, and but a brief period left to us of the wearing of that "grey" we so loved and approved.

On sturdy shoulders bore we our poor belongings to that pleasant domicil in the "First Div.," which should be our home till we turned away our eyes forever, and should, with wandering feet, thread strange and unknown ways; for the "old familiar places" would truly "soon

know us no more;" we should enter into those "*viæ diversæ*," some of which have even now led into the quiet and dark valley, where man loseth for eternity his knowledge of the uplands of life.

It was the season of Nature's awakening; sweet forces were distributing that chill and frozen equilibrium which locked us in the iron grasp of winter; the birds, happy and bright-plumaged, were coming back to the elms; leaves were rustling tenderly in the fluttering breezes of spring, and here and there delicate-eyed blossoms spoke of a fruit-crowned harvest. Softly, silently, these occult influences had gathered in beautiful array; Nature's inertia gave way before their gentle but earnest striving, and this fairy result was expressed in a "change of state" which could not have been other than satisfactory to our dear old Professor of Philosophy, whom I have often fancied sighing for a floral mathematics in which to express the sweet formulæ of spring, the charming "equations of condition," giving us those lovely progressive states of the great function—Nature.

Ah! I have said to myself, it is almost a temptation to man to wish for the advent of that time when this high calculus of the eternal living force shall be made known to us.

Why read we not more reverently the pages we may find traced on the living green of the forest, carved upon the everlasting rocks, and written with mighty pen on the awful, ever-open book of the ocean?

Damon and I were happy in this temporary abode of ours; the days sped quickly away. Brisk preparations

for the examination kept our minds in trim, while the smart afternoon drills and parades gave us the needful exercise. I was an undeniably lazy man, but those May mornings—sweet and tender—too glad was I to enjoy the early walks, to note the growing foliage as it took warmer tints day by day, and to see the delicate touches of beauty stealing over the freshening face of the dear old Point.

Made she herself fairer than ever for us that year? I fondly thought so! So we were happy, with a quiet, tranquil sense of deeper joys to come.

In the warm evenings we sat under the shades of the elms in front of Barracks; time-honored songs were sung in happy chorus, and later, with open windows, we listened to the brisk tattoo as the drum-corps marched over the parade lawn. One more day would disappear from our fantastic calendar, and day by day we found a sense of unreality steal into our lives, for we felt like puppets in a mighty play.

Four years of isolation from the world caused us to look forward to the day of release as if we were "going out of the house of bondage." Little did we think that we were leaving healthful occupation without possibility of being overtasked, honorable position without severe responsibility, and that our local code, in its surface severity, was kind and genial, as the great world's rules never are. I've learned since to look back with tender regret on that last month as the happiest period of my life. Now do I know why those pleasant things "brightened;" it was that they "took their leave" to never come again.

In these times of preparations were we not towers of

pecuniary strength, and did we not purchase many articles evidently used only by Chaplains, Brigadier-Generals, and other people who serve their country in a strictly ornamental way?

Damon and I are not ornamental in the above sense, and those articles, in my trunk yet (duplicates possessed by Damon), prove to me that there are things which "abide always." We were "spoiled," as the wise Hebrews did the Egyptians in days of yore.

Study ended; all our preparations were made; there was little left that man might do in the way of "boning," to meet the coming ordeal.

Time brought the first of June—*our June!*—the usual salute announced the arrival of the Board of Visitors, members of which, with solemn faces and suspiciously shiny hats, were to be seen wandering about arm in arm with local dignitaries. *Mem.* "*Did* they oil those hats?" I cannot soon forget how my heart gave a big jump as the mellow voice of the Officer of the Day sounded in the halls turning out the "First Section, First Class, Engineering." But, one phase of the ordeal passed, we took courage; our examination proceeded without special excitement. The music in the evenings, as the notes of the serenading bands would steal in at our open windows, was a sad distraction; high dignitaries, military and civil, convulsed our little world with the excitement of several large whales in one narrow and restricted tub. Last, but by no means the least distracting influence, was the saucy flutter of dimity among the trees, the winsome glances of bright-eyed girls who gathered for the glories of our graduating hop.

There was a great deal of "hurrying to and fro;" this "to-and-fro" business relating to the hotel, which was for the time a spacious casket of these lovely jewels. I shall pass lightly over the defection of these aforesaid "shining ones," when those jolly yet fascinating "Middies" arrived —"all from the raging seas."

Did we not fraternize with those who undid us? Was it not *cor unum*, by a happy coincident phrase of our class motto?

They rivalled us in brilliant parades on the plain, and mutual entertainment was the order of the day.

Their examinations were over, and they had naught to do but enter whole-souled into this genial contest of the Blue and the Grey. The gallant embryo Jack Tars, while we were finishing our examinations, rolled nautically ashore, jammed their respective helms hard-a-port, steered for the hotel, where so many fascinating figure-heads attracted the sailor's eye, laid violent sentimental grapplings on these lovely craft, the cut of whose jibs they so heartily approved, and lurched heavily into their affections. I know not if 'twere well done, but I can wager with great moral serenity that 'twas done quickly. I'm not preaching a sermon on that ancient text "souvent femme vaine." I am chronicling facts; let it go at that.

Finally, when, last of all the studies, Cavalry Tactics was called up, I felt, as I laid down my pointer in the examining-hall at the words, "That will do! sir," that I was freed from the great burden of care and study at last.

I returned to my room, put all my books in my pack-

ing-boxes, filled my pipe, and grinned horribly at Damon, who was just going to the hall. I was free; turning on the mental-escape valve, I allowed myself rest from all thought. And it was delicious rest, well earned, honestly enjoyed.

Elder and better soldiers, with more facile pens, have described the Graduating Hop—a dream of delight, a moving picture, a lovely unreality it seemed to me.

The presentation of diplomas I felt as a great ceremony, for was not the honored hand of the Great Captain who struck treason its death-blow, extended to me with my hard-earned diploma as an offering? Better than that, as I felt, could I not glance at the row of visitors, and see the eyes of a mother and a sister glistening with tears of pride and joy?

These were the honors that touched our young hearts, and in the silence of my room I felt they were great, and that the rewards were ample.

The last serenade with its sweet farewell music, I cannot speak of without emotion; did not our hearts go forth to each other that night, and were not small feuds and jealousies forgotten in the presence of the quiet stars and the sweet harmonies?

The boat-race, first of the Academy series, honestly and loyally rowed, was a triumph for us. A calm and lovely afternoon, fitting preparations, and interested spectators gave the scene great attractions. We of the First Class gathered together on one of the wharves, and when our six-oar rowed by to take its place, they came near us, moved by a touch of that indefinable craving for sympa-

thetic support as our representatives in the tough contest about to ensue.

Did they not receive a hearty cheer, and when it was whispered that "Colossus" in the middle of the boat was afraid his wind wouldn't last him, did not some fortunate idea impel some one to propose a cheer for the "man with the big arm?"

Perhaps he didn't get a rouser, and from an intimate knowledge, perhaps I didn't feel that our boat, weak at no point, was certainly strong amidships!

The pistol was fired, away they leaped like hounds on the chase, a short period hid those wasp-like shells, and all we could see was the flashing oars. At last a boat turned the stake buoy! Wild excitement reigned as they were seen, black lines, broadening slowly. Didn't enthusiastic classmates loyally take every wager offered against us? Our eager eyes were strained to see the hue of the head-handkerchiefs of the advancing six-oar which led victoriously.

When we saw the "blue" ahead, there was one wild burst of joy, and as those laboring oarsmen caught that cheer, the boat seemed to take gigantic leaps, till in the calm, smooth water over the line they rested on their oars, wondering at the light of battle in each other's eyes.

Those blue colors they wore must have been dyed with "forget-me-nots," for there's not a "'68" man who can ever lose that scene from memory.

After this did we not repair to the confectioners for ice-cream?—of a verity, I ate mine from a gravy-boat with a mustard-spoon, and I think Damon had his in the cover

of a soap-dish. That happy crowd, most of us *al fresco*, on the lawn in front of the little shop will never meet again! "Impossible" has its meaning, sad and irrevocable enough!

The last parade, beautiful and solemn, passed like a dream. I was Officer of the Day, but from choice did I go to that parade, and march to the front with the Colossus of our racing crew and Damon, for right and left hand supporters. As we took our hats off in salute to our honored Commandant, I felt a rending in my breast as of some chord in my being snapping. I was no longer a cadet, and after reveillé of the morrow I would have no place there as my own. I looked at the gold lace on my arms. I knew who would wear those chevrons, and I felt that there was a new order of things, earnestly destroying day by day the romance of the old.

Let me pass to the evening to which we had so long looked forward. The reveillé would bring us our release. We felt as we broke ranks that night from supper that we should march no more in the grey battalion. It was like being a "stranger in a strange land." After my evening duties were ended, I repaired to my room. The Barracks were almost deserted; there was a ball on the vessels of the Practice Fleet. All was quiet; in my room, dear old Damon awaited me—he, who for years had made my cause his own, and had heartily, generously, and warmly given me the best backing that man could wish for.

Did not the force of these obligations come to my mind, as I saw him through the open door sitting with his head upon his hand? Save Colossus, he was my only true

friend. We three had fancifully called ourselves "the triangle," and I do not know that any of us have lost in distant spheres of duties a jot of the old feeling. I have been with Damon much since that time, and thank God! the great bond of friendship between us is firmer knit year by year. I know him now as of old by the heart brevets of comrade and brother. Friend and associate of my labors, he went hand in hand with me when the way was dark. It is only his unquestioning devotion that proves to me, man may unselfishly love and serve his brother man. He has been with me since, when anxieties, doubts, and troubles made the couch on the ground an uneasy one, and his manly honesty and generous kindness hold me captive yet, as in those days when he made me, a raw boy, his debtor for life.

I cannot tell him these things perhaps, but the words may meet his eyes and he must plead guilty to this indictment. * * *

I went into the disordered room, littered with trunks and boxes, took off my equipments, and sat down to report myself for the solemn introspective festival!

A well-filled tobacco jar was the magazine of these visions, dreams, and memories, in which we were to revel. The light of years reflected from the glass of experience was to form smoke pictures for us, fanciful yet true. Long did we talk of many a friend, hour, and scene.

It was late when we betook ourselves to contemplation, silent and earnest. I wandered through cloud-land till memory, earnest-eyed and wistful, took me by the hand and led me backward over the winding life-path of the

four years. I saw many things in the silence of that night. I felt again the eager joy with which I tore open an ominous-looking envelope marked "War Dep't," and found therein my conditional appointment.

The earnest family consultations that followed, the parting day, the sinking of the heart with which I looked at the dear group on the porch of my pleasant country home by the far Pacific, the waving handkerchiefs as I looked back, and my swelling heart coming into my throat as a bend in the road shut the familiar landscape from sight—all these things came back as sharp and clear as the lines of an antique bronze.

Slowly my mind recalled the incidents of a tedious sea-voyage, the hurry and bustle of the great Gothamite wilderness, and I felt again the heat and burden of that August day when I toiled up the winding road from West Point landing.

I refilled my pipe with an exquisite sense of triumph and comfort, as I thought of the stern mandate of that Hotel clerk who told me to report at once after dining; a brief interview at the Adjutant's office, then entered I into that hot and dusty camp, whose sights and sounds unfamiliar by day seemed unearthly by night. The awful ordeal of preliminary examination over, camp was broken up, we occupied Barracks; and a bare room in the angle, elegantly furnished with an iron bed and table, together with Davies' Bourdon, and French's Grammar, received me.

My uniform I donned with pride, and I could feel on that last night a dim reflection of the glories of the first

parade. Time crawled away. The genial Sioux, who sportively slew the mail driver on the distant plains, and tore up the letters of my family that Fall, taught me the virtue of self-reliance, for it was months before I even received the vague encouragement of friends unfamiliar with the hard and bitter trials of cadet life.

January came with its examination ; one day we were solemnly "sworn in" to the service, by an officer, whose face, familiar to me since, was then one of supernatural gravity; he seemed the embodiment of a military penalty.

These, and many more incidents I remembered ; the annual egg day, the extremely slow festivals of the place ; I suffered again the cheerful pangs of "walking extras" with soleless shoes, because I was in debt on check-book. All these thoughts crowded on my mind as I sat looking at Damon, who had a very far-off look in his eyes.

Shadows chased one another. I saw myself as an ambitious "yearling," with the brilliant gold stripes of a corporal. I have thought often of the remark of Marshal Vaillant, who, passing consecutively through all the grades of the French service, from Cadet to Field-Marshal, replied promptly, being asked what grade pleased him most, "Corporal at the Ecole Polytechnique!" I can understand the corporal business, I think, though I have not yet experienced the temptations of very lofty rank. Shall I ever forget that pleasant summer day when our Commandant remarked, on calling me away from my squad of three Plebes, remarkable for uniformity and angular nobbiness, that there "were different degrees of voice used in drilling troops—a man might have a brigade, a regiment,

battalion, company, platoon, or small squad, and that it was hardly necessary to shout at three men as if they were a brigade!"

It was gravel where I was—this accounts for my not disappearing under the surface. I touched my hat in a distant manner, and whispered solemnly to those Plebes, whose grins attested the fact of their sharp hearing. I lost the thread of my musings; it seemed, for a strange panorama glided before me, camp and Barracks, old cadet feelings, furlough and "Phil."—all these things were there with touches of a serious nature. My dawning friendship with Damon, many exciting scenes, exercises, and experiences—the passing of that funeral train with its precious freight of the body of a martyred President, Abraham Lincoln, the hero of the war; the death and funeral of the grand old warrior, Scott; the flying visits, from the field, of great Generals; all these things were seen as in a glass darkly, and the chequered record of the cadet life unrolled its length before me.

I lived over again the hours of despair, when tired of work, and striving against bitter inclemency of weather, I almost gave up everything; in short, I tasted the pleasures of the past again, and bore the burden of its not unfrequent sorrows.

A sad story shaped itself into a picture I can never forget in its vivid colors and intensity of outline.

It was the old story of a love; the remembrance of it brought that quiet night, the hush of its emotions to my heart, and its sorrows, claimed me once more. The story was my own, and began in this wise, that "it came to

pass" (would it had passed, and never come) that an unkind fate brought us together.

In my dreamland I lived over again the May-time in which I met her, that fair time when her sweet eyes claimed the empire of my thoughts. I knew her only as the "Little One." I felt she was the priestess of my destiny. To be near her, to be with her, became the object of my life. From careless boyhood I passed with a bound into earnest striving manhood, in feeling at least. Foolish boy-heart, it was to delude itself with fair ideas of honest ambition forcing me onward and upward to a place from which I could reach the lovely prize. The story is not new, but it has always had, and, perhaps, will ever retain, a personal interest for me of a high order.

The stars have looked down on me in many a night-watch since that time—they have not yet whispered me the secret of forgetfulness.

I have not lost from memory, nor can I ever, that time we sat together, where we could hear the singing river far below murmur in a sweet minor key. To the friendly accompaniment of that gentle music, the current of my heart broke out in speech—honest, tender, and, need I say, as the world goes, foolish?

But I saw in my dream once more the beautiful eyes, happy with good tidings, as they told me the story that needs not words. It was but a brief space, this happiness of mine.

Afterward I sat for the better part of an academic year, three times a week, where I could note the exact spot where she stood that night, when we strayed away from

the dancers, and she looked into my eyes with glances I felt were honest and true reflections of her soul, and told me to strive and struggle for her. The music of that night echoes strangely sometimes, and I have seen in many dreams, as on that last night in Barracks, a fair young girl, whose sweet face and golden hair were strangely lovely in the light of a wandering moonbeam that sought her out as if it loved her ; those eyes, burning, yet tender, will never look as frankly into mine again as on that night. If I met her I think they would be turned away ; I think I should know why !

Time took to himself cruel wings, and she passed from me, a dream of loveliness. Her picture, once I had; I have it not now, save in my heart, where it is drawn in colors fadeless and enduring. She passed over the seas, and it were better had she gone before. She might not then have taken with her a richness from the sunlight it has never had since. Many of my heart-friends went with her; Hope and Faith, hand in hand, went out across the world with those little feet, and they came not back again. She was far from me, and I learned, after months of intense toil, that change and silence could divide us by a distance great in comparison with the great circle arcs of our poor sphere. I thought in my musings of the many winter nights, when my light burned into the midnight hours, and, when tired and exhausted, I would look out of my window at the silent, gloomy buildings, and watch the great white stars sweep on in their circles, asking them questions which were answered not. It was well ; the stars were kind and—silent ! Ah ! how that last six

months dragged away! The quiet hours of the last night in Barracks impressed me; I thought of the wide world with its infinity of pathetic tragedies of every-day life, beside which the tinselled unrealities of the drama are poor and mean. I was soon to take an active part in the affairs of that world beyond the hills that had imprisoned me so long. Memory, looking at the path whence went away from me that beloved and never returning wanderer, told me I should be in the arena of life, alone and without aid.

Surely, my musings tended only to bring out the dark shades of sorrow and trouble. Sad-eyed memory went from my side. I heard the silver voice of Friendship, clear and strong, as the song of the morning lark, "Look up!" I did so; my eyes rested on Damon. "Alone!" said I—"never! while I have his hearty honest love." Then his thoughts strangely tending toward me as mine to him, we quietly clasped hands, and looking towards the eastern sky, where the morning star burned serenely, we saw the promise of a brighter day—the future—in every way lighted up by friendly kindness and mutual faith. A silence, deep and abiding, soon reigned in our room, for I had whispered to my pillow, for the last time, the beloved name that had haunted my slumber so long ———. And the sunlight brought us our freedom.

* * *

A VOCABULARY

OF THE

EXPRESSIONS AND PHRASES

USED IN THE

CORPS OF CADETS.

Animal.—A name given to new Cadets on their arrival.

Beast.—A name also applied to new Cadets.

Bone.—*To "bone"*—to study—to imitate.

Boning Adjutant.—Being excessively military.

Boning muscle.—Exercising in the Gymnasium.

Boning Corporal.—A Plebe afraid of being reported.

Boning demerit.—Keeping from being reported.

To bugle it.—To keep from reciting until the bugle blows.

Babe.—Name given to the youngest man in the class.

To bone standing.—To study hard for a class position.

Cockloft.—The upper story in the Barracks.

Confinement.—A punishment given to Cadets, keeping them in quarters Saturdays.

Dad.—Name given to the oldest man in the class.

To devil a Plebe.—To abuse, impose upon, or torment him.

Extra.—Walking sentinel's post on extra tour of guard-duty, on Saturday, or Sunday, as a punishment.

Fem.—A woman—girl—young lady.

Furlough-men.—Those Cadets just going off on furlough, or just returning.

Fast Animal.—A Plebe who puts on airs.

To fess.—To make a poor recitation.

To FESS PERFECTLY FRIGID.—To know *nothing* about a lesson.

To FESS ON A CLEAN BOARD.—Same as the above.

To FIZZLE.—To do middling well—rather poorly.

FOUND ON MATH.—Found deficient in mathematics.

FOUND ON DEMERIT.—Having more than the limit (100).

GURTSEY.—Name given to the fattest man in the class.

GRAVE-ORCHARD.—The mouth.

HIVED PERFECTLY FRIGID.—Caught without a chance of escape.

HEFTY SKIN.—A severe report.

HASH.—Supper cooked in room after taps.

HUNKEY.—Magnificent—superb.

HUNKEY BOY WITH A TIN EAR.—A lucky fellow.

JUDGE.—The most popular man.

KEEN.—A joke—a witty saying.

MATCHES.—A tall, thin person.

PERFECTLY DEMMY.—Very stylish—well-dressed.

PERFECTLY REGARDLESS.—Regardless of expense.

PLEBE.—A new Cadet—a fourth-class man.

PINK.—A report for some offence.

A REPTILE.—A name applied to new Cadets.

A RABID BEAST.—An impertinent Plebe.

RECKLESS.—Reckless—careless—daring.

RICOCHÉT.—Gay—splendid.

SEP.—A Cadet who comes in September.

SKIN.—A report—same as *Pink*.

SPOONS.—Lady-love—sweetheart.

SPOONEY MAN.—A ladies' man.

SPOONEY LETTER.—A love-letter.

To SPOONEY.—To make love.

To GET EXCESSIVELY SPOONEY.—To fall deeply in love.

STAG-DANCE.—A comical dance by Cadets in camp.

To GET OFF A KEEN.—To make a witty remark.

To GET PINKED.—To get reported.

To GET SKINNED.—Same as the above.

To CABBAGE.—To take a thing without permission.

To HIVE.—To appropriate—same as the above.

To GET HIVED.—To get caught in a scrape.

To WHEATON IT.—To get excused from duty by the Surgeon. The expression first came into vogue, at the time a Dr. Wheaton was Surgeon at the Academy, who was very lenient to the Cadets.

To CUT ROLL-CALL.—To be absent from roll-call, purposely.

To MAX IT.—To make a perfect recitation.

To MAKE A COLD MAX.—Same as the above.

To RAG OUT.—To recite perfectly; also, to dress well.

To HAVE A COLD THING.—To be perfectly sure of something.

To FREEZE TO A THING.—To secure—to hold fast.

To RUN IT.—To go off Cadet limits without permission

YEARLING.—A third-class man.

A DEMMY CIT.—A stylish, well-dressed citizen.

LEGS.—A tall, spare, angular man.

BEAUTY.—Generally the homeliest man.

BALDY.—A name given to a man who has very little hair on his head.

TUBS.—Name given to a very fat man.

CHIN-MUSIC.—Talk.

A GULF-SPIN.—A worthless fellow.

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